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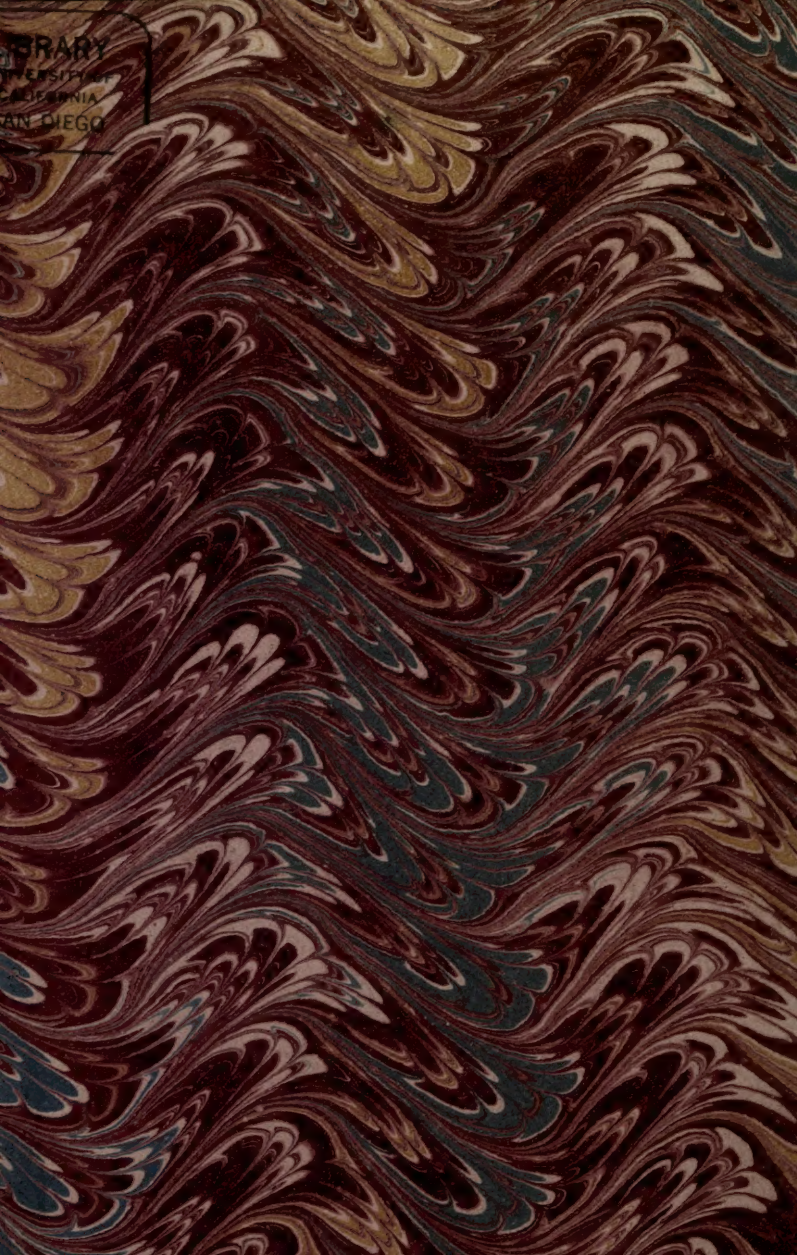
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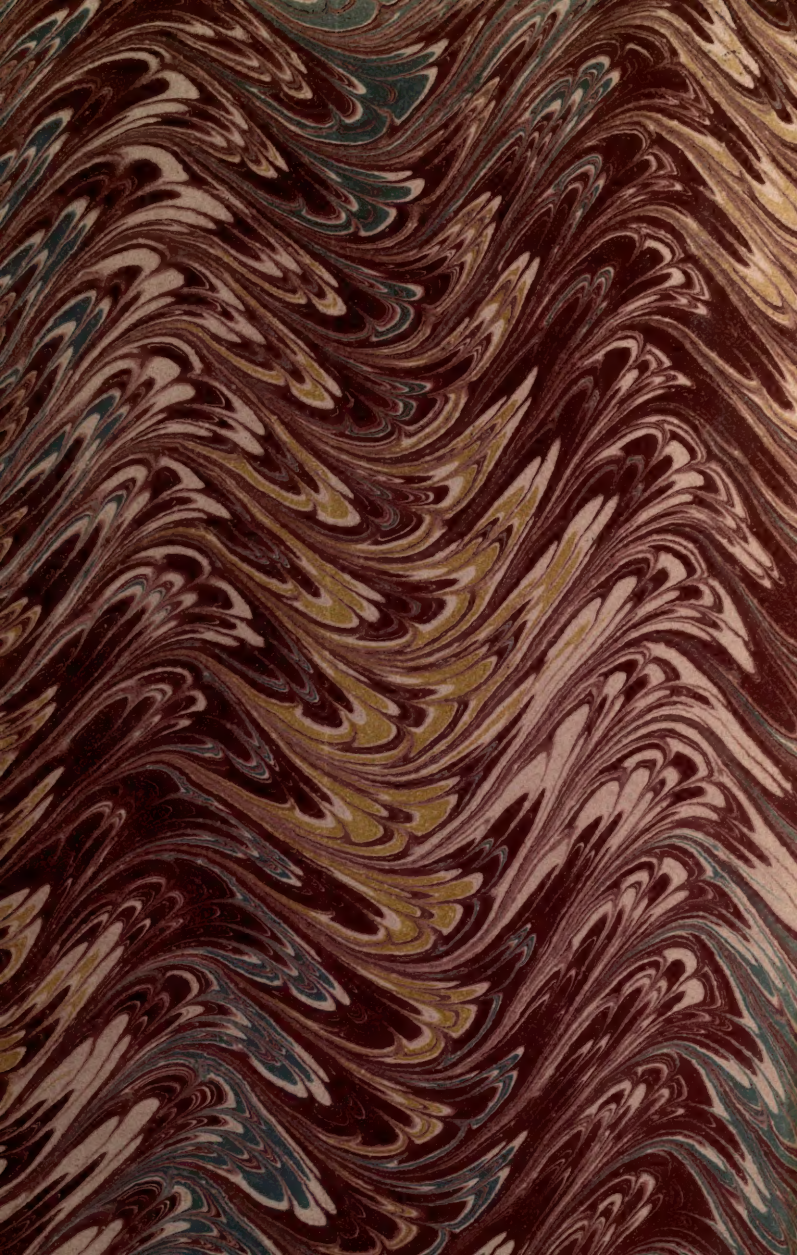



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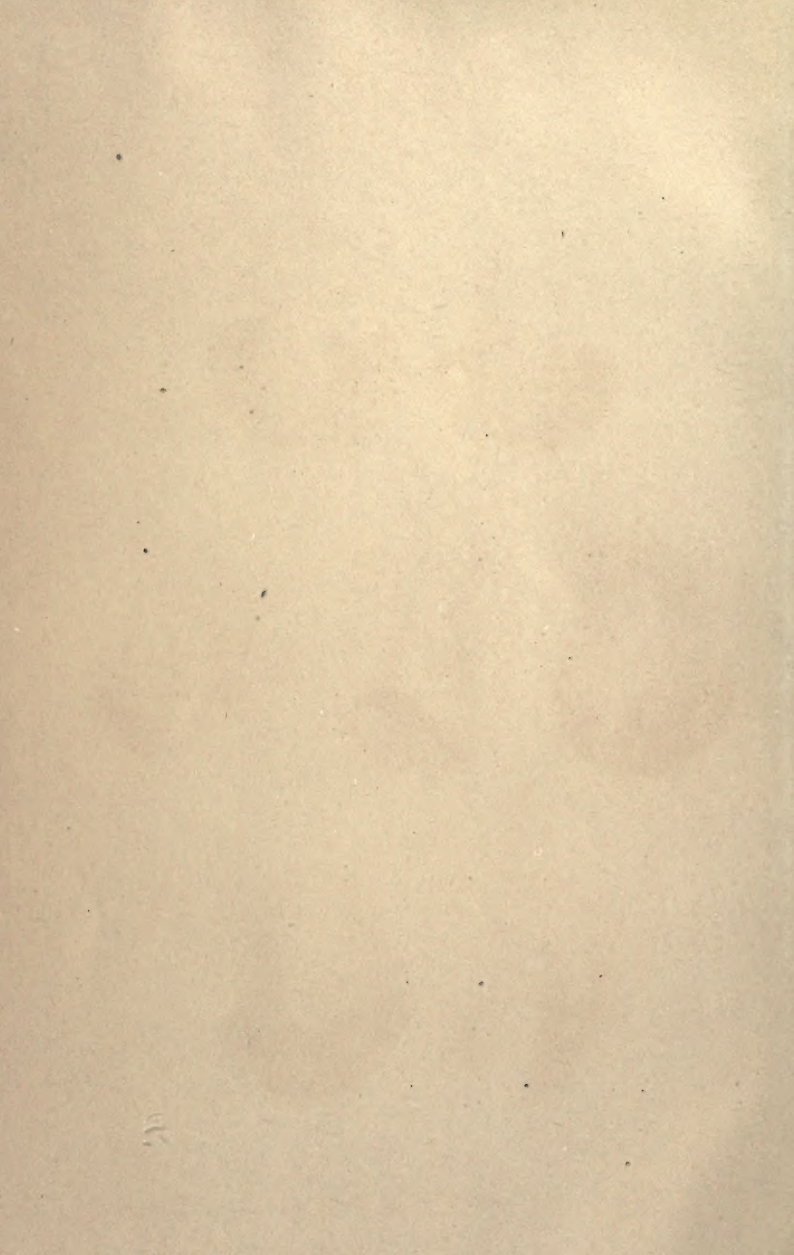






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HALF-HOURS
WITH
THE BEST AUTHORS.

INCLUDING BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL NOTICES,

By CHARLES KNIGHT.

WITH FIFTY-TWO ILLUSTRATIONS BY WILLIAM HARVEY.

A New Edition.

REMODELLED AND REVISED BY THE ORIGINAL EDITOR.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. II.



LONDON:
FREDERICK WARNE & CO.,
BEDFORD STREET, COVENT GARDEN.

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CONTENTS OF VOL. II.

	SUBJECT.	AUTHOR.	PAGE
91.	Books	RICHARD DE BURY	1
92.	Examples of Spiritual Perfection	BATES	4
93.	Escape from the Bastille	DE LATUDE	11
94.	The Death of Lord Falkland	CLARENDON	19
95.	Trees	VARIOUS	25
96.	Highland Snow Storm	JOHN WILSON	29
97.	Preface to the Schoolmaster	ASCHAM	41
98.	The Mountain of Miseries	ADDISON	45
99.	Prayer	JEREMY TAYLOR	50
100.	Sisters of Charity	ANONYMOUS	54
101.	Contentment and Thankfulness	IZAACK WALTON	58
102. } 103. }	The Great Earthquake at Lisbon	DAVY	62
104.			
104.	An Elizabethan Country House	SIR JOHN CULLUM	78
105.	Hymn of Heavenly Beauty	SPENSER	83
106.	Fortune	LUCAS	90
107.	The Massacre of St Bartholomew	MAD. DE MORNAY	96
108.	Morning	VARIOUS	106
109.	The Moskito Indian of Juan Fernandez	DAMPIER	111
110.	The Great Author of Civilisation	RAY	115
111.	The Merry Devil of Edmonton	ANONYMOUS	118
112.	Mental Stimulus Necessary to Exercise	ANDREW COMBE	124
113.	Dying Thoughts	BAXTER	130
114.	The Mocking-Bird	ALEX. WILSON	137
115.	Crabbe and Burke	CRABBE	143
116.	The History of a Philosophic Vagabond	GOLDSMITH	148
117.	Court of James the First	SIR J. HARRINGTON	157
118.	Lady Fanshawe	LADY FANSHAWE	160
119.	Rural Life in England	WASHINGTON IRVING	168
120.	The Passage of the Red Sea	HEBER	174
121.	The Old Mariners of England	CHAS. KINGSLEY	179
122.	Aurengzebe	BERNIER	186

	SUBJECT.	AUTHOR.	PAGE
123.	Epistle to a Friend	S. ROGERS . . .	194
124.	Apophthegms—IV.	VARIOUS . . .	201
125.	The Great Dismal Swamp of America	SIR C. LVELL . .	207
126.	The Chemical Philosopher	SIR H. DAVY . .	211
127.	Conversion of King Ethelbert	BEDE	219
128.	Griselda	BOCCACCIO . . .	223
129.	It will never do to be Idle	ANONYMOUS . .	233
130.	Of Improving by Good Examples	O. FELTHAM . .	239
131.	Rural Life in Sweden	LONGFELLOW . .	243
132.	The Character of Polybius the Historian	DRYDEN	249
133.	Summer	VARIOUS	254
134.	Primitive Christians	W. CAVE	260
135.	The Literature of the Age of Elizabeth	HAZLITT	266
136.	Statesmanship	MACHIAVELLI . .	273
137.	Happiness in Solitude	J. J. ROUSSEAU .	276
138.	The Cotter's Saturday Night	BURNS	281
139.	Co-operation	E. G. WAKEFIELD	288
140.	Industry Essentially Social	EVERETT	293
141.	God's Mercy	JEREMY TAYLOR .	301
142.	The Ducal Osbornes	G. L. CRAIK . . .	304
143.	Watt in his Garret	SAMUEL SMILES .	310
144.	{ John Elwes the Miser	TOPHAM	314
145.			
146.	Martinus Scriblerus	ARBUTHNOT . . .	330
147.	An Earthquake in London, 1750	HORACE WALPOLE	335
148.	Introduction to the Night Thoughts	YOUNG	339
149.	The Savages of North America, 1784	DR FRANKLIN . .	343
150.	The Story of Le Fevre	STERNE	348
151.	Origin of Duelling	BASSOMPIERRE . .	358
152.	Death of Pliny the Elder	PLINY THE YOUNGER	362
153.	The Old Oak-Tree at Hatfield, Broadoak	F. LOCKER	366
154.	The Royal Household in 1780	BURKE	368
155.	On the New Testament	DODDRIDGE . . .	375
156.	The Sloth	CHAS. WATERTON .	385
157.	The Poet Described	S. JOHNSON . . .	392
158.	The Character of Louis the Eleventh	COMINES	395
159.	Faustus	GOETHE	401
160.	Caius Marius	PLUTARCH	409
161.	Apophthegms.—V.	VARIOUS	422
162.	Christian Charity	J. B. SUMNER . .	424
163.	The Last of the Incas	WM. H. PRESCOTT	427
164.	The Rise of Wolsey	CAVENDISH . . .	440
165.	Summer.—II.	VARIOUS	443
166.	Scene from the Critic	SHERIDAN	449

CONTENTS.

vii

	SUBJECT.	AUTHOR.	PAGE
167.	Swineherds of the New Forest	GILPIN	455
168.	Gardens	JESSE	458
169.	Saint Paul	CAVE	462
170.	My Maiden Brief	ANONYMOUS	469
171.	Apophthegms.—VI.	VARIOUS	474
172.	Luxury of the Roman Nobles	A. MARCELLINUS	481
173.	The Pains of Opium	THOS. DE QUINCEY	487
174.	Health and Long Life	SIR W. TEMPLE	498
175.	Evening	VARIOUS	502
176.	The Coming of Our Saviour	THOS. BURNET	507
177.	Labour in Utopia	SIR T. MORE	512
178.	The Schoolmistress	SHENSTONE	518
179.	The Academy of Lagado	SWIFT	528
180.	Sir William Grant	LORD BROUGHAM	534
181.	What is a Poet ?	WORDSWORTH	539
182.	Deafness	DR J. KITTO	544

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WITH

THE BEST AUTHORS.

91.—Books.

RICHARD DE BURY.

[RICHARD DE BURY, Bishop of Durham, was born in 1287; was tutor to the Prince of Wales, afterwards Edward III.; subsequently received the highest ecclesiastical preferments from the King; and died at his episcopal palace at Auckland, in 1345. He was an admirable scholar, and a most diligent collector of books. He bequeathed his valuable MSS. to a company of scholars at Oxford. The following extract is from the only known work of this learned prelate, entitled "Philobiblon, a Treatise on the Love of Books." This was written in Latin in 1344; was printed in 1473; and was translated into English in 1832, by a gentleman of great acquirements, who published a limited impression.]

The desirable treasure of wisdom and knowledge, which all men covet from the impulse of nature, infinitely surpasses all the riches of the world; in comparison with which, precious stones are vile, silver is clay, and purified gold grains of sand; in the splendour

of which, the sun and moon grow dim to the sight ; in the admirable sweetness of which, honey and manna are bitter to the taste. The value of wisdom decreaseth not with time ; it hath an ever flourishing virtue that cleanseth its possession from every venom. O celestial gift of Divine liberality, descending from the Father of light to raise up the rational soul even to heaven ! thou art the celestial alimony of intellect, of which whosoever eateth shall yet hunger, and whoso drinketh shall yet thirst ; a harmony rejoicing the soul of the sorrowful, and never in any way discomposing the hearer. Thou art the moderator and the rule of morals, operating according to which none err. By thee kings reign, and lawgivers decree justly. Through thee, rusticity of nature being cast off, wits and tongues being polished, and the thorns of vice utterly eradicated, the summit of honour is reached, and they become fathers of their country and companions of princes, who, without thee, might have forged their lances into spades and ploughshares, or perhaps have fed swine with the prodigal son. Where, then, most potent, most longed-for treasure, art thou concealed ? and where shall the thirsty soul find thee ? Undoubtedly, indeed, thou hast placed thy desirable tabernacle in books, where the Most High, the Light of light, the Book of Life, hath established thee. There then all who ask receive, all who seek find thee, to those who knock thou openest quickly. In books Cherubim expand their wings, that the soul of the student may ascend and look around from pole to pole, from the rising to the setting sun, from the north and from the south. In them the Most High incomprehensible God himself is contained and worshipped. In them the nature of celestial, terrestrial, and infernal beings is laid open. In them the laws by which every polity is governed are decreed, the offices of the celestial hierarchy are distinguished, and tyrannies of such demons are described as the ideas of Plato never surpassed, and the chair of Crato never sustained.

In books we find the dead as it were living ; in books we foresee things to come ; in books warlike affairs are methodised ; the rights of peace proceed from books. All things are corrupted and decay with time. Satan never ceases to devour those whom

he generates, insomuch that the glory of the world would be lost in oblivion if God had not provided mortals with a remedy in books. Alexander the ruler of the world, Julius the invader of the world and of the city, the first who in unity of person assumed the empire in arms and arts, the faithful Fabricius, the rigid Cato, would at this day have been without a memorial if the aid of books had failed them. Towers are razed to the earth, cities overthrown, triumphal arches mouldered to dust; nor can the king or pope be found, upon whom the privilege of a lasting name can be conferred more easily than by books. A book made renders succession to the author; for as long as the book exists, the author remaining *ἀθάνατος*, immortal, cannot perish; as Ptolemy witnesseth in the prologue of his *Almazett*, he (he says) is not dead, who gave life to science.

What learned scribe, therefore, who draws out things new and old from an infinite treasury of books, will limit their price by any other thing whatsoever of another kind? Truth, overcoming all things, which ranks above kings, wine, and women, to honour which above friends obtains the benefit of sanctity, which is the way that deviates not, and the life without end, to which the holy Boetius attributes a threefold existence, in the mind, in the voice, and in writing, appears to abide most usefully and fructify most productively of advantage in books. For the truth of the voice perishes with the sound. Truth, latent in the mind, is hidden wisdom and invisible treasure; but the truth which illuminates books, desires to manifest itself to every disciplinable sense, to the sight when read, to the hearing when heard: it, moreover, in a manner commends itself to the touch, when submitting to be transcribed, collated, corrected, and preserved. Truth confined to the mind, though it may be the possession of a noble soul, while it wants a companion and is not judged of, either by the sight or the hearing, appears to be inconsistent with pleasure. But the truth of the voice is open to the hearing only, and latent to the sight, (which shows as many differences of things fixed upon by a most subtle motion, beginning and ending as it were simultaneously.) But the truth written in a book, being not fluctuat-

ing, but permanent, shows itself openly to the sight passing through the spiritual ways of the eyes, as the porches and halls of common sense and imagination ; it enters the chamber of intellect, reposes itself upon the couch of memory, and there congenerates the eternal truth of the mind.

Lastly, let us consider how great a commodity of doctrine exists in books, how easily, how secretly, how safely they expose the nakedness of human ignorance without putting it to shame. These are the masters that instruct us without rods and ferulas, without hard words and anger, without clothes or money. If you approach them, they are not asleep ; if investigating you interrogate them, they conceal nothing ; if you mistake them, they never grumble ; if you are ignorant, they cannot laugh at you.

92.—Examples of Spiritual Perfection.

BATES.

[DR WILLIAM BATES was one of the most eminent of the divines whose conscientious scruples removed them from the Church of England in 1662, under the Act of Uniformity. He had previously been one of the king's chaplains ; had been offered the deanery of Lichfield and Coventry ; and at the time of his ejection was vicar of St Dunstan's in the West. There is something exceedingly touching in a passage in his farewell sermon to his parishioners : "It is neither fancy, faction, nor humour, that makes me not comply : but merely the fear of offending God. And if, after the best means used for my illumination (as prayer to God, discourse, and study) I am not able to be satisfied as to the lawfulness of what is required ; if it be my unhappiness to be in error ; surely men will have no reason to be angry with me in this world, and I hope God will pardon me in the next." After his secession from the Established Church, Dr Bates became the minister of a congregation of Protestant Dissenters at Hackney, at which place he died in 1699, in his seventy-fourth year. His works were collected in 1700, in a folio volume, which has been several times reprinted.]

The gospel proposes the most animating examples of perfection,

We are commanded to be perfect as our heavenly Father is perfect. There are some attributes of God, which are objects, not of our imitation, but of our highest veneration. Such are His eternity, immensity, omnipotence, immutability. There are other attributes, His moral perfections, which are imitable—holiness, goodness, justice, truth. These are fully declared in His law, and visibly in His providence. This command, as was before explained, is to be understood, not of an equality, but of a resemblance. God is essentially, transcendently, and unchangeably holy, the original of holiness in intelligent creatures. There is a greater disproportion between the holiness of God and that of angels, though it be unspotted, than between the celerity of the sun in the heavens and the slow motion of the shadow upon the dial regulated by it. It should be our utmost aim, our most earnest endeavour, to imitate the Divine perfection. Then is the soul godlike, when its principal powers, the understanding and the will, are influenced by God.

The heathen deities were distinguished by their vices—intemperance, impurity, and cruelty; and under such patronage their idolaters sinned boldly. The true God commands us to “be holy, as He is holy; to be followers of Him as dear children.” Love produces desires and endeavours of likeness.

The life of Christ is a globe of precepts, a model of perfection, set before us for our imitation. In some respects this is more proportionable to us; for in Him were united the perfections of God with the infirmities of a man. He was “holy, harmless, undefiled, and separate from sinners.” His purity was absolute, and every grace in the most divine degree was expressed in His actions. His life and death were a compound miracle, of obedience to God and love to men. Whatever His Father ordered Him to undertake, or undergo, He entirely consented to; He willingly took on Him the form of a servant; it was not put upon Him by compulsion. In His life humility towards men, infinite descents below Him, self-denial, zeal for the honour of God, ardent desires for the salvation and welfare of men, were as visible as the flame discovers fire. In His sufferings obedience and sacrifice were united. The will-

ingness of His spirit was victorious over the repugnance of the natural will in the garden. "Not my will but thine be done," was His unalterable choice. His patience was insuperable to all injuries. He was betrayed by a disciple for a vile price, and a murderer was preferred before Him. He was scorned as a false prophet, as a feigned king, and as a deceitful Saviour. He was spit on, scourged, crowned with thorns, and crucified; and in the height of His sufferings never expressed a spark of anger against His enemies, nor the least degree of impatience. Now consider, it was one principal reason of His obedience to instruct and oblige us to conform to His pattern, the certain and constant rule of our duty. We may not securely follow the best saints, who sometimes, through ignorance and infirmity, deviate from the narrow way; but our Saviour is "the way, the truth, and the life." What He said, after His washing the disciples' feet, (an action wherein there was such an admirable mixture of humility and love, that it is not possible to conceive which excelled, for they were both in the highest perfection,) "I have given you an example, that as I have done to you, so do ye," is applicable to all the kinds of virtues and graces exhibited in His practice. He instructs us to do by His doings, and to suffer by His sufferings. "He suffered for us, leaving us an example, that we may follow His steps." He levels the way by going before us. Those duties that are very harsh to sensible nature, He instructs us in by His preaching and by His passion. How can we decline them, when performed by Him in whom the glorious Deity was personally united to the tender humanity? His life was a continual lecture of mortification. It is the observation of the natural historian, that the tender providence of nature is admirable in preparing medicines for us in beautiful fragrant flowers; that we might not refuse the remedy, as more distasteful than our diseases. But how astonishing is the love of God, who sent His Son for our redemption from eternal death; and in His example has sweetened those remedies which are requisite for the cure of our distempered passions! Taking up the cross, and submitting to poverty and persecution, are made tolerable by considering that in enduring them we follow our Redeemer. Can any motive

more engage and encourage our obedience, than the persuasive pattern and commanding example of our Sovereign and Saviour? Can we be averse from our duty, when our lawgiver teaches us obedience by His own practice? Can any invitation be more attractive than to do that from love to Him which He did for love to us and our salvation? We are His subjects by the dearest titles, and our own consent; we are dedicated to His honour; and, as the apostle tells the Galatians, "If ye are circumcised, ye are debtors to keep the whole law;" by the same reason, if we are baptized, we are obliged to obey the law of faith, to order our lives according to the doctrine and example of Christ. An unholy Christian is a contradiction so direct and palpable, that one word destroys another: as if one should say, a living carcase, or a cold calenture. We must adorn the gospel of Christ by the sacred splendour of our actions. A life innocent from gross notorious sins is a poor perfection; we must "show forth the virtues of Him who hath called us to His kingdom and glory." Men usually observe what is eminently good, or extremely bad. The excellent goodness of Christians recommends the goodness of the gospel, and ought to convince infidels that it came from the Fountain of goodness.

The primitive Christians endured the fiery trial with insuperable constancy; and the most powerful argument that inspired their courage, despising life and death, was, that Christ was their leader in those terrible conflicts; He was their spectator, when they encountered fierce beasts, and fiercer tyrants for the defence of His truth, and glory of His name; and while they were suffering for Him He was preparing immortal crowns for them. This, St Cyprian, in his pastoral letters to the Christians in Africa, represents with such powerful eloquence, as kindled in their breasts a love to Christ stronger than death.

The angels are propounded to us as a pattern for our imitation. Our Saviour directs our desires, that "the will of God may be done on earth, as it is done in heaven." The will of God is either decretive or preceptive. The decretive extends to all events; nothing falls out at random, nothing by rash chance and

casualty; but all things come to pass according to the counsel of His will, by His efficiency or His permission. The preceptive will of God is the rule of our duty. "This is the will of God, even your sanctification." This is intended here; for it is to be performed in conformity to the obedience of the angels. But it is comprehensive of our resigned submission to the will and wisdom of God in the disposals of providence, as well as to our active subjection to His commands. We are equally obliged to acknowledge and honour His dominion in ordering all things, as to yield obedience to His sovereignty declared in His laws. The Psalmist addresses himself to the angels, as our pattern: "Bless the Lord, ye his angels, that excel in strength, that do his commandments, hearkening to the voice of his word." They are the eldest offspring of God's power; glorious, heavenly, and immortal spirits. The title of angels signifies their office; their nature we do not fully know. We can tell what they are not; not flesh and blood; but negatives do not afford knowledge. It is not knowledge to declare what things are not, but what they are. Their excellency is discovered in Scripture, in that the highest degree of our perfection is expressed by likeness to the angels. The perfection of beauty in Stephen is set forth: "They saw his face as the face of an angel." Excellent wisdom in David: "My lord the king is wise as an angel of God." Perfect eloquence: "Though I speak with the tongues of men and angels." And the apostle, in asserting the infinite dignity of the Mediator, proves it by the argument that He is above angels: "To which of the angels did he say, Thou art my Son?" that is, in a high and peculiar manner. Now, if they had not been in the highest order of creatures, the argument had not been conclusive; yet they are infinitely below God. The heavens are not clean in His sight, the stars are not pure before Him. The seraphim veil their faces and their feet in His glorious presence, and cry one to another, "Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of hosts, the whole earth is full of his glory." His separate and transcendent attributes are the foundation of their humility and subjection. . . . The matter wherein their obedience is exercised is secret to us, the laws and admirable order in

heaven are not fully discovered: but we are assured, that they continually magnify and celebrate the perfections of God. In this lower world, they are "ministering spirits to the heirs of salvation," the adopted children of God. The highest angels are not exempted from this service, nor the lowest saints excluded from the benefit of it.

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The angel told Zacharias, "I am Gabriel, that stand in the presence of God." It implies his prepared disposition to receive and perform all his commands. It is said, "They hearken to the voice of His word:" the first signification of His will puts them in motion. They entirely obey Him; there is no alloy, no mixture of contraries, in their principles, nothing suspends or breaks the entireness of their activity in God's service. They obey Him with all their powers, and the utmost efficacy of them. It is said, "He maketh His angels spirits, His ministers a flame of fire," to signify their celerity and vigour in doing God's will. They fly like the wind, to rescue the saints from imminent destructive evils; and, like a flame of fire, are quick and terrible to consume the wicked. They fully perform His commands. The two angels that were sent to preserve Lot from the destruction of Sodom, while he lingered, took him by the hand, and brought him out of the city; and would not destroy it till he was safe. They freely and cheerfully obey God, esteeming His service their glory and felicity. They are styled "thrones and dominions, principalities and powers;" but they are more pleased in the title of *His angels*,—that is, messengers, and in the relation of His servants. They esteem it their highest exaltation and happiness to obey God. They, with as much diligence and delight, watch over the meanest saints, though never so obscure and despicable in the world, as those who are in royal dignity; because they in it obey the orders of God. They are steady and uniform in their duty, above all temptations from hopes or fears that may slacken their endeavours and unstring the bent of their resolutions in His service. There is an eternal constancy in their obedience.

It may be said, this example is above our level in the present state ; our wings are broken, we flag, and cannot reach so high a flight. We sometimes conceive more clearly, sometimes more darkly, of our duty. We are sometimes declining, sometimes reviving and returning. We do not practise obedience with the diligence that is commanded. The weakness of the flesh controls the willingness of the spirit. How should it upbraid us, that we fall so short in the imitation of angelic obedience, who are under equal, nay, peculiar obligations to please God ? The grace of God in our redemption is more illustriously visible than in their creation. The goodness of God was most free in making the angels ; but it is infinite mercy in saving man from extreme misery, the desert of his disobedience. The Divine power made the angels, but men are redeemed by the dearest price,—the blood of the Son of God. In this God commendeth His love to us, that when we were sinners He gave His Son to die for us. Now beneficence is magnified by the principle and motive of it. Gifts are endeared by the affection of the giver ; and ingenuous thankfulness chiefly respects that. All the precious benefits and vital influences that we receive are from the dearest love of God. Supposing the angels receive as great favours from His bountiful hands ; yet there is a clearer discovery of His heart, His tender and compassionate love, in our salvation. How should this consideration inspire our prayers with a holy fervour, that God would enlighten our minds, to know His holy, acceptable, and perfect will, incline us to choose it, and enable us to do it, as the angels, the most illuminate and zealous servants of God !

The Scripture has lighted up excellent examples of holiness in the lives of the saints upon earth, for our direction and imitation. There is a great advantage in looking on examples ; they are more instructive than naked precepts, and more clearly convey the knowledge of our duty. A work done in our sight by another directs us better in the practice of it ; it is more acceptable and of more powerful efficacy to reform us, than counsel and admonition by words. A reproof, if spoken with an imperious air where-in vanity has a visible ascendant, is heard with distaste, and often

with disdain ; but an excellent example is a silent reproof, not directed immediately to irregular persons, but discovering what ought to be done, and leaving the application to themselves, so that the impression is more quick and penetrating than that of words. In difficult precepts, no argument is more effectual than examples ; for the possibility of performance is confirmed by instances, and the pretence of infirmity is taken away. The command binds us to duty. Examples encourage us to performance. The pattern of the angels, who are pure spirits, is not so influential upon us, as the pattern of the saints, which is more correspondent and proportionate to our present state ; as the light of the stars, which are so vastly distant, is not so useful in managing our affairs, as the light of a candle that is near us. The saints are verily allied to us ; they were clothed with the same frail garment of flesh, they had like passions, and were in the same contagious world ; yet they were holy and heavenly in their affections and actions. They lived in civil conversation with men, and spiritual communion with God. This takes away the pretence of infirmity ; for we have the same word of grace, and Spirit of grace, to strengthen us.

93.—Escape from the Bastille.

DE LATUDE.

[IN the year 1749, De Latude, who was of a respectable family in Languedoc, and intended for the engineers, came to Paris, and being unsuccessful in obtaining an appointment, he formed a scheme to gain the good-will of Madame de Pompadour, the king's mistress, by disclosing to her a pretended plot for poisoning her. This artifice being detected, he was seized and confined in the castle of Vincennes, from which he escaped after nine months' confinement, but was retaken and imprisoned in the Bastille. He had for a fellow-prisoner a young man of the name of D'Alegre, who had been in confinement, at the instance of Madame de Pompadour, for three years. These two unfortunate men occupied the same chamber. The then governor of the Bastille, Monsieur Berryer, treated them with humanity, and used his best endeavours to procure their discharge by forwarding and backing their memorials and petitions. At

length, however, he was under the painful necessity of announcing to them, that, in consequence of Madame de Pompadour's positive orders never to be spoken to on their behalf, there was no prospect of their release, but with the death or disgrace of that implacable woman. D'Alegre was reduced to despair ; but the courage of De Latude was raised by this intelligence, and he resolved to escape or perish in the attempt. We will now let him tell his own story :—]

“To any man who had the least notion of the situation of the Bastille, its extent, its towers, its discipline, and the incredible precautions which despotism had multiplied more surely to chain its victims, the mere idea of escaping from it would appear the effect of insanity, and would inspire nothing but pity for a wretch so devoid of sense as to dare to conceive it. A moment's reflection would suffice to show that it was hopeless to attempt an escape by the gates. Every physical impossibility was united to render this impracticable. We had no resource but by the outside. There was in our chamber a fireplace, the chimney of which came out in the extreme height of the tower—it was full of gratings and bars of iron, which in several parts of it scarcely left a free passage for the smoke. Should we be able to get to the top of the tower, we should have below us a precipice of great height, at the bottom of which was a fossé or broad ditch, surrounded by a very lofty wall, to be got over. We were without assistance, without tools, without materials, constantly watched night and day, and guarded besides by a great number of sentinels, who surrounded the outworks of the Bastille. So many obstacles, so many dangers did not deter me. I hinted my scheme to my comrade ; he thought me a madman, and relapsed into despair. I was obliged alone to digest my plan, to anticipate the frightful host of difficulties which opposed its execution, and find the means of remedying them all. To accomplish our object, we had to climb to the top of the chimney, notwithstanding the many iron gratings which were opposed to our ascent ; and then, in order to descend from the top of the tower into the fossé, we required a ladder of eighty feet at least, and another ladder, necessarily of wood, to get out of the fossé. If I could get these

materials I must hide them from every eye, must work without noise, deceive all our spies, and this for months together. Now for the details of my operations. Our first object was to find a place of concealment for our tools and materials, in case we should be so fortunate as to procure any. By dint of reflecting on the subject, a thought struck me which appeared to me a very happy one. I had occupied several different chambers in the Bastille, and had always observed, whenever the chambers either above or below me were inhabited, that I had heard very distinctly any noise made in either. On the present occasion I heard all the movements of the prisoner above but not of him below, nevertheless I felt confident there was a prisoner there. I conjectured at last that there might be a double floor with a space between each. I took the following means to satisfy myself on the point. There was in the Bastille a chapel, at which by special favour of Monsieur Berryer, we, as well as the prisoner below, in No. 3, were allowed to hear mass. I resolved to take advantage, when mass should be over, of a moment, before the prisoner below was locked up, to take a view of his chamber. I pointed out to D'Alegre how he was to assist me. I told him to put his tooth-pick case in his pocket handkerchief, and when we should be on the second floor, by pulling out his pocket handkerchief, to let his tooth-pick case fall all the way down-stairs, and then to request the turnkey to go and pick it up. My little plan succeeded. While the turnkey was going after the tooth-pick case, I ran quickly up to No. 3, I drew back the bolt of the door—I examined the height of the chamber from the floor, and found it about ten feet six inches. I shut the door, and from this room to ours I counted thirty-two steps, measured the height of one of them, and making my calculation, I came to the conclusion that there must be, between the floor of our chamber and the ceiling of that below, a space of five feet six inches, which could not be filled up either by stones or wood on account of their weight. As soon as we were shut up, and bolted in, I embraced D'Alegre with delight. 'My friend,' said I, 'patience and courage—we are saved! We can hide our ropes and materials—that is all that is wanted! We

are saved !' 'What,' said he, 'have you not given up your dreams? Ropes and materials! where are they, and where shall we get them?' 'Ropes,' said I, 'why we have more than we want, that trunk (showing him mine) contains a thousand feet of them.' Looking at me steadfastly, he replied, 'My good friend, endeavour to regain your senses and to calm the frenzy which agitates you. I know the contents of your trunk, there is not a single inch of rope in it.' 'Ay,' said I, 'but have I not a large stock of linen—twelve dozen of shirts, a great number of napkins, stockings, nightcaps, and other things;—will not they supply us? We will unravel them, and we shall have ropes enough.' 'But how are we to extract the iron gratings of our chimney?' said D'Alegre; 'where are we to get the materials for the wooden ladder which we shall want? where obtain tools for all these works? we cannot create things.' 'My friend,' I replied, 'it is genius which creates, and we have that which despair gives, that will guide our hands; once more, we are saved!' We had a flat table supported by iron legs; we gave them an edge by rubbing them on the tiled floor; of the steel of our tinder-box, we made, in less than two hours, a good knife with which we formed two handles to these iron legs; the principal use of these was to force out the gratings of our chimney. In the evening, the daily inspection being over, with these iron legs we raised some tiles of our floor, and by digging for about six hours we discovered that our conjectures were well founded, and that there was a vacant space between the floor and ceiling of about four feet. We replaced the tiles, so that they scarcely appeared to have been raised. This done, we ripped the seams and hems of two shirts, and drew out the threads of them one by one. These we tied together and wound them on a number of small balls, which we afterwards rewound on two larger balls, each of which was composed of fifty threads sixty feet long. We twisted these and formed a cord about fifty-five feet long, and with it constructed a rope-ladder, which was intended to support us aloft, while we drew out of the chimney the bars and spikes of iron with which it was armed. This was the most painful and troublesome of our labours, and

cost us six months' toil, the recollection of which makes one shudder. We could only work by bending our bodies in the most painful positions ; an hour at a time was all we could well bear, and we never came down without hands covered with blood. The iron bars were fastened with an extremely hard mortar which we had no means of softening, but by blowing water with our mouths into the holes as we worked them. Judge what this work must have been, when we were well pleased, if, in a whole night, we had worked away the eighth of an inch of this mortar. When we got a bar out we replaced it in its holes, that when we were inspected, the deficiency might not appear, and so as to enable us to take all of them out at once should we be in a situation to escape. After six months of this obstinate and cruel work, we applied ourselves to the wooden ladder which was necessary to mount from the fossé upon the parapet, and from thence into the governor's garden. This ladder required to be twenty feet long. We devoted to this part of our work nearly all our fuel ; it consisted of round logs about eighteen or twenty inches long. We found we should want blocks or pulleys, and several other things, for which a saw was indispensable. I made one with an iron candlestick, by means of half of the steel of the tinder-box from which I had made the knife ; with this piece of the steel, the saw, and the iron legs of our table, we reduced the size of our logs ; we made tenons and mortices in them to join them one into the others, with two holes through each, and two joints, to prevent swagging. We made the ladder with only one upright, through which we put twenty rounds, each round being fifteen inches long. The upright was three inches diameter, so that each round projected, clear, six inches on each side of the upright. To every piece of which the ladder was composed, the proper round of each joint was tied with a string, to enable us to put it together readily in the dark. As we completed each piece we concealed it between the two floors. With the tools we had made we completed the tools of our workshop. We had a pair of compasses, a square, a carpenter's rule, &c., &c., and hid them in our magazine."

De Latude goes on to detail the precautions which he and his companion in misfortune took, in case any of the jailers should be listening, to give feigned names for everything they used in their work, and states the names used by them for each article. He then proceeds with his narrative :—

“These things being complete, we set about our principal ladder, which was to be at least eighty feet long. We began by unraveling our linen ; shirts, napkins, nightcaps, stockings, drawers, pocket-handkerchiefs—everything which could supply thread or silk. As we made a ball we concealed it in Polyphemus, (the name they called the hiding-place,) and when we had a sufficient quantity we employed a whole night in twisting it into a rope ; and I defy a ropemaker to have done it better. The upper part of the building of the Bastille overhangs three or four feet. This would necessarily occasion our ladder to wave and swing about as we came down it, enough to turn the strongest head. To obviate this, and to prevent our fall, we made a second rope 160 feet long. This rope was to be reeved through a kind of double block without sheaves, in case the person descending should be suspended in the air without being able to get down lower. Besides these we made several other ropes of shorter lengths, to fasten our ladder to a cannon, and for other unforeseen occasions. When all these ropes were finished we measured them—they amounted to 1400 feet. We then made 208 rounds for the rope and wooden ladders. To prevent the noise which the rounds would make against the wall during our descent, we gave them coverings formed of pieces of the linings of our morning gowns, of our waistcoats, and our under-waistcoats. In all these preparations we employed eighteen months, but still they were incomplete. We had provided means to get to the top of the tower, to get into and out of the fossé : two more were wanting—one to climb upon the parapet ; from the parapet into the governor’s garden ; from thence to get down into the fossé of the Port St Antoine ; but the parapet which we had to cross was always well furnished with sentinels. We might fix on a dark and rainy night, when the sentinels did not go their rounds, and escape by those means, but it might rain when we climbed our chimney, and might clear up at the very moment

when we arrived at the parapet: we should then meet with the chief of the rounds, who constantly inspected the parapet, and he being always provided with lights, it would be impossible to conceal ourselves, and we should be inevitably ruined. The other plan increased our labours, but was the less dangerous of the two. It consisted in making a way through the wall which separates the fossé of the Bastille from that of the Port St Antoine. I considered that in the numerous floods, during which the Seine had filled this fossé, the water must have injured the mortar, and rendered it less difficult, and so we should be enabled to break a passage through the wall. For this purpose we should require an auger to make holes in the mortar, so as to insert the points of the two iron bars to be taken out of our chimney, and with them force out the stones, and so make our way through. Accordingly, we made an auger with one of the feet of our bedsteads, and fastened a handle to it in the form of a cross. We fixed on Wednesday the 25th February 1756, for our flight: the river had overflowed its banks: there were four feet of water in the fossé of the Bastille, as well as in that of the Port St Antoine, by which we hoped to effect our deliverance. I filled a leathern portmanteau with a change of clothes for both, in case we were so fortunate as to escape.

“Dinner was scarcely over when we set up our great ladder of ropes, that is, we put the rounds to it, and hid it under our beds; then we arranged our wooden ladder in three pieces. We put our iron bars in their cases to prevent their making a noise; and we packed up our bottle of usquebaugh to warm us, and restore our strength during our work in the water, up to the neck, for nine hours. These precautions taken, we waited till our supper was brought up. I first got up the chimney. I had the rheumatism in my left arm, but I thought little of the pain: I soon experienced one much more severe. I had taken none of the precautions used by chimney sweepers. I was nearly choked by the soot; and having no guards on my knees and elbows, they were so excoriated that the blood ran down on my legs and hands. As soon as I got to the top of the chimney I let down a piece of”

twine to D'Alegre: to this he attached the end of the rope to which our portmanteau was fastened. I drew it up, unfastened it, and threw it on the platform of the Bastille. In the same way we hoisted up the wooden ladder, the two iron bars, and all our other articles: we finished by the ladder of ropes, the end of which I allowed to hang down to aid D'Alegre in getting up, while I held the upper part by means of a large wooden peg which we had prepared on purpose. I passed it through the cord and placed it across the funnel of the chimney. By these means my companion avoided suffering what I did. This done, I came down from the top of the chimney, where I had been in a very painful position, and both of us were on the platform of the Bastille. We now arranged our different articles. We began by making a roll of our ladder of ropes, of about four feet diameter, and one thick. We rolled it to the tower called *La Tour du Treson*, which appeared to us the most favourable for our descent. We fastened one end of the ladder of ropes to a piece of cannon, and then lowered it down the wall; then we fastened the block, and passed the rope of 160 feet long through it. This I tied round my body, and D'Alegre slackened it as I went down. Notwithstanding this precaution I swung about in the air at every step I made. Judge what my situation was, when one shudders at the recital of it. At length I landed without accident in the fossé. Immediately D'Alegre lowered my portmanteau and other things. I found a little spot uncovered by water, on which I put them. Then my companion followed my example; but he had an advantage which I had not had, for I held the ladder for him with all my strength, which greatly prevented its swinging. It did not rain; and we heard the sentinel marching at about four toises' distance, and we were therefore forced to give up our plan of escaping by the parapet and the governor's garden. We resolved to use our iron bars. We crossed the fossé straight over to the wall which divides it from the Port St Antoine, and went to work sturdily. Just at this point there was a small ditch about six feet broad and one deep, which increased the depth of the water. Elsewhere it was about up to our middles; here, to our

armpits. It had thawed only a few days, so that the water had yet floating ice in it: we were nine hours in it, exhausted by fatigue, and benumbed by the cold. We had hardly begun our work before the chief of the watch came round with his lantern, which cast a light on the place we were in; we had no alternative but to put our heads under water as he passed, which was every half-hour. At length, after nine hours of incessant alarm and exertion, after having worked out the stones one by one, we succeeded in making, in a wall of four feet six inches thick, a hole sufficiently wide, and we both crept through. We were giving way to our transports when we fell into a danger which we had not foreseen, and which had nearly been fatal to us. In crossing the fossé St Antoine, to get into the road to Bercy, we fell into the aqueduct which was in the middle. This aqueduct had ten feet water over our heads, and two feet of mud on the side. D'Alegre fell on me, and had nearly thrown me down: had that misfortune happened we were lost, for we had not strength enough left to get up again, and we must have been smothered. Finding myself laid hold of by D'Alegre, I gave him a blow with my fist, which made him let go, and at the same instant throwing myself forward I got out of the aqueduct. I then felt for D'Alegre, and getting hold of his hair, drew him to me; we were soon out of the fossé, and just as the clock struck five were on the high road. Penetrated by the same feeling, we threw ourselves into each other's arms, and after a long embrace we fell on our knees to offer our thanks to the Almighty, who had snatched us from so many dangers."

94.—The Death of Lord Falkland.

CLARENDON.

IN this unhappy battle of Newbury was slain the Lord Viscount Falkland; a person of such prodigious parts of learning and knowledge, of that inimitable sweetness and delight in conversation, of so flowing and obliging a humanity and goodness to man-

kind, and of that primitive simplicity and integrity of life, that if there were no other brand upon this odious and accursed Civil War, than that single loss, it must be most infamous and execrable to all posterity.

Before this Parliament, his condition of life was so happy, that it was hardly capable of improvement. Before he came to be twenty years of age, he was master of a noble fortune; which descended to him by the gift of a grandfather, without passing through his father or mother, who were then both alive. His education for some years had been in Ireland, where his father was Lord Deputy; so that when he returned into England, to the possession of his fortune, he was unentangled with any acquaintance or friends, which usually grow up by the custom of conversation, and therefore was to make a pure election of his company; which he chose by other rules than were prescribed to the young nobility of that time. And it cannot be denied, though he admitted some few to his friendship for the agreeableness of their natures, and their undoubted affection to him, that his familiarity, and friendship for the most part, was with men of the most eminent and sublime parts, and of untouched reputation in point of integrity; and such men had a title to his bosom.

He was superior to all those passions and affections which attend vulgar minds, and was guilty of no other ambition than of knowledge, and to be reputed a lover of all good men; and that made him too much a contemner of those arts which must be indulged in the transaction of human affairs. In the last short Parliament, he was a burgess in the House of Commons; and, from the debates, which were there managed with all imaginable gravity and sobriety, he contracted such a reverence to Parliament, that he thought it really impossible they could ever produce mischief or inconvenience to the kingdom; or that the kingdom could be tolerably happy in the intermission of them.

The great opinion he had of the uprightness and integrity of those persons who appeared most active, especially of Mr Hampden, kept him longer from suspecting any design against the peace of the kingdom; and though he differed from them

commonly in conclusions, he believed long their purposes were honest. When he grew better informed what was law, and discerned in them a desire to control that law by a vote of one or both Houses, no man more opposed those attempts, and gave the adverse party more trouble, by reason and argumentation; inso-much as he was, by degrees, looked upon as an advocate for the Court; to which he contributed so little, that he declined those addresses, and even those invitations which he was obliged almost by civility to entertain. And he was so jealous of the least imagination that he should incline to preferment, that he affected even a moroseness to the Court and to the courtiers; and left nothing undone which might prevent and divert the king's or queen's favour towards him, but the deserving it.

For this reason, when he heard it first whispered, "that the king had a purpose to make him a Privy Councillor," for which there was, in the beginning, no other ground but because he was known sufficient, he resolved to decline it; and at last suffered himself only to be overruled, by the advice and persuasions of his friends, to submit to it. Afterwards when he found that the king intended to make him Secretary of State, he was positive to refuse it.

Two reasons prevailed with him to receive the seals, and but for those he had resolutely avoided them. The first, the consideration that his refusal might bring some blemish upon the king's affairs, and that men would have believed that he had refused so great an honour and trust, because he must have been with it obliged to do somewhat else not justifiable. And this he made matter of conscience, since he knew the king made choice of him before other men, especially because he thought him more honest than other men. The other was, lest he might be thought to avoid it out of fear to do an ungracious thing to the House of Commons, who were sore troubled at the displacing Sir Harry Vane, whom they looked upon as removed for having done them those offices they stood in need of; and the disdain of so popular an incumbrance wrought upon him next to the other. For as he had a full appetite of fame by just and generous actions, so he

had an equal contempt of it by any servile expedients : and he so much the more consented to and approved the justice upon Sir Harry Vane, in his own private judgment, by how much he surpassed most men in the religious observation of a trust, the violation whereof he would not admit any excuse for.

For these reasons, he submitted to the king's command, and became his secretary, with as humble and devoted an acknowledgment of the greatness of the obligation as could be expressed, and as true a sense of it in his heart. Yet two things he could never bring himself to whilst he continued in that office, that was to his death ; for which he was contented to be reproached as for omissions in a most necessary part of his place. The one, employing of spies, or giving any countenance or entertainment to them. I do not mean such emissaries as with danger would venture to view the enemy's camp, and bring intelligence of their number, or quartering, or any particulars that such an observation can comprehend ; but those who, by communication of guilt, or dissimulation of manners, wind themselves into such trusts and secrets as enable them to make discoveries. The other, the liberty of opening letters, upon a suspicion that they might contain matter of dangerous consequence.

He had a courage of the most clear and keen temper, and so far from fear that he seemed not without some appetite of danger ; and therefore, upon any occasion of action, he always engaged his person in those troops which he thought, by the forwardness of the commanders, to be most like to be farthest engaged ; and in all such encounters, he had about him an extraordinary cheerfulness, without at all affecting the execution that usually attended them ; in which he took no delight, but took pains to prevent it, where it was not, by resistance, made necessary : insomuch that at Edge-hill, when the enemy was routed, he was like to have incurred great peril by interposing to save those who had thrown away their arms, and against whom, it may be, others were more fierce for their having thrown them away : so that a man might think he came into the field chiefly out of curiosity to see the face of danger, and charity to prevent the shedding of blood.

From the entrance into this unnatural war, his natural cheerfulness and vivacity grew clouded, and a kind of sadness and dejection of spirits stole upon him which he had never been used to : yet, being one of those who believed that one battle would end all differences, and that there would be so great a victory on one side, that the other would be compelled to submit to any conditions from the victor, (which supposition and conclusion generally sunk into the minds of most men, and prevented the looking after many advantages that might then have been laid hold of,) he resisted those indispositions. But after the furious resolution of the two Houses not to admit any treaty for peace, those indispositions, which had before touched him, grew into a perfect habit of uncheerfulness ; and he, who had been so exactly easy and affable to all men that his face and countenance was always present and vacant to his company, and held any cloudiness, and less pleasantness of the visage, a kind of rudeness or incivility, became, on a sudden, less communicable ; and thence, very sad, pale, and exceedingly affected with the spleen. In his clothes and habit, which he had minded before always with more neatness, and industry, and expense, than is usual to so great a soul, he was not now only incurious but too negligent : and in his reception of suitors, and the necessary, or casual addresses to his place, so quick, and sharp, and severe, that there wanted not some men (strangers to his nature and disposition) who believed him proud and imperious ; from which no mortal man was ever more free.

When there was any overture or hope of peace, he would be more erect and vigorous, and exceedingly solicitous to press anything which he thought might promote it ; and sitting among his friends, often, after a deep silence and frequent sighs, would, with a shrill and sad accent, ingeminate the word *peace, peace* ; and would passionately profess, “ that the very agony of the war, and the view of the calamities and desolation the kingdom did and must endure, took his sleep from him, and would shortly break his heart.” This made some think, or pretend to think, “ that he was so much enamoured on peace, that he would have been

glad the king should have bought it at any price ;” which was a most unreasonable calumny. As if a man that was himself the most punctual and precise in every circumstance that might reflect on conscience or honour, could have wished the king to have committed a trespass against either. And yet this senseless scandal made some impression upon him, or at least he used it for an excuse of the daringness of his spirit : for at the leaguer before Gloucester, when his friend passionately reprehended him for exposing his person unnecessarily to danger, (for he delighted to visit the trenches, and nearest approaches, and to discover what the enemy did,) as being so much beside the duty of his place, that it might be understood rather to be against it, he would say merrily, “ that his office could not take away the privilege of his age ; and that a secretary in war might be present at the greatest secret in danger ;” but withal, alleged seriously, “ that it concerned him to be more active in enterprises of hazard than other men ; that all might see that his impatiency for peace proceeded not from pusillanimity, or fear to adventure his own person.”

In the morning before the battle, as always upon action, he was very cheerful, and put himself in the first rank of the Lord Byron’s regiment, then advancing upon the enemy, who had lined the hedges on both sides with musketeers : from whence he was shot with a musket in the lower part of the belly : and in the instant falling from his horse, his body was not found till the next morning ; till when there was some hope that he might have been a prisoner ; though his nearest friends, who knew his disposition, received small comfort from that imagination. Thus fell that incomparable young man, in the four and thirtieth year of his age ; having so much despatched the true business of life, that the eldest rarely attain to that immense knowledge, and the youngest enter not into the world with more innocency : whosoever leads such a life needs be the less anxious upon how short warning it is taken from him.

95.—*Trees.*

TREES—so beautiful in their individual attributes, so magnificent in their forest groups—are amongst the most lovely and glorious of the materials which Nature spreads before the poets. Spenser makes his Catalogue of Trees full of picturesque association, by his wonderful choice of epithets :

And forth they pass with pleasure, forward led,
 Joying to hear the birds' sweet harmony,
 Which, therein shrouded from the tempest's dread,
 Seemed in their song to scorn the cruel sky ;
 Much can they praise the trees so straight and high,
 The sailing pine, the cedar proud and tall,
 The vine-prop elm, the poplar never dry,
 The builder-oak, sole king of forests all ;
 The aspen good for staves ; the cypress, funeral.

The laurel, meed of mighty conquerors
 And poets sage ; the fir that weepeth still,
 The willow, worn of forlorn paramours,
 The yew, obedient to the bender's will,
 The birch for shafts, the sallow for the mill,
 The myrrh sweet bleeding of the bitter wound,
 The warlike beech, the ash for nothing ill,
 The fruitful olive, and the plantane round,
 The carver holm, the maple seldom inward sound. SPENSER.

Scott associates the "forest fair" with the feudal grandeur of hunt and falconry :

The scenes are desert now, and bare, Where flourish'd once a forest fair, When these waste glens with copse were lined, And peopled with the hart and hind. Yon thorn—perchance whose prickly spears Have fenced him for three hundred years, While fell around his green compeers—	Yon lonely thorn would he could tell The changes of his parent dell, Since he, so gray and stubborn now, Waved in each breeze a sapling bough : Would he could tell how deep the shade, A thousand mingled branches made ; How broad the shadows of the oak, How clung the rowan to the rock,
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And through the foliage show'd his
head,
With narrow leaves and berries red ;
What pines on every mountain sprung,
O'er every dell what birches hung,
In every breeze what aspens shook,
What alders shaded every brook !

"Here in my shade," methinks he'd
say,

"The mighty stag at noontide lay :
The wolf I've seen, a fiercer game,
(The neighbouring dingle bears his
name,)

With lurching step around me prowled,
And stop against the moon to howl ;
The mountain-boar, on battle set,
His tusks upon my stem would whet ;
While doe and roe, and red-deer good,
Have bounded by through gay green-
wood.

Then oft from Newark's riven tower,
Sallied a Scottish monarch's power :

A thousand vassals muster'd round,
With horse, and hawk, and horn, and
hound ;
And I might see the youth intent
Guard every pass with cross-bow bent ;
And through the brake the rangers
stalk,
And falc'ners hold the ready hawk ;
And foresters in greenwood trim,
Lead in the leash the gaze-hounds
grim,
Attentive, as the bratchet's bay
From the dark covert drove the prey,
To slip them as he broke away.
The startled quarry bounds amain,
As fast the gallant greyhounds strain :
Whistles the arrow from the bow,
Answers the arquebuss below ;
While all the rocking hills reply
To hoof-clang, hound, and hunter's
cry,

And bugles ringing lightsomely."

SCOTT.

Keats makes the "leafy month of June" fresher and greener, with remembrances of the "Sherwood clan"—the woodland heroes of the people's ballads:

No! those days are gone away,
And their hours are old and gray,
And their minutes buried all
Under the down-trodden fall
Of the leaves of many years :
Many times have winter's shears,
Frozen north, and chilling east,
Sounded tempests to the feast
Of the forest's whispering fleeces,
Since men knew not rents nor leases.

No, the bugle sounds no more,
And the twanging bow no more ;
Silent is the ivory shrill ;
Past the heath and up the hill ;
There is no mid-forest laugh,
Where lone echo gives the half
To some wight amazed to hear
Jesting deep in forest drear.

On the fairest time of June
You may go with sun or moon,
Or the seven stars to light you,
Or the polar ray to right you ;
But you never may behold
Little John, or Robin bold ;
Never one of all the clan,
Thrumming on an empty can
Some old hunting ditty, while
He doth his green way beguile
To fair hostess Merriment,
Down beside the pasture Trent ;
For he left the merry tale,
Messenger for spicy ale.

Gone, the merry morris den ;
Gone, the song of Gamelyn ;
Gone, the tough-belted outlaw,
Idling in the "greené-shawe :"

All are gone away and past !
 And if Robin should be cast
 Sudden from his tufted grave,
 And if Marian should have
 Once again her forest days,
 She would weep, and he would craze :

He would swear, for all his oaks,
 Fall'n beneath the dockyard strokes,
 Have rotted on the briny seas ;
 She would weep that her wild bees
 Sang not to her—strange ! that honey
 Can't be got without hard money !

KEATS.

A living writer dwells upon the solemn stillness of the forest, with a poet's love built upon knowledge. No one can understand that peculiar stillness who has not passed many a thoughtful hour beneath the "melancholy boughs," amidst which there is ever sound which seems like silence:—

I love the forest ; I could dwell among
 That silent people, till my thoughts up grew
 In nobly ordered form, as to my view
 Rose the succession of that lofty throng :—
 The mellow footstep on a ground of leaves
 Form'd by the slow decay of num'rous years,—
 The couch of moss, whose growth alone appears,
 Beneath the fir's inhospitable eaves,—
 The chirp and flutter of some single bird,
 The rustle in the brake,—what precious store
 Of joys have these on poets' hearts conferr'd ?
 And then at times to send one's own voice out,
 In the full frolic of *one* startling shout,
 Only to feel the after stillness more !

MILNES.

The American poet's reverence for the forest rises into devotion:—

Father, thy hand
 Hath rear'd these venerable columns, thou
 Didst weave this verdant roof. Thou didst look down
 Upon the naked earth, and forthwith rose
 All these fair ranks of trees. They, in thy sun
 Budded, and shook their green leaves in thy breeze,
 And shot towards heaven. The century-living crow,
 Whose birth was in their tops, grew old and died
 Among their branches, till, at last, they stood,
 As now they stand, massy, and tall, and dark,

Fit shrine for humble worshipper to hold
Communion with his Maker. These dim vaults,
These winding aisles, of human pomp or pride
Report not. No fantastic carvings show
The boast of our vain race to change the form
Of thy fair works. But thou art here—thou fill'st
The solitude. Thou art in the soft winds
That run along the summit of these trees
In music;—thou art in the cooler breath,
That from the inmost darkness of the place,
Comes, scarcely felt—the barky trunks, the ground,
The fresh moist ground, are all instinct with thee.
Here is continual worship;—nature, here,
In the tranquillity that thou dost love,
Enjoys thy presence. Noiselessly, around,
From perch to perch, the solitary bird
Passes; and yon clear spring, that, 'midst its herbs,
Wells softly forth, and visits the strong roots
Of half the mighty forest, tells no tale
Of all the good it does. Thou hast not left
Thyself without a witness, in these shades,
Of thy perfections. Grandeur, strength, and grace
Are here to speak of thee. This mighty oak—
By whose immovable stem I stand and seem
Almost annihilated—not a prince,
In all that proud old world beyond the deep,
E'er wore his crown as loftily as he
Wears the green coronal of leaves with which
Thy hand has graced him. Nestled at his root
Is beauty, such as blooms not in the glare
Of the broad sun. That delicate forest flower,
With scented breath, and look so like a smile,
Seems, as it issues from the shapeless mould,
An emanation of the indwelling Life,
A visible token of the upholding Love,
That are the soul of this wide universe.

BRYANT.

96.—*Highland Snow Storm.*

JOHN WILSON.

[JOHN WILSON, the distinguished Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh, was born at Paisley, in 1788. He was the son of an opulent manufacturer, and received his elementary education at Glasgow University, proceeding afterwards to Magdalen College, Oxford. His poetical genius was developed at the university. He obtained the Newdegate Prize, and amidst a passion for athletic exercises, which distinguished him in after-life, he was looked upon as one of the most remarkable young men of his day. Upon his leaving Oxford he purchased a charming property, Ellerlay, on Lake Windermere. At this period he published the first of his beautiful poems, "The Isle of Palms." Subsequently he became a member of the Scottish bar, and in a few years received the appointment to that chair which he so long filled with honour. Ill health obliged him to resign it in 1853, and he died in 1854. His nephew, the late Professor Ferrier, published a collected edition of his works. His permanent reputation will, we think, rest upon his prose writings. His contributions to "Blackwood's Magazine" raised the whole tone and character of periodical literature. The keenest wit, the most playful fancy, the most genial criticism, the deepest pathos, were lavished year after year with a profusion almost miraculous. Some of the finest of these productions have been collected as "The Recreations of Christopher North." It would be difficult to point to three volumes of our own times that have an equal chance of becoming immortal.]

One family lived in Glencreran, and another in Glencoe—the families of two brothers—seldom visiting each other on working days, seldom meeting even on Sabbaths, for theirs was not the same parish kirk—seldom coming together on rural festivals or holidays, for in the Highlands now these are not so frequent as of yore; yet, all these sweet seldoms, taken together, to loving hearts made a happy many, and thus, though each family passed its life in its own home, there were many invisible threads stretched out through the intermediate air, connecting the two dwellings together,—as the gossamer keeps floating from one tree to another, each with its own secret nest. And nest-like both dwellings were. *That* in Glencoe, built beneath a treeless but high-heathered rock,—lone in all storms,—with greensward and garden on a slope down to a rivulet, the clearest of the clear (oh! once wofully reddened!) and *growing*, so it seems, in the mosses of its own

roof, and the huge stones that overshadow it, out of the earth. *That* in Glencreran more conspicuous, on a knoll, among the pastoral meadows, midway between mountain and mountain, so that the grove which shelters it, except when the sun is shining high, is darkened by their meeting shadows,—and dark, indeed, even in the sunshine, for 'tis a low but wide-armed grove of old oak-like pines. A little farther down, and Glencreran is very sylvan; but this dwelling is the highest up of all, the first you descend upon, near the foot of that wild hanging staircase between you and Glen-Etive. And, except this old oak-like grove of pines, there is not a tree, and hardly a bush, on bank or brae, pasture or hay-field, though these are kept by many a rill, there mingling themselves into one stream, in a perpetual lustre, that seems to be as native to the grass, as its light is to the glow-worm. Such are the two huts—for they are huts and no more—and you may see them still, if you know how to discover the beautiful sights of nature from descriptions treasured in your heart; and if the spirit of change, now nowhere at rest on the earth, not even in its most solitary places, have not swept from the scenes the beautified, the humble, but hereditary dwellings that ought to be allowed, in the fulness of the quiet time, to relapse back into the bosom of nature, through insensible and unperceived decay.

These huts belonged to brothers, and each had an only child—a son and a daughter—born on the same day, and now blooming on the verge of youth. A year ago, and they were but mere children; but what wondrous growth of frame and spirit does nature at that season of life often present before our eyes! So that we almost see the very change going on between morn and morn, and feel that these objects of our affection are daily brought closer to ourselves, by partaking daily more and more in all our most sacred thoughts, in our cares and in our duties, and in knowledge of the sorrows as well as the joys of our common lot. Thus had these cousins grown up before their parents' eyes—Flora Macdonald, a name hallowed of yore, the fairest, and Ronald Cameron, the boldest of all the living flowers in Glencoe and Glencreran. It was now their seventeenth birthday, and

never had a winter sun smiled more serenely over a knoll of snow. Flora, it had been agreed on, was to pass that day in Glencreran, and Ronald to meet her among the mountains, that he might bring her down the many precipitous passes to his parents' hut. It was the middle of February, and the snow had lain for weeks with all its drifts unchanged, so calm had been the weather and so continued the frost. At the same hour, known by horologe on the cliff touched by the finger of dawn, the happy creatures left each their own glen, and mile after mile of the smooth surface glided away past their feet, almost as the quiet water glides by the little boat that in favouring breezes walks merrily along the sea. And soon they meet at the trysting-place—a bank of birch-trees beneath a cliff that takes its name from the eagles.

On their meeting, seemed not to them the whole of nature suddenly inspired with joy and beauty? Insects, unheard by them before, hummed and glittered in the air; from tree roots, where the snow was thin, little flowers, or herbs flower-like, now for the first time were seen looking out as if alive; the trees themselves seemed budding, as if it were already spring; and rare as in that rocky region are the birds of song, a faint thrill for a moment touched their ears, and the flutter of a wing, telling them that somewhere near there was preparation for a nest. Deep down beneath the snow they listened to the tinkle of rills unreached by the frost, and merry, thought they, was the music of these contented prisoners. Not summer's self, in its deepest green, so beautiful had ever been to them before, as now the mild white of winter; and as their eyes were lifted up to heaven, when had they ever seen before a sky of such perfect blue, a sun so gentle in its brightness, or altogether a week-day in any season so like a Sabbath in its stillness, so like a holiday in its joy? Lovers were they, although as yet they scarcely knew it; for from love only could have come such bliss as now was theirs,—a bliss, that while it beautified was felt to come from the skies.

Flora sang to Ronald many of her old songs, to those wild Gaelic airs that sound like the sighing of winds among fractured cliffs, or the branches of storm-tossed trees, when the subsiding

tempest is about to let them rest. Monotonous music! but irresistible over the heart it has once awakened and enthralled, so sincere seems to be the mournfulness it breathes—a mournfulness brooding and feeding on the same note, that is at once its natural expression and sweetest aliment, of which the singer never wearyeth in her dream, while her heart all the time is haunted by all that is most piteous,—by the faces of the dead in their paleness returning to the shades of life, only that once more they may pour from their fixed eyes those strange showers of unaccountable tears!

How merry were they between those mournful airs! How Flora trembled to see her lover's burning brow and flashing eyes, as he told her tales of great battles fought in foreign lands, far across the sea—tales which he had drunk in with greedy ears from the old heroes scattered all over Lochaber and Badenoch, on the brink of the grave still garrulous of blood!

“The sun sat high in his meridian tower.”

But time had not been with the youthful lovers, and the blessed beings believed that 'twas but a little hour since beneath the Eagle Cliff they had met in the prime of the morn!

The boy starts to his feet, and his keen eye looks along the ready rifle—for his sires had all been famous deer-stalkers, and the passion of the chase was hereditary in his blood. Lo! a deer from Dalness, hound-driven, or sullenly astray, slowly bearing his antlers up the glen, then stopping for a moment to snuff the air, then away—away! The rifle-shot rings dully from the scarce echoing snow-cliffs, and the animal leaps aloft, struck by a certain but not sudden death-wound. Oh! for Fingal now to pull him down like a wolf! But labouring and lumbering heavily along, the snow spotted as he bounds with blood, the huge animal at last disappears round some rocks at the head of the glen. “Follow me, Flora!” the boy-hunter cries; and, flinging down their plaids, they turn their bright faces to the mountain, and away up the long glen after the stricken deer. Fleet was the mountain girl; and Ronald, as he ever and anon looked back to wave her on, with pride admired her lightsome motion as she bounded

along the snow. Redder and redder grew that snow, and more heavily trampled, as they winded round the rocks. Yonder is the deer, staggering up the mountain, not a half mile off—now standing at bay, as if before his swimming eyes came Fingal, the terror of the forest, whose howl was known to all the echoes, and quailed the herd while their antlers were yet afar off. “Rest, Flora, rest! while I fly to him with my rifle—and shoot him through the heart!”

Up—up—up the interminable glen, that kept winding and winding round many a jutting promontory and many a castellated cliff, the red deer kept dragging his gore-oozing bulk, sometimes almost within, and then for some hundreds of yards just beyond, rifle-shot; while the boy, maddened by the chase, pressed forwards, now all alone, nor any more looking behind for Flora, who had entirely disappeared; and thus he was hurried on for miles by the whirlwind of passion,—till at last he struck the noble quarry, and down sank the antlers in the snow, while the air was spurned by the convulsive beatings of feet. Then leaped Ronald upon the red deer like a beast of prey, and lifted up a look of triumph to the mountain-tops.

Where is Flora? Her lover has forgotten her—and he is alone—nor knows it—he and the red deer—an enormous animal, fast stiffening in the frost of death.

Some large flakes of snow are in the air, and they seem to waver and whirl, though an hour ago there was not a breath. Faster they fall and faster—the flakes are almost as large as leaves; and overhead whence so suddenly has come that huge yellow cloud? “Flora, where are you? where are you, Flora?” and from the huge hide the boy leaps up, and sees that no Flora is at hand. But yonder is a moving speck, far off upon the snow. ’Tis she—’tis she; and again Ronald turns his eyes upon the quarry, and the heart of the hunter burns within him like a new-stirred fire. Shrill as the eagle’s cry, disturbed in his eyry, he sends a shout down the glen, and Flora, with cheeks pale and bright by fits, is at last by his side. Panting and speechless she stands, and then dizzily sinks on his breast. Her hair is ruffled by the wind that revives her, and her face all moistened by the

snow-flakes, now not falling, but driven—for the day has undergone a dismal change, and all over the sky are now lowering savage symptoms of a fast-coming night-storm.

Bare is poor Flora's head, and sorely drenched her hair, that an hour or two ago glittered in the sunshine. Her shivering frame misses now the warmth of the plaid, which almost no cold can penetrate, and which had kept the vital current flowing freely in many a bitter blast. What would the miserable boy give now for the coverings lying far away, which, in his foolish passion, he flung down to chase that fatal deer! "Oh, Flora! if you would not fear to stay here by yourself, under the protection of God, who surely will not forsake you, soon will I go and come from the place where our plaids are lying; and under the shelter of the deer we may be able to outlive the hurricane—you wrapped up in them—and folded, O my dearest sister, in my arms?" "I will go with you down the glen, Ronald;" and she left his breast; but, weak as a day-old lamb, tottered and sank down on the snow. The cold—intense as if the air was ice—had chilled her very heart, after the heat of that long race; and it was manifest that here she must be for the night—to live or to die. And the night seemed already come, so full was the lift of snow; while the glimmer every moment became gloomier, as if the day were expiring long before its time. Howling at a distance down the glen was heard a sea-born tempest from the Linnhe Loch, where now they both knew the tide was tumbling in, bringing with it sleet and snow-blasts from afar; and from the opposite quarter of the sky an inland tempest was raging to meet it, while every lesser glen had its own uproar, so that on all hands they were environed with death.

"I will go—and, till I return, leave you with God." "Go, Ronald!" and he went and came, as if he had been endowed with the raven's wings.

Miles away and miles back had he flown, and an hour had not been with his going and his coming; but what a dreary wretchedness meanwhile had been hers! She feared that she was dying—that the cold snow-storm was killing her—and that she would never more see Ronald, to say to him farewell. Soon as he was

gone all her courage had died. Alone, she feared death, and wept to think how hard it was for one so young thus miserably to die. He came, and her whole being was changed. Folded up in both the plaids, she felt resigned. "Oh! kiss me, kiss me, Ronald; for your love—great as it is—is not as my love. You must never forget me, Ronald, when your poor Flora is dead."

Religion with these two young creatures was as clear as the light of the Sabbath-day—and their belief in heaven just the same as in earth. The will of God they thought of just as they thought of their parents' will,—and the same was their living obedience to its decrees. If she was to die, supported now by the presence of her brother, Flora was utterly resigned; if she was to live, her heart imaged to itself the very forms of her grateful worship. But all at once she closed her eyes, she ceased breathing—and, as the tempest howled and rumbled in the gloom that fell around them like blindness, Ronald almost sunk down, thinking that she was dead.

"Wretched sinner that I am!—my wicked madness brought her here to die of cold!" And he smote his breast, and tore his hair, and feared to look up, lest the angry eye of God were looking on him through the storm.

All at once, without speaking a word, Ronald lifted Flora in his arms, and walked away up the glen, here almost narrowed into a pass. Distraction gave him supernatural strength, and her weight seemed that of a child. Some walls of what had once been a house, he had suddenly remembered, were but a short way off; whether or not they had any roof he had forgotten,—but the thought even of such a shelter seemed a thought of salvation. There it was—a snow-drift at the opening that had once been a door—snow up the holes once windows—the wood of the roof had been carried off for fuel, and the snow-flakes were falling in, as if they would soon fill up the inside of the ruin. The snow in front was all trampled, as by sheep; and carrying in his burden under the low lintel, he saw the place was filled with a flock that had foreknown the hurricane, and that, all huddled together,

looked on him as on the shepherd, come to see how they were faring in the storm.

And a young shepherd he was, with a lamb apparently dying in his arms. All colour, all motion, all breath seemed to be gone; and yet something convinced his heart that she was yet alive. The ruined hut was roofless, but across an angle of the walls some pine-branches had been flung, as a sort of shelter for the sheep or cattle that might repair thither in cruel weather—some pine-branches left by the wood-cutters, who had felled the yew-trees that once stood at the very head of the glen. Into that corner the snow-drift had not yet forced its way, and he sat down there, with Flora in the cherishing of his embrace, hoping that the warmth of his distracted heart might be felt by her, who was as cold as a corpse. The chill air was somewhat softened by the breath of the huddled flock, and the edge of the cutting wind blunted by the stones. It was a place in which it seemed possible that she might revive, miserable as it was with the mire-mixed snow, and almost as cold as one supposes the grave. And she did revive, and under the half-open lids the dim blue appeared to be not yet life deserted. It was yet but the afternoon,—night-like though it was,—and he thought, as he breathed upon her lips, that a faint red returned, and that they felt the kisses he dropt on them to drive death away.

“Oh! father, go seek for Ronald, for I dreamt to-night that he was perishing in the snow.” “Flora, fear not,—God is with us.” “Wild swans, they say, are come to Loch Phoil. Let us go, Ronald, and see them; but no rifle—for why kill creatures said to be so beautiful?” Over them where they lay, bended down the pine-branch roof, as if it would give way beneath the increasing weight: but there it still hung, though the drift came over their feet, and up to their knees, and seemed stealing upwards to be their shroud. “Oh! I am overcome with drowsiness, and fain would be allowed to sleep. Who is disturbing me—and what noise is this in our house?” “Fear not, fear not, Flora,—God is with us.” “Mother! am I lying in your arms? My father surely is not in the storm. Oh, I have had a most

dreadful dream!" and with such mutterings as these Flora again relapsed into that perilous sleep, which soon becomes that of death.

Night itself came, but Flora and Ronald knew it not; and both lay motionless in one snow-shroud. Many passions, though earth-born, heavenly all—pity, and grief, and love, and hope, and at last despair, had prostrated the strength they had so long supported; and the brave boy—who had been for some time feeble as a very child after a fever, with a mind confused and wandering, and in its perplexities sore afraid of some nameless ill—had submitted to lay down his head beside his Flora's, and had soon become, like her, insensible to the night and all its storms.

Bright was the peat fire in the hut of Flora's parents in Glencoe,—and they were among the happiest of the humble happy, blessing this the birth-day of their blameless child. They thought of her, singing her sweet songs by the fire-side of the hut in Glencreran, and tender thoughts of her cousin Ronald were with them in their prayers. No warning came to their ears in the sigh or the howl; for fear it is that creates its own ghosts, and all its own ghost-like visitings; and they had seen their Flora, in the meekness of the morning, setting forth on her way over the quiet mountains, like a fawn to play. Sometimes too, Love, who starts at shadows as if they were of the grave, is strangely insensible to realities that might well inspire dismay. So it was now with the dwellers in the hut at the head of Glencreran. Their Ronald had left them in the morning,—night had come, and he and Flora were not there,—but the day had been almost like a summer day, and in their infatuation they never doubted that the happy creatures had changed their minds, and that Flora had returned with him to Glencoe. Ronald had laughingly said, that haply he might surprise the people in that glen by bringing back to them Flora on her birth-day, and—strange though it afterwards seemed to her to be—that belief prevented one single fear from touching his mother's heart, and she and her husband that night lay down in untroubled sleep.

And what could have been done for them, had they been told

by some good or evil spirit that their children were in the clutches of such a night? As well seek for a single bark in the middle of the misty main! But the inland storm had been seen brewing among the mountains round King's-House, and hut had communicated with hut, though far apart in regions where the traveller sees no symptoms of human life. Down through the long cliff-pass of Mealanumy, between Buchael-Etive and the Black Mount, towards the lone House of Dalness, that lies in the everlasting shadows, went a band of shepherds, trampling their way across a hundred frozen streams. Dalness joined its strength, and then away over the drift-bridged chasms toiled that gathering, with their sheep-dogs scouring the loose snows in the van, Fingal the Red Reaver, with his head aloft on the look-out for deer, grimly eyeing the corrie where last he tasted blood. All "plaided in their tartan array," these shepherds laughed at the storm,—and hark, you hear the bagpipe play—the music the Highlanders love both in war and in peace.

"They think then of the owrie cattle,
And silly sheep ;"

and though they ken 'twill be a moonless night,—for the snow-storm will sweep her out of heaven,—up the mountain and down the glen they go, marking where flock and herd have betaken themselves, and now, at midfall, unafraid of that blind hollow, they descend into the depth where once stood the old grove of pines. Following their dogs, who know their duties in their instinct, the band, without seeing it, are now close to that ruined hut. Why bark the sheep-dogs so—and why howls Fingal, as if some spirit passed athwart the night? He scents the dead body of the boy who so often had shouted him on in the forest when the antlers went by! Not dead—nor dead she who is on his bosom. Yet life in both frozen—and will the red blood in their veins ever again be thawed? Almost pitch dark is the roofless ruin; and the frightened sheep know not what is that terrible shape that is howling there. But a man enters, and lifts up one of the bodies, giving it into the arms of those at the doorway, and

then lifts up the other ; and by the flash of a rifle, they see that it is Ronald Cameron and Flora Macdonald, seemingly both frozen to death. Some of those reeds that the shepherds burn in their huts are kindled, and in that small light they are assured that



such are the corpses. But that noble dog knows that death is not there, and licks the face of Ronald, as if he would restore life to his eyes. Two of the shepherds know well how to fold the dying in their plaids,—how gentlest to carry them along ; for they had learnt it on the field of victorious battle, when, without stumbling over the dead and wounded, they bore away the shattered body, yet living, of the youthful warrior, who had shown that of such a clan he was worthy to be the chief.

The storm was with them all the way down the glen ; nor could they have heard each others' voices had they spoke ; but mutely they shifted the burden from strong hand to hand, thinking of the hut in Glencoe, and of what would be felt there on their arrival with the dying or the dead. Blind people walk through what to them is the night of crowded day-streets, unpausing turn round corners, unhesitating plunge down steep stairs, wind their way fearlessly through whirlwinds of life, and reach in their serenity,

each one unharmed, his own obscure house. For God is with the blind. So is He with all who walk on walks of mercy. This saving band had no fear, therefore there was no danger, on the edge of the pitfall or the cliff. They knew the countenances of the mountains, shown momentarily by ghastly gleamings through the fitful night, and the hollow sound of each particular stream beneath the snow, at places where in other weather there was a pool or a water-fall. The dip of the hills, in spite of the drifts, familiar to their feet, did not deceive them now; and then the dogs, in their instinct, were guides that erred not: and as well as the shepherds knew it themselves, did Fingal know that they were anxious to reach Glencoe. He led the way as if he were in moonlight; and often stood still when they were shifting their burden, and whined as if in grief. He knew where the bridges were—stones or logs; and he rounded the marshes where at springs the wild fowl feed. And thus instinct, and reason, and faith, conducted the saving band along—and now they are at Glencoe, and at the door of the hut.

To life were brought the dead; and there, at midnight, sat they up like ghosts. Strange seemed they for a while to each others' eyes,—and at each other they looked as if they had forgotten how dearly once they loved. Then, as if in holy fear, they gazed in each others' faces, thinking that they had awoke together in heaven. "Flora!" said Ronald,—and that sweet word, the first he had been able to speak, reminded him of all that had passed, and he knew that the God in whom they had put their trust had sent them deliverance. Flora, too, knew her parents, who were on their knees; and she strove to rise up and kneel down beside them, but she was powerless as a broken reed; and when she thought to join with them in thanksgiving, her voice was gone. Still as death sat all the people in the hut, and one or two who were fathers were not ashamed to weep.

97.—Preface to the Schoolmaster.

ASCHAM.

[ROGER ASCHAM was born in 1515. His father was a house-steward in a wealthy family. By the patronage of Sir Anthony Wingfield he was placed at St John's College, Cambridge. The Greek language had only been recently taught at the universities, and Ascham devoted himself to its study with great ardour, applying himself with the utmost diligence to the instruction of others. In 1548 he was appointed instructor in the learned languages to the Lady Elizabeth, afterwards queen; and, with the interval of three years, during which he travelled through Italy and Germany, he held offices at court during the reigns of Edward VI., Mary, and Elizabeth. He died in 1568. When Queen Elizabeth heard the news of his death she exclaimed, "she would rather have thrown ten thousand pounds into the sea than have lost her Ascham."]

When the great plague was at London, the year 1563, the Queen's Majesty, Queen Elizabeth, lay at her Castle of Windsor: whereupon, the 10th day of December, it fortuned that in Sir William Cecil's chamber, her Highness's principal secretary, there dined together these personages, Mr Secretary himself, Sir William Peter, Sir I. Mason, Dr Wotton, Sir Richard Sackville, Treasurer of the Exchequer, Sir Walter Mildmay, Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr Haddon, Master of Requests, Mr John Astley, Master of the Jewel House, Mr Bernard Hampton, Mr Nicasius, and I. Of which number, the most part were of her Majesty's most honourable Privy Council, and the rest serving her in very good place. I was glad then, and do rejoyce yet to remember, that my chance was so happy, to be there that day, in the company of so many wise and good men together, as hardly there could have been picked out again, out of all England beside.

Mr Secretary hath this accustomed manner, though his head be never so full of most weighty affairs of the realm, yet at dinner-time he doth seem to lay them always aside: and finding ever fit occasion to talk pleasantly of other matters, but most gladly of some matter of learning; wherein he will courteously hear the mind of the meanest at his table.

Not long after our sitting down, I have strange news brought

me, saith Mr Secretary, this morning, that divers scholars of Eton be run away from the school, for fear of beating. Whereupon Mr Secretary took occasion to wish, that some more discretion were in many schoolmasters, in using correction, than commonly there is, who many times punish rather the weakness of nature than the fault of the scholar. Whereby many scholars that might else prove well be driven to hate learning, before they know what learning meaneth ; and so are made willing to forsake their book, and be glad to be put to any other kind of living.

Mr Peter, as one somewhat severe of nature, said plainly, that the rod only was the sword that must keep the school in obedience, and the scholar in good order. Mr Wotton, a man mild of nature, with soft voice, and few words, inclined to Mr Secretary's judgment, and said, in mine opinion the schoolhouse should be in deed, as it is called by name, the house of play and pleasure, and not of fear and bondage ; and as I do remember, so saith Socrates in one place of Plato. And therefore, if a rod carry the fear of the sword, it is no marvel if those that be fearful of nature choose rather to forsake the play, than to stand always within the fear of a sword in a fond man's handling. Mr Mason, after his manner, was very merry with both parties, pleasantly playing both with shrewd touches of many courste boys, and with the small discretion of many lewd schoolmasters. Mr Haddon was fully of Mr Peter's opinion, and said that the best schoolmaster of our time was the greatest beater, and named the person. Though, quoth I, it was his good fortune to send from his school into the university one of the best scholars indeed of all our time, yet wise men do think that that came so to pass rather by the great towardness of the scholar, than by the great beating of the master ; and whether this be true or no, you yourself are best witness. I said somewhat further in the matter, how and why young children were sooner allured by love than driven by beating, to attain good learning ; wherein I was the bolder to say my mind, because Mr Secretary courteously provoked me thereunto ; or else, in such a company, and namely in his presence, my wont is to be more willing to use mine ears than to occupy my tongue.

Sir Walter Mildmay, Mr Astley, and the rest said very little ; only Sir Richard Sackville said nothing at all. After dinner I went up to read with the Queen's Majesty. We read then together in the Greek tongue, as I well remember, that noble oration of Demosthenes against Æschines, for his false dealing in his embassy to King Philip of Macedonia. Sir Richard Sackville came up soon after, and finding me in her Majesty's privy chamber, he took me by the hand, and carrying me to a window, said, Mr Ascham, I would not for a good deal of money have been, this day, absent from dinner, where, though I said nothing, yet I gave as good ear, and do consider as well the talk that passed, as any one did there. Mr Secretary said, very wisely, and most truly, that many young wits be driven to hate learning, before they know what learning is. I can be good witness to this myself : for a fond schoolmaster, before I was fourteen years old, drove me so, with fear of beating, from all love of learning, as now, when I know what difference it is to have learning and to have little or none at all, I feel it my greatest grief, and find it my greatest hurt that ever came to me, that it was my so ill chance to light upon so lewd a schoolmaster. But seeing it is but in vain to lament things past, and also wisdom to look to things to come, surely, God willing, if God lend me life, I will make this, my mishap, some occasion of good hap to little Robert Sackville my son's son. For whose bringing up I would gladly, if it so please you, use specially your good advice. I hear say you have a son much of his age : we will deal thus together. Point you out a schoolmaster, who, by your order, shall teach my son and yours, and for all the rest I will provide, yes, though they three do cost me a couple of hundred pounds by year : and beside, you shall find me as fast a friend to you and yours as perchance any you have. Which promise the worthy gentleman surely kept with me, until his dying day.

We had then further talk together of bringing up of children : of the nature of quick and hard wits : of the right choice of a good wit : of fear and love in teaching children. We passed from children and came to young men, namely, gentlemen : we

talked of their too much liberty, to live as they lust : of their letting loose too soon, to overmuch experience of ill, contrary to the good order of many old commonwealths of the Persians and Greeks : of wit gathered, and good fortune gotten by some only by experience, without learning. And lastly, he required of me very earnestly to show what I thought of the common going of Englishmen into Italy. But, saith he, because this place and this time will not suffer so long talk as these good matters require, therefore I pray you, at my request, and at your leisure, put in some order of writing the chief points of this our talk, concerning the right order of teaching and honesty of living, for the good bringing up of children and young men. And surely, besides contenting me, you shall both please and profit very many others. I made some excuse by lack of ability, and weakness of body : Well, saith he, I am not now to learn what you can do. Our dear friend, good Mr Goodricke, whose judgment I could well believe, did once for all satisfy me fully therein. Again, I heard you say, not long ago, that you may thank Sir John Cheke for all the learning you have : and I know very well myself that you did teach the Queen. And, therefore, seeing God did so bless you to make you the scholar of the best master, and also the school-master of the best scholar, that ever were in our time, surely you should please God, benefit your country, and honour your own name, if you would take the pains to impart to others what you learned of such a master, and how ye taught such a scholar. And in uttering the stuff ye received of the one, in declaring the order ye took with the other, ye shall never lack neither matter nor manner what to write, nor how to write in this kind of argument.

I, beginning some further excuse, suddenly was called to come to the Queen. The night following I slept little, my head was so full of this our former talk, and I so mindful somewhat to satisfy the honest request of so dear a friend, I thought to prepare some little treatise for a New-Year's gift at Christmas ; but as it chanceth to busy builders, so in building this my poor school-house (the rather because the form of it is somewhat new and

differing from others) the work rose daily higher and wider than I thought it would at the beginning.

And though it appear now, and be in very deed but a small cottage, poor for the stuff, and rude for the workmanship, yet in going forward, I found the site so good as I was loath to give it over, but the making so costly outreaching my ability, as many times I wished that some one of those three, my dear friends with full purses, Sir Thomas Smith, Mr Haddon, or Mr Watson, had had the doing of it. Yet, nevertheless, I myself spending gladly that little that I gat at home by good Sir John Cheke, and that that I borrowed abroad of my friend Sturmius, besides somewhat that was left me in reversion by my old masters Plato, Aristotle, and Cicero, I have at last patched it up as I could, and as you see.

98.—The Mountain of Miseries.

A DREAM.

ADDISON.

IT is a celebrated thought of Socrates, that if all the misfortunes of mankind were cast into a public stock, in order to be equally distributed among the whole species, those who now think themselves the most unhappy, would prefer the share they are already possessed of, before that which would fall to them by such a division. Horace has carried this thought a great deal further, (Sat. i. l. 1, ver. 1,) which implies, that the hardships or misfortunes we lie under are more easy to us than those of any other person would be, in case we could change conditions with him.

As I was ruminating upon these two remarks, and seated in my elbow chair, I insensibly fell asleep; when on a sudden methought there was a proclamation made by Jupiter, that every mortal should bring in his griefs and calamities, and throw them together in a heap. There was a plain appointed for this

purpose. I took my stand in the centre of it, and saw, with a great deal of pleasure, the whole human species marching one after another, and throwing down their several loads, which immediately grew up into a prodigious mountain, that seemed to rise above the clouds.

There was a certain lady of a thin airy shape, who was very active in this solemnity. She carried a magnifying glass in one of her hands, and was clothed in a loose flowing robe, embroidered with several figures of fiends and spectres, that discovered themselves in a thousand chimerical shapes, as her garments hovered in the wind. There was something wild and distracted in her looks. Her name was Fancy. She led up every mortal to the appointed place, after having very officiously assisted him in making up his pack, and laying it upon his shoulders. My heart melted within me to see my fellow-creatures groaning under their respective burdens, and to consider that prodigious bulk of human calamities which lay before me.

There were, however, several persons who gave me great diversion. Upon this occasion, I observed one bringing in a fardel, very carefully concealed under an old embroidered cloak, which, upon his throwing it into the heap, I discovered to be poverty. Another, after a great deal of puffing, threw down his luggage, which, upon examining, I found to be his wife.

There were multitudes of lovers, saddled with very whimsical burdens, composed of darts and flames; but, what was very odd, though they sighed as if their hearts would break under these bundles of calamities, they could not persuade themselves to cast them into the heap when they came up to it; but, after a few vain efforts, shook their heads, and marched away as heavy laden as they came. I saw multitudes of old women throw down their wrinkles, and several young ones, who stripped themselves of a tawny skin. There were very great heaps of red noses, large lips, and rusty teeth. The truth of it is, I was surprised to see the greatest part of the mountain made up of bodily deformities. Observing one advancing towards the heap with a larger cargo than ordinary upon his back, I found, upon his near approach,

that it was only a natural hump, which he disposed of with great joy of heart among this collection of human miseries. There were likewise distempers of all sorts; though I could not but observe, that there were many more imaginary than real. One little packet I could not but take notice of, which was a complication of all the diseases incident to human nature, and was in the hand of a great many fine people; this was called the spleen. But what most of all surprised me, was a remark I made, that there was not a single vice or folly thrown into the whole heap; at which I was very much astonished, having concluded within myself that every one would take this opportunity of getting rid of his passions, prejudices, and frailties.

I took notice in particular of a very profligate fellow, who I did not question came laden with his crimes; but upon searching into his bundle, I found that, instead of throwing his guilt from him, he had only laid down his memory. He was followed by another worthless rogue, who flung away his modesty instead of his ignorance.

When the whole race of mankind had thus cast their burdens, the phantom which had been so busy on this occasion, seeing me an idle spectator of what passed, approached towards me. I grew uneasy at her presence, when of a sudden she held her magnifying glass full before my eyes. I no sooner saw my face in it, but was startled at the shortness of it, which now appeared to me in its utmost aggravation. The immoderate breadth of the features made me very much out of humour with my own countenance, upon which I threw it from me like a mask. It happened very luckily that one who stood by me had just before thrown down his visage, which it seems was too long for him. It was indeed extended to a most shameful length; I believe the very chin was, modestly speaking, as long as my whole face. We had both of us an opportunity of mending ourselves; and all the contributions being now brought in, every man was at liberty to exchange his misfortunes for those of another person.

I saw with unspeakable pleasure the whole species thus delivered from its sorrows; though at the same time, as we stood

round the heap, and surveyed the several materials of which it was composed, there was scarce a mortal in this vast multitude who did not discover what he thought pleasures and blessings of life, and wondered how the owners of them ever came to look upon them as burdens and grievances.

As we were regarding very attentively this confusion of miseries, this chaos of calamity, Jupiter issued out a second proclamation, that every one was now at liberty to exchange his affliction, and to return to his habitation with any such bundle as should be allotted to him.

Upon this Fancy began again to bestir herself, and, parcelling out the whole heap with incredible activity, recommended to every one his particular packet. The hurry and confusion at this time was not to be expressed. Some observations which I made upon the occasion, I shall communicate to the public. A venerable gray-headed man, who had laid down the cholic, and who, I found, wanted an heir to his estate, snatched up an undutiful son, who had been thrown into the heap by his angry father. The graceless youth, in less than a quarter of an hour, pulled the old gentleman by the beard, and had like to have knocked his brains out; so that, meeting the true father, who came towards him with a fit of the gripes, he begged him to take his son again, and give him back his cholic; but they were incapable either of them to recede from the choice they had made. A poor galley slave, who had thrown down his chains, took up the gout instead, but made such wry faces, that one might easily perceive he was no great gainer by the bargain. It was pleasant enough to see the several exchanges that were made, for sickness against poverty, hunger against want of appetite, and care against pain.

The female world were very busy among themselves in bartering for features: one was trucking a lock of gray hairs for a carbuncle; another was making over a short waist for a pair of round shoulders; and a third cheapening a bad face for a lost reputation: but on all these occasions there was not one of them who did not think the new blemish, as soon as she got it into her possession, much more disagreeable than the old one. I made the

same observation on every other misfortune or calamity which every one in the assembly brought upon himself in lieu of what he had parted with; whether it be that all the evils which befall us are in some measure suited and proportioned to our strength, or that every evil becomes more supportable by our being accustomed to it, I shall not determine.

I could not from my heart forbear pitying the poor hump-backed gentleman mentioned before, who went off a very well shaped person with a stone in his bladder; nor the fine gentleman who had struck up this bargain with him, that limped through a whole assembly of ladies, who used to admire him, with a pair of shoulders peeping over his head.

I must not admit my own particular adventure. My friend with a long visage had no sooner taken upon him my short face, but he made such a grotesque figure in it, that as I looked upon him I could not forbear laughing at myself, insomuch that I put my own face out of countenance. The poor gentleman was so sensible of the ridicule, that I found he was ashamed of what he had done; on the other side I found that I myself had no great reason to triumph, for as I went to touch my forehead, I missed the place, and clapped my finger upon my upper lip. Besides, as my nose was exceeding prominent, I gave it two or three unlucky knocks, as I was playing my hand about my face, and aiming at some other part of it. I saw two other gentlemen by me, who were in the same ridiculous circumstances. These had made a foolish swap between a couple of thick bandy legs and two long trapsticks that had no calves to them. One of these looked like a man walking upon stilts, and was so lifted up into the air, above his ordinary height, that his head turned round with it; while the other made such awkward circles, as he attempted to walk, that he scarcely knew how to move forward upon his new supporters. Observing him to be a pleasant kind of fellow, I stuck my cane in the ground, and told him I would lay him a bottle of wine that he did not march up to it on a line that I drew for him in a quarter of an hour.

The heap was at last distributed among the two sexes, who

made a most piteous sight as they wandered up and down under the pressure of their several burdens. The whole plain was filled with murmurs and complaints, groans and lamentations. Jupiter at length taking compassion on the poor mortals, ordered them a second time to lay down their loads, with a design to give every one his own again. They discharged themselves with a great deal of pleasure : after which, the phantom who had led them into such gross delusions, was commanded to disappear. There was sent in her stead a goddess of a quite different figure ; her motions were steady and composed, and her aspect serious but cheerful. She every now and then cast her eyes towards heaven, and fixed them upon Jupiter. Her name was Patience. She had no sooner placed herself by the mount of sorrows, but, what I thought very remarkable, the whole heap sunk to such a degree, that it did not appear a third part so big as it was before. She afterwards returned every man his own proper calamity, and teaching him how to bear it in the most commodious manner, he marched off with it contentedly, being very well pleased that he had not been left to his own choice as to the kind of evils which fell to his lot.

Besides the several pieces of morality to be drawn out of this vision, I learned from it never to repine at my own misfortunes, or to envy the happiness of another, since it is impossible for any man to form a right judgment of his neighbour's sufferings ; for which reason also I have determined never to think too lightly of another's complaints, but to regard the sorrows of my fellow-creatures with sentiments of humanity and compassion.

99.—Prayer.

JEREMY TAYLOR.

MANY times good men pray, and their prayer is not a sin, but yet it returns empty ; because, although the man may be, yet the prayer is not, in proper disposition : and here I am to account

to you concerning the collateral and accidental hindrances of the prayer of a good man.

The first thing that hinders the prayer of a good man from obtaining its effects, is a violent anger and a violent storm in the spirit of him that prays. For anger sets the house on fire, and all the spirits are busy upon trouble, and intend propulsion, defence, displeasure, or revenge ; it is a short madness, and an eternal enemy to discourse, and sober counsels, and fair conversation ; it intends its own object with all the earnestness of perception, or activity of design, and a quicker motion of a too warm and distempered blood ; it is a fever in the heart, and a calenture in the head, and a fire in the face, and a sword in the hand, and a fury all over ; and therefore can never suffer a man to be in a disposition to pray. For prayer is an action, and a state of intercourse and desire, exactly contrary to this character of anger. Prayer is an action of likeness to the Holy Ghost, the spirit of gentleness and dovelike simplicity ; an imitation of the holy Jesus, whose spirit is meek, up to the greatness of the biggest example ; and a conformity to God, whose anger is always just, and marches slowly, and is without transportation, and often hindered, and never hasty, and is full of mercy : prayer is the peace of our spirit, the stillness of our thoughts, the evenness of recollection, the seat of meditation, the rest of our cares, and the calm of our tempest ; prayer is the issue of a quiet mind, of untroubled thoughts, it is the daughter of charity, and the sister of meekness ; and he that prays to God with an angry, that is, with a troubled and discomposed spirit, is like him that retires into a battle to meditate, and sets up his closet in the out-quarters of an army, and chooses a frontier garrison to be wise in. Anger is a perfect alienation of the mind from prayer, and therefore is contrary to that attention which presents our prayers in a right line to God. For so have I seen a lark rising from his bed of grass, and soaring upwards, singing as he rises, and hopes to get to heaven, and climb above the clouds ; but the poor bird was beaten back with the loud sighings of an eastern wind, and his motion made irregular and inconstant, descending more at every breath of the tem-

pest than it could recover by the libration and frequent weighing of his wings ; till the little creature was forced to sit down and pant, and stay till the storm was over ; and then it made a prosperous flight, and did rise and sing as if it had learned music and motion from an angel as he passed sometimes through the air about his ministries here below ; so is the prayer of a good man ; when his affairs have required business, and his business was matter of discipline, and his discipline was to pass upon a sinning person, or had a design of charity, his duty met with the infirmities of a man, and anger was its instrument, and the instrument became stronger than the prime agent, and raised a tempest, and overruled the man ; and then his prayer was broken, and his thoughts were troubled, and his words went up towards a cloud, and his thoughts pulled them back again, and made them without intention, and the good man sighs for his infirmity, but must be content to lose the prayer, and he must recover it when his anger is removed ; and his spirit is becalmed, made even as the brow of Jesus, and smooth like the heart of God ; and then it ascends to heaven upon the wings of the holy dove, and dwells with God, till it returns, like the useful bee, loaden with a blessing and the dew of heaven.

Indifferency and uneasiness of desire is a great enemy to the success of a good man's prayer. When Plato gave Diogenes a great vessel of wine, who asked but a little, and a few caraways, the cynic thanked him with his rude expression : "Thou neither answerest to the question thou art asked, nor givest according as thou art desired : being inquired of, how many are two and two ? thou answerest, twenty." So it is with God and us in the intercourse of our prayers ; we pray for health and He gives us, it may be, a sickness that carries us into eternal life ; we pray for necessary support for our persons and families, and He gives us more than we need ; we beg for a removal of a present sadness, and He gives us that which makes us able to bear twenty sadnesses, a cheerful spirit, a peaceful conscience, and a joy in God, as an antepast of eternal rejoicings in the kingdom of God. But, then, although God doth very frequently give us great things beyond

the matter of our desires, yet He does not so often give us great things beyond the spirit of our desires, beyond the quickness, vivacity, and fervour of our minds : for there is but one thing in the world that God hates, besides sin, that is, indifferency and lukewarmness ; which, although it hath not in it the direct nature of sin, yet it hath this testimony from God, that it is loathsome and abominable ; and excepting this thing alone, God never said so of anything in the New Testament, but what was a direct breach of a commandment. The reason of it is, because lukewarmness, or an indifferent spirit, is an undervaluing of God and of religion ; it is a separation of reason from affections, and a perfect conviction of the understanding to the goodness of a duty, but a refusing to follow what we understand. For he that is lukewarm alway, understands the better way, and seldom pursues it ; he hath so much reason as is sufficient, but he will not obey it ; his will does not follow the dictate of his understanding, and therefore it is unnatural. St James, in his accounts concerning an effective prayer, not only requires that he be a just man who prays, but his prayer must be fervent ; “an effectual fervent prayer,” so our English reads it ; it must be an intent, zealous, busy, operative prayer ; for consider what a huge indecency it is, that a man should speak to God for a thing that he values not ; or that he should not value a thing, without which he cannot be happy ; or that he should spend his religion upon a trifle ; and if it be not a trifle, that he should not spend his affections upon it. If our prayers be for temporal things, I shall not need to stir up your affections to be passionate for their purchase ; we desire them greedily, we run after them intemperately, we are kept from them with huge impatience ; and yet the things of religion and the spirit are the only things that ought to be desired vehemently, and pursued passionately, because God hath set such a value upon them, that they are the effects of His greatest loving-kindness ; they are the purchases of Christ’s blood, and the effect of His continual intercession, the fruits of His bloody sacrifice, and the gifts of His healing and saving mercy ; the graces of God’s Spirit, and the only instruments of felicity : and if we can have fondnesses for

things indifferent or dangerous, our prayers upbraid our spirits when we beg coldly and tamely for those things for which we ought to die, which are more precious than the globes of kings and weightier than imperial sceptres, richer than the spoils of the sea or the treasures of the Indian hills.

100.—Sisters of Charity.

ANONYMOUS.

[IN Mr Southey's "Sir Thomas More," the following account of the Beguines of Belgium, and the Sisters of Charity of France, is reprinted from the "London Medical Gazette," vol. i.]

A few summers ago I passed through Flanders on my way to Germany, and at the hospital at Bruges saw some of the Beguines, and heard the physician, with whom I was intimate, speak in strong terms of their services; he said, "There are no such nurses." I saw them in the wards attending on the sick, and in the chapel of the hospital on their knees washing the floor. They were obviously a superior class of women, and the contrast was striking between these menial offices and the respectability of their dress and appearance; but the Beguineage of Ghent is one of their principal establishments, and, spending a Sunday there, I went in the evening to vespers. It was twilight when I entered the chapel. It was dimly lighted by two or three tall tapers before the altar and a few candles at the remotest end of the building in the orchestra, but the body of the chapel was in deep gloom, filled from end to end with several hundreds of these nuns seated in rows, in their dark dresses and white cowls, silent and motionless, excepting now and then when one of them started up, and stretching out her arms in the attitude of the crucifixion, stood in that posture many minutes, then sank and disappeared among the crowd. The gloom of the chapel—the long line of these unearthly-looking figures like so many corpses propped up in their grave-clothes—the dead silence of the building, once only

interrupted by a few voices in the distant orchestra chanting vespers, was one of the most striking sights I ever beheld. To some readers, the occasional attitude of the nuns may seem an absurd expression of fanaticism, but they are anything but fanatics. Whoever is accustomed to the manners of continental nations, knows that they employ grimace in everything. I much doubt whether, apart from the internal emotion of piety, the external expression of it is graceful in any one, save only in a little child in his night-shirt, on his knees, saying his evening prayer.

The Beguinage, or residence of the Beguines at Ghent, is a little town of itself, adjoining the city, and enclosed from it. The transition from the crowded streets of Ghent to the silence and solitude of the Beguinage is very striking. The houses in which the Beguines reside are contiguous, each having its small garden, and on the door the name, not of the resident, but of the protecting saint of the house; these houses are ranged into streets. There is also the large church, which we visited, and a burial-ground, in which there are no monuments. There are upwards of six hundred of these nuns in the Beguinage of Ghent, and about six thousand in Brabant and Flanders. They receive sick persons into the Beguinage, and not only nurse but support them until they are recovered; they also go out to nurse the sick. They are bound by no vow excepting to be chaste and obedient while they remain in the order; they have the power of quitting it and returning again into the world whenever they please, but this it is said they seldom or never do. They are most of them women unmarried, or widows past the middle of life. In 1244, a synod at Fritzlau decided that no Beguine should be younger than forty years of age. They generally dine together in the refectory; their apartments are barely yet comfortably furnished, and, like all the habitations of Flanders, remarkably clean. About their origin and name little is known by the Beguines themselves, or is to be found in books. For the following particulars I am chiefly indebted to the "*Histoire des Ordres Monastiques*," (tome viii.) Some attribute both their origin and name to St Begghe, who

lived in the seventh century; others to Lambert le Begue, who lived about the end of the twelfth century. This latter saint is said to have founded two communities of them at Liege, one for women, in 1173, the other for men, in 1177. After his death they multiplied fast, and were introduced by St Louis to Paris, and other French cities. The plan flourished in France, and was adopted under other forms and names. In 1443, Nicholas Rollin, Chancellor to Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy, founded a hospital at Beaune and brought six Beguines from Malines to attend upon it, and the hospital became so famed for the care of its patients, that the opulent people of the neighbourhood when sick were often removed to it, preferring its attendance to what they received at home. In one part of the hospital there was a large square court, bordered with galleries leading to apartments suitable to such patients; when they quitted the hospital the donations which they left were added to its funds.

The *Sœurs de la Charité* of France are another order of religious nurses, but different from the Beguines in being bound by monastic vows. They originated in a charity sermon, perhaps the most useful and extensive in its influence that ever was preached. Vincent de Paul, a celebrated missionary, preaching at Châtillon, in 1617, recommended a poor sick family of the neighbourhood to the care of his congregation. At the conclusion of the sermon a number of persons visited the sick family with bread, wine, meat, and other comforts. This led to the formation of a committee of charitable women, under the direction of Vincent de Paul, who went about relieving the sick poor of the neighbourhood, and met every month to give an account of their proceedings to their superior. Such was the origin of the celebrated order of the *Sœurs de la Charité*. Wherever this missionary went he attempted to form similar establishments. From the country they spread to cities, and first to Paris, where, in 1629, they were established in the parish of St Saviour.

And in 1625, a female devotee, named Le Gras, joined the order of the *Sœurs de la Charité*. She was married young to M. Le Gras, one of whose family had founded a hospital at Puy, but becoming

a widow in 1625, in the thirty-fourth year of her age, she made a vow of celibacy, and dedicated the rest of her life to the service of the poor. In her Vincent de Paul found a great accession. Under his direction she took many journeys, visiting and inspecting the establishments which he had founded. She was commonly accompanied by a few pious ladies. Many women of quality enrolled themselves in the order, but the superiors were assisted by inferior servants. The Hôtel-Dieu was the first hospital in Paris where they exercised their vocation. This they visited every day, supplying the patients with comforts above what the hospital afforded, and administering, besides, religious consolation. By degrees they spread into all the provinces of France, and at length the Queen of Poland requested Mademoiselle Le Gras, for though a widow that was her title, to send her a supply of Sœurs de la Charité, who were thus established in Varsovia, in 1652. At length, after a long life spent in the service of charity and religion, Mademoiselle Le Gras died on the 15th of March 1660, nearly seventy years of age, and for a day and a half her body lay exposed to the gaze of the pious.

A country clergyman, who spent several years in various parts of France, gives an account of the present state of the order, which, together with what I have gathered from other sources, is in substance as follows:—It consists of women of all ranks, many of them of the higher orders. After a year's novitiate in the convent, they take a vow which binds them to the order for the rest of their lives. They have two objects, to attend the sick and to educate the poor; they are spread all over France, are the superior nurses at the hospitals, and are to be found in every town, and often even in villages. Go into the Paris hospitals at almost any hour of the day, and you will see one of these respectable looking women, in her black gown and white hood, passing slowly from bed to bed, and stopping to inquire of some poor wretch what little comfort he is fancying will alleviate his sufferings. If a parochial curé wants assistance in the care of his flock, he applies to the order of Les Sœurs de la Charité. Two of them (for they generally go in couples) set out on their charitable

mission: wherever they travel their dress protects them. "Even more enlightened persons than the common peasantry hail it as a happy omen when on a journey a *Sœur de la Charité* happens to travel with them, and even instances are recorded in which their presence has saved travellers from the attacks of robbers." During the Revolution they were rarely molested. They were the only religious order permitted openly to wear their dress and pursue their vocation. Government gives a hundred francs a year to each sister, besides her travelling expenses; and if the parish where they go cannot maintain them, they are supported out of the funds of the order. In old age they retire to their convent, and spend the rest of their lives in educating the noviciates. Thus, like the vestal virgins of old, the first part of their life is spent in learning their duties, the second in practising them, and the last in teaching them.

101.—Contentment and Thankfulness.

IZAAK WALTON.

[IZAAK WALTON, whose character as an author is known wherever English literature is cultivated, was born in 1593. "The Complete Angler" was the production of a haberdasher of Fleet Street, who was the friend of the truly eminent Dr Donne. Pursuing his business through many years of his blameless life, his recreation was angling. His chief haunt was the river Lea. Of the old scenery and the old manners of a district within ten miles of London he has left the most delicious pictures—the reflection of nature in the heart of a good man. Walton was the biographer of Hooker, Donne, Wotton, and Herbert. He left his business after the death of his wife in 1644; and lived till the age of ninety, in the quiet enjoyment of literary leisure, beloved and respected by the worthiest men of his time.]

I will, as we walk in the cool shade of this sweet honeysuckle hedge, mention to you some of the thoughts and joys which have possessed my soul since we two met together. And these thoughts shall be told you, that you also may join with me in thankfulness to the Giver of every good and perfect gift for our happiness. And that our present happiness may appear to be the greater, and

we the more thankful for it, I will beg you to consider with me how many do even at this very time lie under the torment of diseases that we are free from. And every misery that I miss is a new mercy; and therefore let us be thankful. There have been, since we met, others that have met disasters of broken limbs; some have been blasted, others thunder-stricken; and we have been freed from these, and all those other miseries that threaten human nature: let us therefore rejoice and be thankful. Nay, which is a far greater mercy, we are freed from the insupportable burthen of an accusing tormenting conscience; a misery that none can bear: and therefore let us praise Him for His preventing grace, and say, every misery that I miss is a new mercy. Nay, let me tell you, there be many that have forty times our estate, that would give the greatest part of it to be healthful and cheerful like us. I have a rich neighbour who is always so busy that he has no leisure to laugh; the whole business of his life is to get money, and more money, that he may still get more and more money; he is still drudging on, and says that Solomon says, "The diligent hand maketh rich;" and it is true indeed: but he considers not that it is not in the power of riches to make a man happy; for it was wisely said, by a man of great observation, "That there be as many miseries beyond riches as on this side them." And yet God deliver us from pinching poverty; and grant that, having a competency, we may be content and thankful. Let us not repine, or so much as think the gifts of God unequally dealt, if we see another abound with riches; when, as God knows, the cares that are the keys that keep those riches, hang often so heavily at the rich man's girdle, that they clog him with weary days and restless nights, even when others sleep quietly. We see but the outside of the rich man's happiness; few consider him to be like the silkworm, that when she seems to play, is, at the very same time, spinning her own bowels, and consuming herself; and this many rich men do, loading themselves with corroding cares, to keep what they have, probably, unconscionably got. Let us therefore be thankful for health and a competence; and, above all, for a quiet conscience.

Let me tell you that Diogenes walked on a day, with his friend, to see a country fair ; where he saw ribbons and looking-glasses, and nut-crackers, and fiddles, and hobby-horses, and many other gimcracks ; and having observed them, and all the other finnimbruns that made a complete country fair, he said to his friend, "Lord, how many things are there in this world of which Diogenes hath no need !" And truly is it so, or might be so, with very many who vex and toil themselves to get what they have no need of. Can any man charge God, that He hath not given him enough to make his life happy ? No, doubtless ; for nature is content with a little. And yet you shall hardly meet with a man that complains not of some want ; though he, indeed, wants nothing but his will ; it may be, nothing but his will of his poor neighbour, for not worshipping or not flattering him ; and thus, when we might be happy and quiet, we create trouble to ourselves. I have heard of a man who was angry with himself because he was no taller ; and of a woman that broke her looking-glass because it would not show her face to be as young and handsome as her next neighbour's was. And I know another to whom God hath given health and plenty ; but a wife that nature hath made peevish, and her husband's riches had made purse-proud ; and must, because she was rich, and for no other virtue, sit in the highest pew in the church ; which being denied her, she engaged her husband into a contention for it, and at last into a law-suit with a dogged neighbour who was as rich as he, and had a wife as peevish and purse-proud as the other : and this law-suit begot higher oppositions, and actionable words, and more vexations and law-suits ; for you must remember that both were rich, and must therefore have their will. Well ! this wilful purse-proud law-suit lasted during the life of the first husband ; after which his wife vexed and chid, and chid and vexed, till she also chid and vexed herself into her grave ; and so the wealth of these poor rich people was curst into a punishment, because they wanted meek and thankful hearts ; for those only can make us happy. I know a man that had health and riches ; and several houses, all beautiful and ready furnished ; and would often trouble himself and family

to be removing from one house to another : and being asked by a friend why he removed so often from one house to another, replied, "It was to find content in some one of them." But his friend, knowing his temper, told him, if he would find content in any of his houses, he must leave himself behind him ; for content will never dwell but in a meek and quiet soul. And this may appear if we read and consider what our Saviour says in St Matthew's Gospel ; for He there says, "Blessed be the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy. Blessed be the pure of heart, for they shall see God. Blessed be the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. And blessed be the meek, for they shall possess the earth." Not that the meek shall not also obtain mercy, and see God, and be comforted, and at last come to the kingdom of heaven ; but in the meantime, he, and he only, possesses the earth, as he goes towards that kingdom of heaven, by being humble and cheerful, and content, with what his good God has allotted him. He has no turbulent, repining, vexatious thoughts that he deserves better ; nor is vexed when he sees others possessed of more honour or more riches than his wise God has allotted for his share : but he possesses what he has with a meek and contented quietness, such a quietness as makes his very dreams pleasing, both to God and himself.

Let not the blessings we receive daily from God make us not to value, or not praise Him, because they be common ; let us not forget to praise Him for the innocent mirth and pleasure we have met with since we met together. What would a blind man give to see the pleasant rivers, and meadows, and flowers, and fountains, that we have met with since we met together ? I have been told, that if a man that was born blind could obtain to have his sight for but only one hour during his whole life, and should, at the first opening of his eyes, fix his sight upon the sun when it was in full glory, either at the rising or setting of it, he would be so transported and amazed, and would so admire the glory of it, that he would not willingly turn his eyes from that first ravishing object, to behold all the other various beauties this world could present to him. And this, and many other like blessings, we

enjoy daily. And for most of them, because they be so common, most men forget to pay their praise, but let not us; because it is a sacrifice so pleasing to Him that made that sun and us, and still protects us, and gives us flowers, and showers, and stomachs, and meat, and content, and leisure to go a-fishing.

My meaning was, and is, to plant that in your mind with which I labour to possess my own soul; that is, a meek and thankful heart. And to that end I have showed you, that riches without them (meekness and thankfulness) do not make any man happy. But let me tell you that riches with them remove many fears and cares. And therefore my advice is, that you endeavour to be honestly rich or contentedly poor; but be sure that your riches be justly got or you spoil all. For it is well said, "He that loses his conscience has nothing left that is worth keeping." Therefore be sure you look to that. And in the next place look to your health: and if you have it, praise God, and value it next to a good conscience; for health is the second blessing that we mortals are capable of; a blessing that money cannot buy; and therefore value it and be thankful for it. As for money, (which may be said to be the third blessing,) neglect it not: but note, that there is no necessity of being rich; for I told you, there be as many miseries beyond riches as on this side them: and if you have a competence, enjoy it with a meek, cheerful, thankful heart. I will tell you, Scholar, I have heard a grave divine say, that God has two dwellings; one in heaven, and the other in a meek and thankful heart; which Almighty God grant to me, and to my honest Scholar!

102, 103.—*The Great Earthquake at Lisbon.*

DAVY.

[IN 1787 were published two octavo volumes, entitled "Letters addressed chiefly to a Young Gentleman upon the Subject of Literature," by the Rev. Charles Davy. In these letters there is nothing very remarkable, with the exception of a most graphic account of the earthquake at Lisbon, in 1755. We remember that our attention was first called to the book by a passage in

some one of Mr De Quincey's writings, in which he exclaims—"Oh, that I could describe like Davy!" It is held, however, that Davy did not write this description, but that it was given to him by an English merchant, who was residing at Lisbon at the time of the event he narrates. In some books of extract this narrative is much curtailed; we prefer to give it entire, dividing it into two Half-hours.]

There never was a finer morning seen than the 1st of November; the sun shone out in its full lustre; the whole face of the sky was perfectly serene and clear; and not the least signal or warning of that approaching event, which has made this once flourishing, opulent, and populous city a scene of the utmost horror and desolation, except only such as served to alarm, but scarcely left a moment's time to fly from the general destruction.

It was on the morning of this fatal day, between the hours of nine and ten, that I was set down in my apartment, just finishing



a letter, when the papers and table I was writing on began to tremble with a gentle motion, which rather surprised me, as I could not perceive a breath of wind stirring. Whilst I was reflecting with myself what this could be owing to, but without having the least apprehension of the real cause, the whole house began to shake from the very foundation, which at first I imputed to the

rattling of several coaches in the main street, which usually passed that way, at this time, from Belem to the palace ; but on hearkening more attentively, I was soon undeceived, as I found it was owing to a strange frightful kind of noise under ground, resembling the hollow distant rumbling of thunder. All this passed in less than a minute, and I confess I now began to be alarmed, as it naturally occurred to me that this noise might possibly be the forerunner of an earthquake, as one I remembered, which had happened about six or seven years ago, in the island of Madeira, commenced in the same manner, though it did little or no damage.

Upon this I threw down my pen, and started upon my feet, remaining a moment in suspense whether I should stay in the apartment or run into the street, as the danger in both places seemed equal ; and still flattering myself that this tremor might produce no other effects than such inconsiderable ones as had been felt at Madeira ; but in a moment I was roused from my dream, being instantly stunned with a most horrid crash, as if every edifice in the city had tumbled down at once. The house I was in shook with such violence, that the upper stories immediately fell, and though my apartment (which was the first floor) did not then share the same fate, yet everything was thrown out of its place, in such a manner that it was with no small difficulty I kept my feet, and expected nothing less than to be soon crushed to death, as the walls continued rocking to and fro in the frightfullest manner, opening in several places ; large stones falling down on every side from the cracks, and the ends of most of the rafters starting out from the roof. To add to this terrifying scene, the sky in a moment became so gloomy that I could now distinguish no particular object ; it was an Egyptian darkness indeed, such as might be felt ; owing, no doubt, to the prodigious clouds of dust and lime raised from so violent a concussion, and, as some reported, to sulphureous exhalations, but this I cannot affirm ; however, it is certain I found myself almost choked for near ten minutes.

As soon as the gloom began to disperse, and the violence of

the shock seemed pretty much abated, the first object I perceived in the room was a woman sitting on the floor with an infant in her arms, all covered with dust, pale and trembling. I asked her how she got hither, but her consternation was so great she could give me no account of her escape. I suppose that when the tremor first began, she ran out of her own house, and finding herself in such imminent danger from the falling stones, retired into the door of mine, which was almost contiguous to hers, for shelter, and when the shock increased, which filled the door with dust and rubbish, ran upstairs into my apartment, which was then open; be it as it might, this was no time for curiosity. I remember the poor creature asked me, in the utmost agony, if I did not think the world was at an end; at the same time she complained of being choked, and begged, for God's sake, I would procure her a little drink. Upon this I went to a closet where I kept a large jar of water, (which you know is sometimes a pretty scarce commodity in Lisbon,) but finding it broken in pieces, I told her she must not now think of quenching her thirst, but saving her life, as the house was just falling on our heads, and if a second shock came, would certainly bury us both. I bade her take hold of my arm, and that I would endeavour to bring her into some place of security.

I shall always look upon it as a particular providence that I happened on this occasion to be undressed; for had I dressed myself as proposed when I got out of bed, in order to breakfast with a friend, I should, in all probability, have run into the street at the beginning of the shock, as the rest of the people in the house did, and, consequently, have had my brains dashed out, as every one of them had. However, the imminent danger I was in did not hinder me from considering that my present dress, only a gown and slippers, would render my getting over the ruins almost impracticable: I had, therefore, still presence of mind enough left to put on a pair of shoes and a coat, the first that came in my way, which was everything I saved, and in this dress I hurried down-stairs, the woman with me, holding by my arm, and made directly to that end of the street which opens to the

Tagus. Finding the passage this way entirely blocked up with the fallen houses to the height of their second stories, I turned back to the other end, which led into the main street, (the common thoroughfare to the palace,) having helped the woman over a vast heap of ruins, with no small hazard to my own life. Just as we were going into this street, as there was one part I could not well climb over without the assistance of my hands as well as feet, I desired her to let go her hold, which she did, remaining two or three feet behind me, at which instant there fell a vast stone from a tottering wall, and crushed both her and the child in pieces. So dismal a spectacle at any other time would have affected me in the highest degree; but the dread I was in of sharing the same fate myself, and the many instances of the same kind which presented themselves all around, were too shocking to make me dwell a moment on this single object.

I had now a long narrow street to pass, with the houses on each side four or five stories high, all very old, the greater part already thrown down, or continually falling, and threatening the passengers with inevitable death at every step, numbers of whom lay killed before me, or what I thought far more deplorable—so bruised and wounded that they could not stir to help themselves. For my own part, as destruction appeared to me unavoidable, I only wished I might be made an end of at once, and not have my limbs broken, in which case I could expect nothing else but to be left upon the spot, lingering in misery, like these poor unhappy wretches, without receiving the least succour from any person.

As self-preservation, however, is the first law of nature, these sad thoughts did not so far prevail as to make me totally despair. I proceeded on as fast as I conveniently could, though with the utmost caution; and having at length got clear of this horrid passage, I found myself safe and unhurt in the large open space before St Paul's church, which had been thrown down a few minutes before, and buried a great part of the congregation, that was generally pretty numerous, this being reckoned one of the most populous parishes in Lisbon. Here I stood some time considering.

what I should do, and, not thinking myself safe in this situation, I came to the resolution of climbing over the ruins of the west end of the church, in order to get to the river's side, that I might be removed as far as possible from the tottering houses, in case of a second shock.

This, with some difficulty, I accomplished ; and here I found a prodigious concourse of people of both sexes, and of all ranks and conditions, among whom I observed some of the principal canons of the patriarchal church, in their purple robes and rochets, as these all go in the habit of bishops ; several priests who had run from the altars in their sacerdotal vestments in the midst of their celebrating mass ; ladies half dressed, and some without shoes : all these, whom their mutual dangers had here assembled as to a place of safety, were on their knees at prayers, with the terrors of death in their countenances, every one striking his breast and crying out incessantly, *Miserecordia, meu Dios !*

Amidst this crowd I could not avoid taking notice of an old venerable priest, in a stole and surplice, who, I apprehend, had escaped from St Paul's. He was continually moving to and fro among the people, exhorting them to repentance, and endeavouring to comfort them. He told them, with a flood of tears, that God was grievously provoked at their sins, but that if they would call upon the blessed Virgin, she would intercede for them. Every one now flocked around him, earnestly begging his benediction, and happy did that man think himself who could get near enough to touch the hem of his garment ; several I observed had little wooden crucifixes and images of saints in their hands, which they offered me to kiss, and one poor Irishman, I remember, held out a St Antonio to me for the same purpose, and when I gently put his arm aside, as giving him to understand that I desired to be excused this piece of devotion, he asked me with some indignation, whether I thought there was a God. I verily believe many of the poor bigoted creatures who saved these useless pieces of wood, left their children to perish. However, you must not imagine that I have now the least inclination to mock at their superstitions. I sincerely pity them, and must own that

a more affecting spectacle was never seen. Their tears, their bitter sighs and lamentations, would have touched the most flinty heart. I knelt down amongst them, and prayed as fervently as the rest, though to a much properer object, the only Being who could hear my prayers to afford me any succour.

In the midst of our devotions, the second great shock came on, little less violent than the first, and completed the ruin of those buildings which had been already much shattered. The consternation now became so universal, that the shrieks and cries of *Miserecordia* could be distinctly heard from the top of St Catherine's Hill, at a considerable distance off, whither a vast number of people had likewise retreated; at the same time we could hear the fall of the parish church there, whereby many persons were killed on the spot, and others mortally wounded. You may judge of the force of this shock, when I inform you it was so violent that I could scarcely keep on my knees; but it was attended with some circumstances still more dreadful than the former. On a sudden I heard a general outcry, "The sea is coming in, we shall be all lost!" Upon this, turning my eyes towards the river, which in that place is near four miles broad, I could perceive it heaving and swelling in a most unaccountable manner, as no wind was stirring. In an instant there appeared, at some distance, a large body of water, rising as it were like a mountain. It came on foaming and roaring, and rushed towards the shore with such impetuosity, that we all immediately ran for our lives as fast as possible; many were actually swept away, and the rest above their waist in water at a good distance from the banks. For my own part, I had the narrowest escape, and should certainly have been lost, had I not grasped a large beam that lay on the ground, till the water returned to its channel, which it did almost at the same instant, with equal rapidity. As there now appeared at least as much danger from the sea as the land, and I scarce knew whither to retire for shelter, I took a sudden resolution of returning back, with my clothes all dripping, to the area of St Paul's. Here I stood some time, and observed the ships tumbling and tossing about as in a violent storm; some

had broken their cables, and were carried to the other side of the Tagus; others were whirled round with incredible swiftness; several large boats were turned keel upwards; and all this without any wind, which seemed the more astonishing. It was at the time of which I am now speaking, that the fine new quay, built entirely of rough marble, at an immense expense, was entirely swallowed up, with all the people on it who had fled thither for safety, and had reason to think themselves out of danger in such a place: at the same time, a great number of boats and small vessels, anchored near it, (all likewise full of people, who had retired thither for the same purpose,) were all swallowed up, as in a whirlpool, and never more appeared.

This last dreadful incident I did not see with my own eyes, as it passed three or four stones' throw from the spot where I then was, but I had the account as here given from several masters of ships, who were anchored within two or three hundred yards of the quay, and saw the whole catastrophe. One of them in particular informed me, that when the second shock came on, he could perceive the *whole* city waving backwards and forwards, like the sea when the wind first begins to rise; that the agitation of the earth was so great, even under the river, that it threw up his large anchor from the moorings, which swam, as he termed it, on the surface of the water; that immediately upon this extraordinary concussion, the river rose at once near twenty feet, and in a moment subsided; at which instant he saw the quay, with the whole concourse of people upon it, sink down, and at the same time every one of the boats and vessels that were near it were drawn into the cavity, which he supposes instantly closed upon them, inasmuch as not the least sign of a wreck was ever seen afterwards. This account you may give full credit to, for as to the loss of the vessels, it is confirmed by everybody; and with regard to the quay, I went myself a few days after to convince myself of the truth, and could not find even the ruins of a place where I had taken so many agreeable walks, as this was the common rendezvous of the factory in the cool of the evening. I found it all deep water, and in some parts scarcely to be fathomed.

This is the only place I could learn which was swallowed up in or about Lisbon, though I saw many large cracks and fissures in different parts; and one odd phenomenon I must not omit, which was communicated to me by a friend, who has a house and wine-cellars on the other side the river, viz., that the dwelling-house being first terribly shaken, which made all the family run out, there presently fell down a vast high rock near it; that upon this the river rose and subsided in the manner already mentioned, and immediately a great number of small fissures appeared in several contiguous pieces of ground, from whence there spouted out, like a *jet d'eau*, a large quantity of fine white sand, to a prodigious height. It is not to be doubted the bowels of the earth must have been excessively agitated to cause these surprising effects; but whether the shocks were owing to any sudden explosion of various minerals mixing together, or to air pent up, and struggling for vent, or to a collection of subterraneous waters forcing a passage, God only knows. As to the fiery eruptions then talked of, I believe they are without foundation, though it is certain I heard several complaining of strong sulphureous smells, a dizziness in their heads, a sickness in their stomachs, and difficulty of respiration; not that I felt any such symptoms myself.

I had not been long in the area of St Paul's, when I felt the third shock, which though somewhat less violent than the two former, the sea rushed in again, and retired with the same rapidity, and I remained up to my knees in water, though I had gotten upon a small eminence at some distance from the river, with the ruins of several intervening houses to break its force. At this time I took notice the waters retired so impetuously, that some vessels were left quite dry which rode in seven fathom water; the river thus continued alternately rushing on and retiring several times together, in such sort, that it was justly dreaded Lisbon would now meet the same fate which a few years before had befallen the city of Lima; and no doubt had this place lain open to the sea, and the force of the waves not been somewhat broken by the

winding of the bay, the lower parts of it at least would have been totally destroyed.

The master of a vessel, which arrived here just after the 1st of November, assured me, that he felt the shock above forty leagues at sea so sensibly, that he really concluded he had struck upon a rock, till he threw out the lead, and could find no bottom, nor could he possibly guess at the cause, till the melancholy sight of this desolate city left him no room to doubt of it. The first two shocks, in fine, were so violent, that several pilots were of opinion the situation of the bar, at the mouth of the Tagus, was changed. Certain it is, that one vessel, attempting to pass through the usual channel, foundered, and another struck on the sands, and was at first given over for lost, but at length got through. There was another great shock after this, which pretty much affected the river, but I think not so violently as the preceding, though several persons assured me, that as they were riding on horseback in the great road leading to Belem, one side of which lies open to the river, the waves rushed in with so much rapidity, that they were obliged to gallop as fast as possible to the upper grounds, for fear of being carried away.

I was now in such a situation, that I knew not which way to turn myself; if I remained there, I was in danger from the sea; if I retired farther from the shore, the houses threatened certain destruction; and, at last, I resolved to go to the Mint, which, being a low and very strong building, had received no considerable damage, except in some of the apartments towards the river. The party of soldiers, which is every day set there on guard, had all deserted the place, and the only person that remained was the commanding officer, a nobleman's son, of about seventeen or eighteen years of age, whom I found standing at the gate. As there was still a continued tremor of the earth, and the place where we now stood (being within twenty or thirty feet of the opposite houses, which were all tottering) appeared too dangerous, the court-yard likewise being full of water, we both retired inward to a hillock of stones and rubbish: here I entered into conversation with him, and having expressed my admiration that one so

young should have the courage to keep his post, when every one of his soldiers had deserted theirs, the answer he made was, though he were sure the earth would open and swallow him up, he scorned to think of flying from his post. In short, it was owing to the magnanimity of this young man, that the Mint, which at this time had upwards of two millions of money in it, was not robbed; and indeed I do him no more than justice, in saying, that I never saw any one behave with equal serenity and composure, on occasions much less dreadful than the present. I believe I might remain in conversation with him near five hours; and though I was now grown faint from the constant fatigue I had undergone, and having not yet broken my fast, yet this had not so much effect upon me as the anxiety I was under for a particular friend, with whom I was to have dined that day, and who, lodging at the top of a very high house in the heart of the city, and being a stranger to the language, could not but be in the utmost danger; my concern, therefore, for his preservation, made me determine, at all events, to go and see what was become of him, upon which I took my leave of the officer.

As I thought it would be the height of rashness to venture back through the same narrow street I had so providentially escaped from, I judged it safest to return over the ruins of St Paul's to the river side, as the water now seemed little agitated. From hence I proceeded, with some hazard, to the large space before the Irish convent of Corpo Santo, which had been thrown down, and buried a great number of people who were hearing mass, besides some of the friars; the rest of the community were standing in the area, looking, with dejected countenances, towards the ruins: from this place I took my way to the back street leading to the palace, leaving the ship-yard on one side, but found the farther passage, opening into the principal street, stopped up by the ruins of the Opera House, one of the solidest and most magnificent buildings of the kind in Europe, and just finished at a prodigious expense; a vast heap of stones, each of several tons' weight, had entirely blocked up the front of Mr Bristow's house, which was opposite to it, and Mr Ward, his partner, told me the

next day, that he was just that instant going out at the door, and had actually set one foot over the threshold, when the west end of the Opera House fell down, and had he not in a moment started back, he should have been crushed into a thousand pieces.

From hence I turned back, and attempted getting by the other way into the great square of the palace, twice as large as Lincoln's Inn Fields, one side of which had been taken up by the noble quay I spoke of, now no more; but this passage was likewise obstructed by the stones fallen from the great arched gateway: I could not help taking particular notice, that all the apartments wherein the royal family used to reside, were thrown down, and themselves, without some extraordinary miracle, must unavoidably have perished, had they been there at the time of the shock. Finding this passage impracticable, I turned to the other arched way which led to the new square of the palace, not the eighth part so spacious as the other, one side of which was taken up by the Patriarchal Church, which also served for the Chapel Royal, and the other by a most magnificent building of modern architecture, probably indeed by far the most so, not yet completely finished; as to the former, the roof and part of the front walls were thrown down, and the latter, notwithstanding their solidity, had been so shaken, that several large stones fell from the top, and every part seemed disjointed. The square was full of coaches, chaises, horses, and mules, deserted by their drivers and attendants, as well as their owners.

The nobility, gentry, and clergy, who were assisting at divine service when the earthquake began, fled away with the utmost precipitation, every one where his fears carried him, leaving the splendid apparatus of the numerous altars to the mercy of the first comer; but this did not so much affect me as the distress of the poor animals, who seemed sensible of their hard fate; some few were killed, others wounded, but the greater part, which had received no hurt, were left there to starve.

From this square, the way led to my friend's lodgings, through a long, steep, and narrow street; the new scenes of horror I met

with here exceed all description ; nothing could be heard but sighs and groans ; I did not meet with a soul in the passage who was not bewailing the death of his nearest relations and dearest friends, or the loss of all his substance ; I could hardly take a single step, without treading on the dead or the dying : in some places lay coaches, with their masters, horses, and riders, *almost* crushed in pieces ; here mothers with infants in their arms ; there ladies richly dressed, priests, friars, gentlemen, mechanics, either in the same condition, or just expiring : some had their backs or thighs broken, others vast stones on their breasts ; some lay almost buried in the rubbish, and crying but in vain to the passengers for succour, were left to perish with the rest.

At length I arrived at the spot opposite to the house where my friend, for whom I was so anxious, resided ; and finding this as well as the contiguous buildings thrown down, (which made me give him over for lost,) I now thought of nothing but saving my own life in the best manner I could, and in less than hour got to a public-house, kept by one Morley, near the English burying-ground, about half-a-mile from the city, where I still remain, with a great number of our countrymen, as well as Portuguese, in the same wretched circumstances, having almost ever since lain on the ground, and never once within doors, with scarcely any covering to defend me from the inclemency of the night air, which, at this time, is exceedingly sharp and piercing.

Perhaps you may think the present doleful subject here concluded ; but, alas ! the horrors of the 1st of November are sufficient to fill a volume. As soon as it grew dark, another scene presented itself, little less shocking than those already described ; the whole city appeared in a blaze, which was so bright that I could easily see to read by it. It may be said, without exaggeration, it was on fire at least in a hundred different places at once, and thus continued burning for six days together, without intermission, or the least attempt being made to stop its progress.

It went on consuming everything the earthquake had spared, and the people were so dejected and terrified, that few or none had courage enough to venture down to save any part of their

substance; every one had his eyes turned towards the flames, and stood looking on with silent grief, which was only interrupted by the cries and shrieks of women and children calling on the saints and angels for succour, whenever the earth began to tremble, which was so often this night, and indeed I may say ever since, that the tremors, more or less, did not cease for a quarter of an hour together. I could never learn that this terrible fire was owing to any subterraneous eruption, as some reported, but to three causes, which all concurring at the same time, will naturally account for the prodigious havoc it made. The 1st of November being All Saints' Day, a high festival among the Portuguese, every altar in every church and chapel (some of which have more than twenty) was illuminated with a number of wax tapers and lamps as customary; these setting fire to the curtains and timber-work that fell with the shock, the conflagration soon spread to the neighbouring houses, and being there joined with the fires in the kitchen chimneys, increased to such a degree, that it might easily have destroyed the whole city, though no other cause had concurred, especially as it met with no interruption.

But what would appear incredible to you, were the fact less public and notorious, is, that a gang of hardened villains, who had been confined, and got out of prison when the wall fell at the first shock, were busily employed in setting fire to those buildings which stood some chance of escaping the general destruction. I cannot conceive what could have induced them to this hellish work, except to add to the horror and confusion, that they might, by this means, have the better opportunity of plundering with security. But there was no necessity for taking this trouble, as they might certainly have done their business without it, since the whole city was so deserted before night, that I believe not a soul remained in it, except those execrable villains, and others of the same stamp. It is possible some among them might have had other motives besides robbing, as one in particular being apprehended, (they say he was a Moor, condemned to the galleys,) confessed at the gallows, that he had set fire to the king's palace with his own hand; at the same time glorying in the ac-

tion, and declaring, with his last breath, that he hoped to have burned all the royal family. It is likewise generally believed that Mr Bristow's house, which was an exceeding strong edifice, built on vast stone arches, and had stood the shocks without any great damage, further than what I have mentioned, was consumed in the same manner. The fire, in short, by some means or other, may be said to have destroyed the whole city, at least everything that was grand or valuable in it.

With regard to the buildings, it was observed that the solidest in general fell the first. Every parish church, convent, nunnery, palace, and public edifice, with an infinite number of private houses, were either thrown down, or so miserably shattered that it was rendered dangerous to pass by them.

The whole number of persons that perished, including those who were burned, or afterwards crushed to death whilst digging in the ruins, is supposed, on the lowest calculation, to amount to more than sixty thousand ; and though the damage in other respects cannot be computed, yet you may form some idea of it, when I assure you that this extensive and opulent city is now nothing but a vast heap of ruins ; that the rich and poor are at present upon a level ; some thousands of families which but the day before had been easy in their circumstances, being now scattered about in the fields, wanting every conveniency of life, and finding none able to relieve them.

A few days after the first consternation was over, I ventured down into the city by the safest ways I could pick out, to see if there was a possibility of getting anything out of my lodgings ; but the ruins were now so augmented by the late fire, that I was so far from being able to distinguish the individual spot where the house stood, that I could not even distinguish the street amongst such mountains of stones and rubbish which rose on every side. Some days after I ventured down again with several porters, who, having long plied in these parts of the town were well acquainted with the situation of particular houses ; by their assistance I at last discovered the spot ; but was soon convinced to dig for anything here, besides the danger of such an attempt, would never

answer the expense; but what further induced me to lay aside all thoughts of the matter, was the sight of the ruins still smoking, from whence I knew for certain that those things I set the greatest value on must have been irrecoverably lost in the fire.

On both the times when I attempted to make this fruitless search, especially the first, there came such an intolerable stench from the dead bodies, that I was ready to faint away: and though it did not seem so great this last time, yet it had like to have been more fatal to me, as I contracted a fever by it, but of which, God be praised, I soon got the better. However, this made me so cautious for the future, that I avoided passing near certain places, where the stench was so excessive that people began to dread an infection. A gentleman told me, that going into the town a few days after the earthquake, he saw several bodies, lying in the streets, some horribly mangled, as he supposed, by the dogs; others half burnt; some quite roasted; and that in certain places, particularly near the doors of churches, they lay in vast heaps, piled one upon another. You may guess at the prodigious havoc which must have been made, by the single instance I am going to mention. There was a high-arched passage, like one of our old city gates, fronting the west door of the ancient cathedral; on the left hand was the famous church of St Antonio, and on the right some private houses, several stories high. The whole area surrounded by all these buildings did not much exceed one of our small courts in London. At the first shock, numbers of people who were then passing under the arch, fled into the middle of this area for shelter; those in the two churches, as many as could possibly get out, did the same: at this instant the arched gateway, with the fronts of the two churches and contiguous buildings, all inclining one towards another with the sudden violence of the shock, fell down and buried every soul as they were standing here crowded together.

Thus, my dear friend, have I given you a genuine, though imperfect account of this terrible judgment, which has left so deep an impression on my mind, that I shall never wear it off. I have lost all the money I had by me, and have saved no other clothes

than what I have on my back; but what I regret most, is the irreparable loss of all my books and papers. To add to my present distress, those friends to whom I could have applied on any other occasion, are now in the same wretched circumstances with myself. However, notwithstanding all that I have suffered, I do not think I have reason to despair, but rather to return my greatest acknowledgments to the Almighty, who hath so visibly preserved my life amidst such dangers, where so many thousands perished; and the same good Providence, I trust, will still continue to protect me, and point out some means to extricate myself out of these difficulties.

104.—An Elizabethan Country House.

SIR JOHN CULLUM.

[THERE is a quarto volume, little known to general readers, entitled "The History and Antiquities of Hawsted and Hardwick, in the County of Suffolk." Yet it is a book full of curious matter, and suggestive of valuable thought. What Gilbert White did for the Natural History of his own parish of Selborne, the Rev. Sir John Cullum, the author of this book, did for the domestic antiquities of his own parish of Hawsted. He looked with the eyes of a scholar and a general observer at the past history, and the existing state, of the various objects by which he was surrounded in the rural district of which he was the chief proprietor as well as the sacred instructor. He describes its natural features, its church, its manorial and other properties, its landed tenures and cultivation; and, by a minute investigation of every parochial record, he brings together a mass of facts that have a far higher interest than the common pedantries of antiquarianism. Sir John Cullum was born in 1733: was, in 1762, presented to the rectory of Hawsted by his father, whom he succeeded in the baronetcy and family estates in 1774; and died in 1785.]

Its situation, as of many old seats in this neighbourhood, is on an eminence, gently sloping towards the south. The whole formed a quadrangle, two hundred and two by two hundred and eleven feet within; an area formerly called the Base Court, afterwards the Court Yard. Three of the sides consisted of barns, stables, a mill-house, slaughter-house, blacksmith's shop, and various other

offices, which Harrison, in his description of Britain, tells us began in this reign to be thrown to a greater distance from the principal house than they were in the time of Henry VIII. The entrance was by a gate-house in the centre of the south side, over which were chambers for carters, &c. This was afterwards laid open, and fenced with iron palisades. The mansion-house, which was also a quadrangle, formed the fourth side, standing higher than the other buildings, and detached from them by a wide moat, faced on all its banks with bricks, and surrounded by a handsome terrace, a considerable part of which commanded a fine view of the surrounding country, and bespoke a taste superior to the artificial mount, which in many old gardens was to be clambered up for the sake of the prospect. The approach to the house was by a flight of steps, and a strong brick bridge of three arches, through a small jealous wicket, formed in the great well-timbered gate, that rarely grated on its hinges.

Immediately upon peeping through the wicket, the first object that unavoidably struck you, was a stone figure of Hercules, as it was called, holding in one hand a club across his shoulders, the other resting on one hip, discharging a perennial stream of water into a carved stone bason. On the pedestal of the statue is preserved the date 1578, which was the year the queen graced this house with her presence; so that doubtless this was one of the embellishments bestowed upon the place against the royal visit. A fountain was generally (yet surely injudiciously in this climate) esteemed a proper ornament for the inner court of a great house. This, which still continues to flow, was supplied with water by leaden pipes, at no small expense, from a pond near half-a-mile off.

This inner court, as it was called, in which this statue stood, and about which the house was built, was an area of fifty-eight feet square. The walls of the house within it were covered with the pyracantha, (*Mespilus pyracantha*), of venerable growth, which, with its evergreen leaves, enlivened with clusters of scarlet berries, produced in winter a very agreeable effect.

Having crept through the wicket before mentioned, a door in the gateway on the right conducted you into a small apartment,

called the smoking-room; a name it acquired probably soon after it was built, and which it retained, with good reason, as long as it stood. There is scarcely any old house without a room of this denomination. In these our ancestors, from about the middle of the reign of Elizabeth till within almost every one's memory, spent no inconsiderable part of their vacant hours, residing more at home than we do, and having fewer resources of elegant amusement. At one period at least, this room was thought to be the scene of wit; for in 1688, Mr Hervey, afterwards Earl of Bristol, in a letter to Mr Thomas Cullum, desires "to be remembered by the witty smokers at Hausted." Adjoining to this was a large wood-closet, and a passage that led to the dining-room, of moderate dimensions, with a large buffet. These occupied half the south front. At the end of the dining-room was originally a cloister, or arcade, about forty-five feet long, fronting the east, and looking into a flower garden within the walls of the moat. The arches were afterwards closed up and glazed, and a parlour made at one end. There are few old mansions without one or more of these sheltered walking places; and they certainly had their use: but this age of list, sandbags, and carpets, that dreads every breath of air as if it were a pestilence, shudders at the idea of such a body of the element being admitted into any part of a dwelling. This cloister was terminated by the spacious and lofty kitchen, still standing, and well supplied with long oaken tables.

On the left hand of the entrance, and opposite the smoking-room, was the chapel, a room of state, much affected by the old manorial lords, who seem to have disdained attending the parochial church. The last sacred office performed in it was the christening of the author of this compilation, in July 1733. Through this was a door into the drawing-room, or largest parlour, which, with the chapel, occupied the other half of the south front. Adjoining to the parlour was a large gloomy hall, at one end of which was a screen of brown wainscot, in which was a door that led to the buttery, &c. These formed the west side of the square. Beneath these apartments, and those on the south side, were the cellars, well vaulted with brick. The north side was

occupied by the kitchen, and at the back of it was a drawbridge. These were the apartments on the ground floor, which was raised twelve feet above the surface of the moat. Over the gateway, chapel, and largest parlour, were the royal apartments, which were approached by a staircase out of the hall. On this staircase, against the wall, stood some painted boards, representing various domestic servants: I have one of them, a very pretty well painted female, said to be for a housekeeper. I know not whether this fancy be as old as the house; the portrait I have is certainly not more than a century old. Several bed-chambers, of common proportions, occupied the chief part of the rest of the first story. Among the rooms on that floor was one called the still-room, an apartment where the ladies of old much amused themselves in distilling waters and cordials, as well for the use of themselves, and of their poor neighbours, as for several purposes of cookery. In this room stood a death's head; no improper emblem of the effects of the operations carried on within it.

Contiguous to one of the bed-chambers was a wainscoted closet, about seven feet square; the panels painted with various sentences, emblems, and mottoes. It was called the painted closet; at first probably designed for an oratory, and, from one of the sentences, for the use of a lady. The dresses of the figures are of the age of James I. This closet was therefore fitted up for the last Lady Drury, and, perhaps, under her direction. The paintings are well executed, and now put up in a small apartment at Hardwick House.

The windows, in general, were spacious, but high above the floors. In still earlier times they were very narrow as well as high, that they might be more difficult marks for the arrows of an enemy; and that, if the arrows did enter, they might pass over the heads of those that were sitting. After this precaution was needless, the windows, though enlarged, continued to be made high, even till modern days. The beauty of landscape, so much studied now, was then but little or not at all regarded; and high windows, when opened, ventilated the apartments better than low ones, and when shut, the air they admitted was less felt.

The walls of the house were chiefly built of timber and plaster. The plaster in the front was thickly stuck with fragments of glass, which made a brilliant appearance when the sun shone, and even by moonlight. Much of it still remains, and appears to be but little injured by two centuries; perhaps will survive the boasted stucco of modern artists. I wish I could give the receipt for this excellent composition; I can only say, it contains plenty of hair, and was made of coarse sand, abounding with stones almost as big as horse beans. And in some of the old walls round the house, where the bricks have crumbled away, the layers of mortar continue sound, and support themselves by their own compactness. The art was not lost even in the last century; for some plaster on an outhouse, which bears the date 1661, still remains perfectly firm.

This house was no bad specimen of the skill of former artists in erecting what should last. Part has been taken down, not from decay, but because it was become useless. What is left promises to stand many years. The mode of its construction contributed to its durability; for the tiles projected considerably over the first story, and that over the ground floor; so that the walls and sills were scarcely ever wetted.

In the year 1685, this house paid taxes for thirty-four fire hearths; two shillings each hearth.

The banks of the moat were planted with yews and variegated hollies; and, at a little distance, surrounded by a terrace that commanded a fine woodland prospect. Here were orchards and gardens in abundance, and a bowling-yard, as it was called, which always used to be esteemed a necessary appendage of a gentleman's seat.

This place was well-furnished with fish-ponds. There is near it a series of five large ones, on the gentle declivity of a hill running into one another; the upper one being fed with a perennial spring. There is another similar series of small ones that served as stews. These must have been made at a very heavy expense; but they were necessary when fish made so considerable a part of our diet as it did before the Reformation, and when bad roads made sea fish not so easily procured as at present.

There was also a rabbit warren in the park, a spot that would have borne good wheat. But it was, like a pigeon-house, a constant appendage to a manorial dwelling. Eighth of James I., a stable near the coney warren was let with the dairy farm; and even in the next year we hear of the *warrener's lodge*.

One principal reason of the number of warrens formerly was the great use our ancestors made of fur in their clothing. "I judge warrens of coney," says Harrison, "to be almost innumerable, and daily like to increase, by reason that the black skins of those beasts are thought to countervail the prices of their naked carcasses." The latter were worth $2\frac{1}{2}d.$ a piece., and the former $6d.$ 17 Henry VIII.

105.—Hymn of Heavenly Beauty.

SPENSER.

[THE inscription on his monument designates Edmund Spenser as "the prince of poets." Few have had a better claim to so eminent a title. Mr Craik, in his excellent little work, "Spenser and his Poetry," has truly said, "Our only poets before Shakspeare who have given to the language anything that in its kind has not been surpassed, and in some parts superseded, are Chaucer and Spenser—Chaucer in his *Canterbury Tales*, Spenser in his *Faërie Queen*." Very little is known accurately of Spenser's life, beyond the facts that he was admitted as a sizer of Pembroke Hall, Cambridge, in 1569; in 1580, became Secretary to the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, Lord Grey of Wilton, and for his services was rewarded by a large grant of land in the county of Cork: in 1598 was driven from Ireland by a savage outbreak, in which his house was burned, with one of his children; and that he died in January 1599, "for lack of bread," as Ben Jonson records. Three books of "*The Faërie Queen*" were published in 1590; and three others in 1591. The "*Two Cantos of Mutability*" appeared after his death.]

Rapt with the rage of mine own ravished thought,
Through contemplation of those goodly sights
And glorious images in heaven wrought,
Whose wondrous beauty, breathing sweet delights,
Do kindle love in high-conceited sprites,

I fain* to tell the things that I behold,
But feel my wits to fail, and tongue to fold.

Vouchsafe then, O thou most Almighty Sprite !
From whom all gifts of wit and knowledge flow,
To shed into my breast some sparkling light
Of Thine eternal truth, that I may show
Some little beams to mortal eyes below
Of that immortal beauty there with Thee,
Which in my weak distraughted mind I see ;

That with the glory of so goodly sight
The hearts of men, which fondly here admire
Fair-seeming shows, and feed on vain delight,
Transported with celestial desire
Of those fair forms, may lift themselves up higher.
And learn to love, with zealous, humble duty,
The eternal fountain of that Heavenly Beauty.

[The poet then proceeds to look around "on the frame of this wide universe"—the earth, the sky, the stars; and, finally, the spiritual heavens. He then takes up the more immediate subject of his poem :—]

Cease then, my tongue ! and lend unto my mind
Leave to bethink how great that beauty is
Whose utmost parts so beautiful I find ;
How much more these essential parts of His,
His truth, His love, His wisdom, and His bliss,
His grace, His doom, His mercy, and His might,
By which He lends us of Himself a sight !

Those unto all He daily does display,
And show Himself in the image of His grace,
As in a looking-glass, through which He may
Be seen of all His creatures vile and base,
That are unable else to see His face,
His glorious face, which glistereth else so bright,
That th' angels' selves cannot endure His sight.

* Fondly desire.

But we, frail wights! whose sight cannot sustain
The sun's bright beams when he on us doth shine,
But that their points rebutted back again
Are dulled, how can we see with feeble eyne
The glory of that Majesty divine
In sight of whom both sun and moon are dark,
Compared to His least resplendent spark?

The means, therefore, which unto us is lent
Him to behold is on His works to look,
Which He hath made in beauty excellent,
And in the same, as in a brazen book,
To read enregistered in every nook
His goodness, which His beauty doth declare;
For all that's good is beautiful and fair.

Thence gathering plumes of perfect speculation,
To imp the wings of Thy high-flying mind,
Mount up aloft through heavenly contemplation
From this dark world, whose damps the soul do blind,
And, like the native brood of eagles' kind,
On that bright Sun of Glory fix thine eyes,
Cleared from gross mists of frail infirmities.

Humbled with fear and awful reverence,
Before the footstool of His Majesty
Throw thyself down with trembling innocence,
Ne dare look up with corruptible eye
On the drad* face of that great Deity,
For fear lest, if He chance to look on thee,
Thou turn to nought and quite confounded be.

But lowly fall before His mercy-seat,
Close-covered with the Lamb's integrity
From the just wrath of this avengeful threat,

* Dread.

That sits upon the righteous throne on high.
His throne is built upon eternity,
More firm and durable than steel or brass,
Or the hard diamond, which them both doth pass.

His sceptre is the rod of Righteousness,
With which He bruiseeth all His foes to dust,
And the great Dragon strongly doth repress
Under the rigour of His judgment just ;
His seat is truth, to which the faithful trust,
From whence proceed her beams, so pure and bright,
That all about Him sheddeth glorious light :

Light far exceeding that bright-blazing spark
Which darted is from Titan's flaming head,
That with his beams enlumineth the dark
And dampish air, whereby all things are read
Whose nature yet so much is marvelled
Of mortal wits, that it doth much amaze
The greatest wizards which thereon do gaze.

But that immortal light which there doth shine
Is many thousand times more bright, more clear,
More excellent, more glorious, more divine,
Through which to God all mortal actions here,
And even the thoughts of men, do plain appear :
For from the Eternal Truth it doth proceed,
Through heavenly virtue which her beams do breed.

With the great glory of that wondrous light
His throne is all encompassed around,
And hid in His own brightness from the sight
Of all that look thereon with eyes unsound ;
And underneath His feet are to be found
Thunder and lightning, and tempestuous fire,
The instruments of His avenging ire.

There in His bosom Sapience doth sit,
The sovereign darling of the Deity,

Clad like a queen in royal robes, most fit
For so great power and peerless majesty,
And all with gems and jewels gorgeously
Adorned, that brighter than the stars appear,
And make her native brightness seem more clear.

And on her head a crown of purest gold
Is set, in sign of highest sovereignty ;
And in her hand a sceptre she doth hold
With which she rules the house of God on high,
And manageth the ever-moving sky,
And in the same these lower creatures all
Subjected to her power imperial.

Both heaven and earth obey unto her will,
And all the creatures which they both contain ;
For of her fulness, which the world doth fill,
They all partake, and do in state remain
As their great Maker did at first ordain,
Through observation of her high behest,
By which they first were made and still increased.

The fairness of her face no tongue can tell,
For she the daughters of all women's race,
And angels eke, in beauty doth excel,
Sparkled on her from God's own glorious face,
And more increased by her own goodly grace,
That it doth far exceed all human thought,
Ne can on earth compared be to aught ;

Ne could that painter, had he lived yet,
Which pictured Venus with so curious quill,
That all posterity admired it,
Have portrayed this, for all his maistering skill ;
Ne she herself, had she remained still,
And were as fair as fabling wits do feign,
Could once come near this beauty sovereign.

But had those wits, the wonders of their days,
Or that sweet Teian poet which did spend
His plenteous vein in setting forth her praise,
Seen but a glimpse of this which I pretend,*
How wondrously would he her face commend,
Above that idol of his feigning thought,
That all the world should with his rhymes be fraught !

How then dare I, the novice of his art,
Presume to picture so divine a wight,
Or hope t' express her least perfection's part,
Whose beauty fills the heavens with her light,
And darks the earth with shadow of her sight ?
Ah, gentle muse ! thou art too weak and faint
The portrait of so heavenly hue to paint.

Let angels, which her goodly face behold
And see at will, her sovereign praises sing,
And those most sacred mysteries unfold
Of that fair love of mighty Heaven's King ;
Enough is me t' admire so heavenly thing,
And, being thus with her huge love possessed,
In the only wonder of her self to rest.

But whoso may, thrice happy man him hold,
Of all on earth whom God so much doth grace,
And lets His own beloved to behold ;
For in the view of her celestial face
All joy, all bliss, all happiness have place ;
Ne ought on earth can want unto the wight
Who of her self can win the wishful sight.

For she, out of her secret treasury,
Plenty of riches forth on him will pour,
Even heavenly riches, which there hidden lie
Within the closet of her chastest bower,
The eternal portion of her precious dower,

* Show forth.

Which mighty God hath given to her free,
And to all those which thereof worthy be.

None thereof worthy be but those whom she
Vouchsafeth to her presence to receive,
And letteth them her lovely face to see,
Whereof such wondrous pleasure they conceive,
And sweet contentment, that it doth bereave
Their soul of sense through infinite delight,
And them transport from flesh into the sprite;

In which they see such admirable things
As carries them into an extasy,
And hear such heavenly notes and carollings
Of God's high praise, that fills the brazen sky,
And feel such joy and pleasure inwardly,
That maketh them all worldly cares forget,
And only think on that before them set.

Ne from thenceforth doth any fleshly sense
Or idle thought of earthly things remain,
But all that erst seemed sweet seems now offence,
And all that pleased erst now seems to pain:
Their joy, their comfort, their desire, their gain,
Is fixed all on that which now they see;
All other sights but feigned shadows be.

And that fair lamp which useth to inflame
The hearts of men with self-consuming fire
Thenceforth seems foul, and full of sinful blame;
And all that pomp to which proud minds aspire
By name of honour, and so much desire,
Seems to them baseness, and all riches dross,
And all mirth sadness, and all lucre loss.

So full their eyes are of that glorious sight,
And senses fraught with such satiety,
That in nought else on earth they can delight

But in th' aspect of that felicity,
Which they have written in their inward eye,
On which they feed, and in their fastened mind
All happy joy and full contentment find.

And then, my hungry soul! which long hast fed
On idle fancies of my foolish thought
And, with false Beauty's flattering bait misled,
Hast after vain deceitful shadows sought,
Which all are fled, and now have left thee nought
But late repentance through thy folly's prief,*
Ah! cease to gaze on matter of thy grief;

And look at last up to that sovereign light
From whose pure beams all perfect Beauty springs,
That kindleth love in every godly sprite,
Even the Love of God, which loathing brings
Of this vile world and these gay seeming things;
With whose sweet pleasures being so possessed,
Thy straying thoughts henceforth for ever rest.

106.—*Fortune.*

LUCAS.

[RICHARD LUCAS, D.D., Prebendary of Westminster, was the author of a popular book entitled an "Inquiry after Happiness," from which the following extract is taken. He also published "Practical Christianity," and "Sermons," extending to five volumes. He lived in the early part of the last century. The following extract from the Preface to the "Inquiry after Happiness," is a charming illustration of the character of this amiable divine:—

"It has pleased God that in a few years I should finish the more pleasant and delightful part of life, if sense were to be the judge and standard of pleasure; being confined (I will not say condemned) by well-nigh utter blindness, to retirement and solitude. In this state conversation has lost much of its former air and briskness. Business (wherein I could never pretend to any great address) gives me now more trouble than formerly, and that, too, without

the usual despatch or success. Study (which is the only employment left me) is clogged with this weight and encumbrance, that all the assistance I can receive from without must be conveyed by another's sense, not my own; which it may easily be believed are instruments or organs as ill fitted, and as awkwardly managed by me, as wooden legs and hands by the maimed.

"In this case, should I affect to procure myself a decent funeral, and leave an honourable remembrance of me behind, should I struggle to rescue myself from that contempt to which this condition (wherein I may seem lost to the world and myself) exposes me, should I ambitiously affect to have my name march in the train of those All (though not all equally) great ones—Homer, Appius, Cn. Aufidius, Didymus, Walkup, Père Jean l'Aveugle, &c., all of them eminent for their service and usefulness, as for their affliction of the same kind with mine, even this might seem almost a commendable infirmity; for the last thing a mind truly great and philosophical puts off is, the desire of glory. But this treatise oweth neither its conception nor birth to this principle: for, besides that I know my own insufficiency too well to flatter myself with the hopes of a romantic immortality from any performance of mine, in this ingenious and learned age, I must confess I never had a soul great enough to be acted on by the heroic heat which the love of fame and honour hath kindled in some. I have ever loved the security and contentment of privacy and retirement, almost to the guilt of singularity and affectation.

"But the truth is plainly this: the vigour and activity of my mind, the health and strength of my body (being now in the flower of my age) continuing unbroken under this affliction, I found that, if I did not provide some employment that might entertain it, it would weary out itself with fruitless desires of, and vain attempts after, its wonted objects; and so that strength and vivacity of nature, which should render my state more comfortable, would make it much more intolerable.

"I confess, my zeal for public good, by the propagation and endearment of divine truths, was less fervent in me than could well become the particular obligations of my profession, or the common ones which every Christian, in proportion to his talents, lies under. I was almost induced to believe, that this chastisement, which had removed me from the service of the altar, did at the same time discharge me from all duty owing to the public; but my good friend, Mr Lamb, revived the dying sparks of a decaying zeal, and restored me to a proper sense of my duty in this point; for whether by design, or by providence governing chance, I know not, (for he never seemed to address or design the discourse particularly to me,) he had ever and anon in his mouth this excellent principle, *that the life of man is to be esteemed by its usefulness and serviceableness in the world.* A sober reflection upon this wrought me up to a resolution strong enough to condemn all the difficulties which the loss of my sight could represent to me in an enterprise of this nature. Thus you see on what principle I became engaged in this work: I thought it my duty to set myself some task, which might serve at once to divert my thoughts from a melancholy application on my misfortune, and entertain my mind with such a

rational enjoyment as might render me most easy to myself and most serviceable to the world. Being now abundantly convinced that I am not released from that duty I owe that body of which I am still a member, by being cut off from a great part of the pleasure and advantages of it; therefore, like one that truly loves his country, when no way else is left him, he fights for it on his stumps; so will I ever, in the remains of a broken body, express, at least, my affection for mankind, and breathe out my last gasp in their service.”]

What dost thou mean by fortune? If mere chance, then to envy the lot of others, or murmur at thy own, is folly; if providence, then it is impiety; for whatever goodness, guided by unerring wisdom, doth, must be so well done that it cannot be mended; and whatever is merely in the power of a blind, giddy, and inconstant humour (which is the notion by which men choose to express fortune) can neither be prevented, fixed, or regulated. But what is it, *secondly*, thou dost put in the power of fortune? the understanding and liberty of men's minds; wisdom, temperance, industry, courage, and, in one word, virtue? If thou dost not, she has no influence on thy happiness, she cannot prevent thy attainment of it, nor bereave thee of it when attained. If thou dost, thou dost enlarge the empire of fortune too far; let her rule and insult over soldiers, courtiers, lovers, factious demagogues and time-servers, but not over philosophers; let those who are her minions be her slaves; let her dispose of money, lands, farms, commissions, benefices, honours, graces, fame; nay, if you will, crowns and sceptres too; virtue, and happiness, and souls are too precious commodities to be the sport and traffic of Fortune. Solomon observed long ago, “Wisdom crieth without; she uttereth her voice in the streets; she crieth in the chief place of concourse, in the openings of the gates; in the city she uttereth her words,” (Prov. i.) Our Saviour in the great day of the feast, cried, saying, “If any man thirst, let him come unto me, and drink,” (John vii.,) which is an invitation of the same nature with that of the prophet—“Every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy, and eat; buy wine and milk without money and without price,” (Isa. lv.) This ever was, and ever will be true; a great fortune is not necessary

for the attainment of faith, hope, or charity; and he that is endowed with these cannot be miserable: you may learn the whole system of divine and important truths; you may acquit yourself with all the beauty and enjoyments of virtue at a very cheap rate; and you may learn temperance, fortitude, justice, modesty, constancy, patience, contempt of the world, without the assistance of much more wealth than will serve to feed and clothe you: and canst thou not be content with these possessions? is not this a sort of merchandise to be preferred before that of fine gold?

I know the greater part of those who accuse their fortune of misery do at least pretend that their condition and circumstances of life are so incommodious, that they have not time to attend to the great interest of the soul, or at least not with that application which they should. Alas! thus not the mean only, but almost all talk, from the porter to the prince: the circumstances of one are too strait, too narrow; of another too full of trouble, because too full of state; one complains that he is withdrawn from his great end, by the many allurements and sensual temptations to which his rank and quality in the world expose him; another that he is daily fretted and indisposed by the little cross accidents and the rugged conversation which he is necessarily obliged to bear with; one complains of too much business, another of too little; the hurry and multitude of things distracts the one, infidel fears and anxious despondencies the other; one complains that his acquaintance and friends are too numerous, and intrench too far upon his precious hours; another is querulous, melancholy, and peevish, because he looks upon himself either for his meanness neglected, or for his misfortune deserted and forsaken; company is burdensome to the one, and solitude to the other. Thus all conditions are full of complaints, from him that trudges on his clouted shoe, to him who can scarce mention the manners or the fortunes of the multitude without some expressions of contumely and disdain. Thou fool! dost thou not see that all these complaints are idle contradictions? for shame, correct the wantonness of thy humour, and thou wilt soon correct thy fortune: learn to

be happy in every state, and every place : learn to enjoy thyself, to know and value the wealth that is in thine own power, I mean wisdom and goodness : learn to assert the sovereignty and dignity of thy soul. Methinks that, if philosophy could not, pride and indignation might, conquer fortune. It is beneath the dignity of a soul, that has but a grain of sense, to make chance, and winds, and waves, the arbitrary disposers of his happiness : or, what is worse, to depend upon some mushroom upstart, which a chance smile raised out of his turf and rottenness, to a condition of which his mean soul is so unequal that he himself fears and wonders at his own height. Oh, how I hug the memory of those honest heathens, who, in a ragged gown and homely cottage, bade defiance to fortune, and laughed at those pains and hazards, the vanity and pride of men, not their misfortune, drove them to ! Men may call this pride or spite in them ; as the beggarly rabble doth usually envy the fortune it doth despair of : but there were a great many of these who laid by envied greatness, to enjoy this quiet though generally despicable meanness : but let the contempt of the world be what it will in a heathen ; let it be pride or peevishness, vain-glory, or anything, rather than a reproach to Christians ; what say you to the followers of our Lord and Master ? “ Then Peter said, Silver and gold have I none,” (Acts iii.) None ? what hast thou then, thou poor disciple of a poor master ? A true faith, a godlike charity, and unshaken hope : blessed art thou amongst men ; nothing can make thee greater, nothing richer, nothing happier, but heaven. You see plainly, then, a man may be virtuous, though not wealthy ; and that fortune, which prevents his being rich, cannot prevent his being happy.

This discourse will never down ; this is not calculated for this age : philosophy must be a little more mannerly, and religion a little more genteel and complaisant than formerly, ere it can be adapted and accommodated to the present state of things. Go on then, let us try how far it will be necessary to condescend. You cannot be happy ; why ? because you are not *rich* ; go then to God, and beg you may be *rich* ; I have not the face to put up such arrogant and intemperate requests to God : it is plain, then,

it is not necessary to be rich in order to be happy ; for whatever is necessary to this thou mayst with good assurance beg of God. But thy desires are more humble and modest ; thou aimest at nothing but what is very necessary ; a fairer house, another servant, a dish or two of meat more for thy friends, a coach for thy convenience or ease, and a few hundred pounds apiece more for thy children : O heavenly ingredients of a rational pleasure ! O divine instruments of human happiness ! O the humble and mortified requests of modest souls ! Well, if these things be so necessary, and these desires be so decent and virtuous, if thou canst not be happy, and consequently must be miserable, without them, put up a bill, represent thy condition in it—Such a one wants a more commodious house, more servants, more dishes, &c., and desires the prayers of the congregation for support under this affliction. You are profane : far be it from me ; I would only let thee see the wantonness of thy desires. If thou thinkest this would expose thee to public laughter, go to thy minister, unfold thy case to him, let him pray for thee ; he is a good man, and his prayers will go far ; you rally and ridicule me. Enter then into thy closet, shut thy door ; thou mayst trust God, He pities and considers even human infirmities ; I could even almost *in my mind* desire it of Him ; but I am ashamed to do it in a *set* and *solemn prayer*. I could almost make the petition in the *gross*, but I blush to think of descending to *particulars*. Well, then, I see plainly that wealth in any degree of it is so far from being necessary to our happiness, that it has so little of usefulness or conveniency in it, that, in thy conscience between God and thee, thou canst not think fit to complain of the want of it.

But this answer will never satisfy him who complains of want, or of being engaged in continual troubles, and tossed by the daily changes and revolutions of the world. I confess it will not : but I must tell such a one, if Solomon's observation be true, "The hand of the diligent maketh rich," (Prov. x. ;) and that other, "Seest thou a man diligent in his business ? he shall stand before kings ; he shall not stand before mean men," (Prov. xxii.)

Then his poverty is his crime as well as his calamity ; he must

redeem himself from this his punishment by industry and prayer. As to calamities, this must be acknowledged, that the mind of a good and great man, which stands firm upon its own basis, a good God, a good Saviour, and a good conscience, may remain unmoved, when the earth trembles, and the sea roars round about him.



107.—The Massacre of St Bartholomew.

MAD. DE MORNAY.

[THE following is an account, translated from the quaint old French, of the fearful massacre of the Huguenots, or French Protestants, which was perpetrated in the year 1572, and concerning which many disputes have been raised in modern times. The great historian, De Thou, agrees with Adriani, De Serres, and other writers who were in Paris at the time, in stating the total number of victims who perished throughout France on this fatal day at thirty thousand. The lady whose account we are about to quote was the wife and biographer of that great champion of the Reformed Church in France, Philip de Duplessis-Mornay. But she was twice married, and at the time of the massacre her first husband, Jean de Pas de Feuquières, was but recently dead. Her maiden name was Charlotte Arbaleste, and she and all her family were devout

Huguenots, and as such, and as persons of mark and consideration, they were obnoxious to the fury of the Papists. The young and handsome widow had an only child by her first husband—the little girl of whom mention is made in her simple narrative.*]

4th August 1572.—In order to divert myself from business, and for the sake of my health, I had made arrangements to pass the winter in the country at the house of my sister, Madame de Vaucelas; and because I had to leave Paris on the Monday after St Bartholomew's day, I wished to go on the Sunday to the palace of the Louvre, to take leave of Madame the Princess of Condé, Madame de Bouillon, the Marchioness of Rothelin, and Madame de Dampierre. But, while I was yet in bed; one of my kitchen-maids, who was a Protestant, came in to me in a great fear, and told me that they were killing all the Huguenots. I did not take any sudden alarm; but, having put on my dressing-gown, I looked out of the window, and saw, in the great street of St Anthony, where I was lodging, all the people in great agitation, and many soldiers of the guard, and every one wearing a white cross in his hat. Then I saw that the matter was serious, and I sent to my mother's, where my brothers were staying, to know what it was. There, they were all in great alarm, for my brothers made profession of the Protestant religion. Messire Pierre Chevalier, Bishop of Senlis, and my uncle on the mother's side, sent to tell me that I ought to put in some safe place all the valuables I had with me, and that he would soon send to fetch me away: but, as he was about to send for me, he had news that Messire Charles Chevalier, lord of Esprunes, his brother, who was very well affectioned to Protestantism, had been killed in the street De Bétizy, where he was lodging in order to be near the admiral.† This was the reason that M. de Senlis forgot me; besides which, he himself, wanting to go through the streets, was stopped; and if he had

* *Mémoires de Madame de Mornay, sur la Vie de son Mari, &c.*, prefixed to *Mémoires et Correspondance de Duplessis-Mornay, &c.* Paris, 1824.

† The Admiral de Coligni, the head of the Huguenot party, and one of the first of those who were butchered.

not made the sign of the cross he would have been in danger of his life, although he was not the least in the world concerned with the Protestants. Having waited for him about half an hour, and seeing that the commotion was increasing in the said street of St Anthony, I sent my daughter, who was then about three years and a half old, on the back of a servant, to the house of M. de Perreuze, who was master of requests in the king's hostel, and one of my best relations and friends, who admitted her by a back-door, and received her kindly, and sent to tell me that if I would go myself I should be welcome. I accepted his offer, and went thither about seven o'clock. He did not then know all that had happened ; but, having sent one of his people to the Louvre, the man on his return reported to him the death of the admiral, and of so many lords and gentlemen, and told us that the massacre was raging over all the city. It was now about eight o'clock in the morning. I had scarcely left my lodgings when some of the servants of the Duke of Guise* entered it, calling upon mine host to find me, and searching for me everywhere. In the end, not being able to discover me there, they went to my mother's, to offer that, if I would send them one hundred crowns, they would preserve my life and all my furniture. Of this my mother sent me notice: but upon a little thought, I could not see it good that they should know where I was, or that I should go to seek them. Yet I earnestly entreated my mother to give them to understand that she did not know what had become of me, and to offer them at once the sum of money they demanded. But, as my mother did not receive this message in time, my lodgings were pillaged. To take refuge in the house of M. de Perreuze, wherein I was, there came M. de Landres and Madame his wife, Mademoiselle Duplessis Bourdelot, Mademoiselle de Chanfreau, M. de Matho, and all their families. We were more than forty; so that M. de Perreuze, in order to remove suspicion from his house, was obliged to send and seek provisions for us at the other end of the town;

* The Duke of Guise was the head of the Catholic party, and one of an atrocious cabal who had concerted with the queen-mother, Catherine de' Medici, this detestable massacre.

and either he himself or Madame de P. his wife, stood at the door of the house, to speak a few words now and then to M. de Guise, or to M. de Nevers, and other Catholic lords who passed and repassed thereby; as also to the captains of Paris, who were pillaging all the neighbouring houses that belonged to Protestants. We remained there until the Tuesday; but, however well M. de Perreuze played his part, he could not avoid being suspected; and thus an order was issued that his house should be visited and searched on this Tuesday after dinner. The greater part of those who had first taken refuge in it withdrew secretly to other houses; and now none remained except the late Mademoiselle de Chanfreau and myself. And now we must hide ourselves as best we might; she and her waiting-maid went into an outhouse where they kept the firewood, I and one of my women into the hollow space between the ceiling of the garret and the tiled roof of the house; the rest of our people disguised themselves, and hid themselves as they were able. Being in that dark hollow space above the garret, I heard the cries and shrieks of men, women, and children, that the Papists were massacring in the streets: and, having left mine own little daughter in the apartments below, I fell into such perplexity, and almost despair, that, but for the fear of offending God, I would have precipitated myself from the house-top, in order to escape falling alive into the hands of that populace, or seeing mine own daughter massacred, which was what I feared more than death. A woman servant of mine took away the dear child, and carried it in her arms through all those dangers and horrors, and went and found out the dame Marie Guillard, the lady of Esprunes, my maternal grandmother, who was yet living, and left the child with her, and the child remained with her until her death. And this same Tuesday, in the afternoon, was killed in the same street in which M. de Perreuze dwelt, and which was the old street of the Temple, the late President de la Place of happy memory, those who butchered him pretending that they were going to carry him to the king in the view of saving his life. M. de Perreuze, seeing himself menaced and assailed so near at hand, in order to preserve our lives and save his house

from being sacked, employed M. de Thou, King's advocate, and now president of his Court of Parliament. This tempest having passed by more hastily than we expected, we devised how we might disguise ourselves and seek some other hiding-place. Go to my dear mother I could not, for they had placed a guard in her house. I betook myself to the house of a farrier, who had married one of my mother's chamber-women, a seditious man and one that was captain of his quarter; but, as he had received favours and benefactions from my mother, I promised myself that he would not willingly injure me. My poor mother came to see me at the farrier's in the evening; she was rather dead than living, and much more petrified by fear than I was. I passed that night in the house of the captain-farrier, hearing nothing but abuse of the Huguenots, and seeing nothing but the pillage that was brought in from the houses of those who professed the Protestant faith. The captain-farrier told me in strong terms that I must go to mass.

On the Wednesday morning my mother sent me to the President Tambonneau, and to her mother-in-law, Madame Morin, to ask if they could not conceal me in the house they occupied. And about the hour of noon I went thitherward all alone; but because I knew not the way I followed a little boy, who went before me to show it. They were lodged in the cloisters of Notre Dame, and there was nobody in the house except Madame Morin, mother to the wife of the Chancellor de l'Hôpital, Messire and Madame Tambonneau, Messire de Paroy, their brother, and one of their servants named Jacques Minier, who knew that I was hid there within. Having entered quite secretly, I was concealed in the study of the President Tambonneau, and there I remained all that day and night, and all the next day. But on Thursday, towards the evening, we were warned that they were coming to seek therein for M. de Chaumont Barbessieux and Madame de Belesbat; and mine hosts, fearing that if they came they might find me, were of opinion that I ought to seek another asylum; which I did about midnight, being conducted to the house of a corn-factor, who was their servant, and a good man. There I lay hid

for five days, being assisted and comforted by Messire and Madame Tambonneau, and by all of that house. Besides what I feel for them as my relations, there can never be a day of my life in which I shall not be grateful for the friendship and aid they afforded me at this crisis.

On the following Tuesday my mother, having recovered a little from her excessive agitation, and having found means to save my brothers from this wreck by persuading them to go to mass, thought to save me by the same means, and spoke to me of it through M. de Paroy our cousin, who, after many conversations which we had together, found me, by the grace of God, very much averse to it. On Wednesday morning, after my mother had made several attempts to change my determination, and after receiving from me not the answer which she wished, but only an entreaty to convey me out of Paris, she sent to tell me that she would be constrained to send me back my daughter. I could only reply that if it must be so I would take her into my arms, and that then we should be left to be massacred together ; but at the same time I resolved to leave Paris, whatever might happen to me in the attempt, and I prayed those who carried this message to engage a place for me on board of a passage-boat, or in any boat going up the Seine. All the time I remained in the corn-merchant's house I was in great discomfort, for I was lodged in a room above that of Madame de Foissy, (a hot Papist,) and so durst not walk up and down lest I should be discovered, nor could I venture to light a candle at night lest she or some of the neighbours should see it, and find me out. When they gave me to eat, it was secretly ; a few morsels were wrapt up in a napkin, and they came into my room under pretence of getting linen for the said Dame de Foissy. At last I departed from that lodging, on Wednesday, the eleventh day after the massacre, about eleven o'clock in the morning, and went on board a boat which was going to Sens. In this boat I found two monks and a priest, and two merchants with their wives. When we arrived at the Tournelles, where there was a guard of soldiers, the boat was stopped, and our passports were demanded. My companions all showed theirs.

but I had none to show. They then began to call me a Huguenot, and to threaten to drown me: and they made me get out of the boat. I begged them to carry me to M. de Voysenon, auditor of accounts, who was a friend of mine, and who managed the affairs of Madame d'Esprunes, my grandmother. He was known as a stanch Roman Catholic; and I assured the soldiers that he would answer for me. Two soldiers of the guard took me and carried me to the said house. It pleased God that these two men should stay at the door, and that I should be allowed to go up-stairs alone. Poor M. de Voysenon was greatly astonished at seeing me, and although I was disguised he knew me and called me by my name, and told me about some other ladies who had fled to his house for concealment. I told him that I had no time to listen to him, (for I feared that the soldiers were following me up-stairs,) that it appeared as though God willed he should be the means of saving my life, and that otherwise I could only look upon myself as one that was dead. He went down-stairs, and found the soldiers, to whom he gave assurance that he had seen me in the house of Madame d'Esprunes, whose son was Bishop of Senlis, and who was herself a good Catholic and well known as such. The soldiers replied that they did not want to know about Madame d'Esprunes and the Bishop of Senlis, but about me. M. de Voysenon told them that in former times he had known me to be a good Catholic, but that he could not answer for my being one now. At this moment an honest woman came up and asked them what they would do with me. They said, "Pardieu! It is a Huguenot that must be drowned! We can tell what she is by the fear she is in!" And in truth I did think that they were going to throw me into the river. The honest woman said to them: "You know me, I am no Huguenot; I go every day to mass: but I have been so terrified at that which I have seen done in Paris, that for these eight days past I have had a fever upon me." Then one of the soldiers said, "Pardieu! and I and all of us have symptoms of fever upon us!" And so they carried me back to the boat, telling me that if I had been a man I should not have escaped so easily. At the very time I

was stopped in the boat, the lodging in Paris which I had quitted was ransacked; and if I had been found there great would have been my danger. We continued our voyage. All the afternoon those monks and those merchants did nothing but talk joyfully of what they had seen in Paris; and whenever I ventured to say a word they told me that I spoke like a Huguenot. I could do nothing better than pretend to fall asleep, thus escaping the necessity of talking with them. When it was night, we landed at a place called Petit la Borde. There I perceived the afore-named Jacques Minier, who had been sent by Madame Tambonneau to know what would become of me, that lady being much troubled on my account, because she had heard that I had been arrested at the Tournelles. He made me a sign not to recognise him; but as it was he who had taken my place in the boat, he was recognised as my acquaintance by the two women in the boat. I found means to let him know this without their observing it. He soon came into the inn where we all were, and told me that my mistress had sent him into the country to attend the vintage. At supper he sat at table with us, put on an air of ease, calling me familiarly by my Christian name Charlotte, and bidding me fill his glass for him. This removed all the suspicions that had been entertained of me. They had but one room in this inn, with three beds in it. The two monks and the priest lay down on one bed, the two merchants on another, and the two women and myself on the third. I was not without my fears and troubles. I had on a chemise of fine Holland cloth, garnished with lace, which Madame Tambonneau had lent me, and I feared very much that, sleeping with these two women, they might guess from my attire that I was not what I pretended to be. On Thursday morning, as we were going into the boat, the said Minier said that he would walk, as the motion of a boat always made him ill; but he told me, in a whisper, to beware of going to Corbeil or to Melun, of which places our family were the feudal lords, for it was to be feared that I should be known there in spite of my disguise, and so run into danger, and that I should remember to disembark at the village of Yuri, at the distance of a short league

from Corbeil. When I saw the village, I asked the boatman to land me, which he refused to do; but, as God willed it, the boat grounded just opposite to the village, and this obliged him to land us all. Having paid the fare, the said Jacques Minier and I went into the said village of Yuri. Being there, he took the resolution to conduct me to the Bouchet, a house belonging to M. the President Tambonneau, and place me under the care of the President's vine-dresser. In all we walked about fifteen miles on foot; and, having left me with this poor vine-dresser, Minier went to Wallegrand, to the house of the Chancellor de l'Hôpital, to learn if there were any possibility of my being harboured with Madame his wife. But he found them all in great dismay, the king having sent down a strong garrison to the chancellor's house, under the shadow of protecting it. The chancellor's wife, who professed the reformed religion, had already been compelled to go to mass. The chancellor sent, through the said Minier, to offer me his house, telling me, however, that I could not stay there without going to mass; a thing which he never could think I would consent to do, seeing the desperate courage with which I had fled out of Paris in the midst of these dangers. I abode with the vine-dresser fifteen days, and Minier betook himself back to Paris. I had trouble almost as soon as I arrived at this place, called the Bouchet. The queen's Swiss troops came ransacking all the villages to find some poor Huguenot, but it pleased God that they entered not the house wherein I lay concealed. The presence of these Swiss served me as an excuse for not going out of the house, and prevented the vine-dresser from pressing me to go to mass. This poor man deplored the hard fate of several Huguenot gentlemen who had lived in his neighbourhood, and who had been killed and massacred on St Bartholomew, declaring that in all the country there were no better men or men more charitable than they had been. He always permitted me to say my prayers in French, and really took me to be the servant of Madame Tambonneau, even as Minier had told him. At the end of the fifteen days I was anxious to get to the village of La Brye, where I might better concert what to do for

the future. I borrowed an ass from the vine-dresser, and begged him to be my guide on the road. He agreeing, we set out, and soon crossed the river Seine between Corbeil and Melun, at a place called St Port, and then we made for Esprunes, a mansion belonging to my grandmother. As soon as we arrived there, the serving women of the house knew me, and they all came forth to salute me, skipping with joy, and crying out, "Madame, ah, Madame, we thought that you had been killed!" My poor vine-dresser was greatly astonished and perplexed. He asked me if I was indeed a great lady? He offered me his house again, he offered to conceal me as long as I chose, and to prevent my being forced by his family to go to mass; and many excuses did he make for not having given me his best bed while I was lodging with him. And so the poor man returned to his home, and I stayed at Esprunes two whole weeks. I must not forget to remark that a certain priest, a chaplain of Esprunes, who lived at Melun, came to see me, and, to console me, told me, among other things, that "since the judgments of the Almighty have begun to declare themselves, the wicked and ungodly ought to be in great fear." At the end of fifteen days I mounted another ass, and so travelled four leagues to Messire de la Borde, my eldest brother, who was in great trouble and perplexity of mind, having been constrained, in order to preserve his life, to go to mass, and being constantly beset by men who called upon him to abjure the reformed faith. Our friends of Paris, learning that I was in his house, and fearing that I might prevail upon him not to make the abjuration, sent to warn him that his ruin was certain if he kept me in his house and I still refused to go to mass. Being thus moved, my brother on the following Sunday led me into his chapel, where a Catholic priest was ready to officiate. As soon as I saw the priest, I turned my back upon him, and went away in great affliction. My brother then regretted what he had done. I took the resolution to stay there no longer. I employed a whole week in seeking out some waggoner that would convey me to Sedan.* Out of fifteen hundred francs that were owing to me at

* The lordship of Sedan was, at this time, an independent principality pos-

La Borde, I received forty crowns; and during my sojourn there one of my chamber-women and one of my men-servants came and joined me. My brother found my resolution very hazardous. Nevertheless, he assisted me in procuring a waggoner, begging me, however, not to let my mother and our other friends know that he had willingly consented to my dangerous journey. In bidding me farewell, he said that he felt assured that, on account of my zeal and fidelity in serving God, God would bless my journey and protect my person; and this, by the heavenly grace, happened to me. I arrived at Sedan on the day of All Saints, being the first day of November, without having met with any hindrance, disturbance, or trouble on the way. So soon as I arrived I found many friends, who offered me all that they had. I was not one hour at Sedan ere I was properly attired as a lady of rank, everybody hastening to give me whatsoever I wanted. I received also much honour and friendship from the Duke and Duchess Bouillon. And I resided quietly at Sedan until the time of my marriage with Duplessis-Mornay.

108.—Morning.

VARIOUS.

[THE poets luxuriate in their descriptions of Morning and Evening. These descriptions belong more especially to the mornings and evenings of summer, when "the breath of morn" is sweet, and "the coming on of gentle evening" is "mild."

First let us hear a quaint and simple old master sing the charms of Morning:]—

The Sun, when he had spread his	The heaven shows lively art and hue,
rays,	Of sundry shapes and colours new,
And show'd his face ten thousand	And laughs upon the earth; anon,
ways,	The earth, as cold as any stone,
Ten thousand things do then begin	Wet in the tears of her own kind,
To show the life that they are in.	'Gins then to take a joyful mind,

sessed by the Duke of Bouillon, who, together with all his family, inclined to the reformed faith. The city of Sedan was a stronghold of the French Protestants.

For well she feels that out and out
 The sun doth warm her round about,
 And dries her children tenderly,
 And shows them forth full orderly—
 The mountains high, and how they
 stand !
 The valleys, and the great mainland !
 The trees, the herbs, the towers
 strong,
 The castles, and the river long.
 And even for joy of this heat
 She showeth forth her pleasures great,
 And sleeps no more ; but sendeth
 forth
 Her clergions ; her own dear worth,
 To mount and fly up to the air ;
 Where then they sing in order fair,
 And tell in song full merrily
 How they have slept full quietly

That night, about their mother's sides.
 And when they have sung more be-
 sides,
 Then fall they to their mother's breast,
 Whereas they feed, or take their rest.
 The hunter then sounds out his horn,
 And rangeth straight through wood and
 corn.
 On hills then show the ewe and lamb,
 And every young one with his dam.
 Then lovers walk and tell their tale,
 Both of their bliss and of their bale ;
 And how they serve, and how they do,
 And how their lady loves them too.
 Then tune the birds their harmony ;
 Then flock the fowl in company ;
 Then everything doth pleasure find
 In that, that comforts all their kind.
 SURREY.

Cowley's "Hymn to Light" is a noble performance, from which we extract a few stanzas :—

First-born of Chaos, who so fair didst come
 From the old Negro's darksome womb ;
 Which when it saw the lovely child,
 The melancholy mass put on kind looks, and smiled.

Thou tide of glory which no rest doth know,
 But ever ebb and ever flow !
 Thou golden show'r of a true Jove !
 Who does in thee descend, and heaven to earth make love !

Hail ! active Nature's watchful life and health !
 Her joy, her ornament, and wealth !
 Hail to thy husband, Heat, and thee !
 Thou the world's beauteous bride ! the lusty bridegroom he !

Say, from what golden quivers of the sky
 Do all thy wingèd arrows fly ?
 Swiftness and Power by birth are thine ;
 From thy great Sire they come—thy Sire, the Word Divine.

Thou, in the moon's bright chariot, proud and gay,
 Dost thy bright wood of stars survey,
 And all the year dost with thee bring
 Of thousand flow'ry lights thine own nocturnal spring.

Thou, Scythian-like, dost round thy lands above
 The Sun's gilt tent for ever move,
 And still, as thou in pomp dost go,
 The shining pageants of the world attend thy show.

The dramatic lyrists, Shakspeare and Fletcher, have painted some of the characteristics of Morning with rainbow hues :—

Full many a glorious morning have I seen
 Flatter the mountain-tops with sovereign eye,
 Kissing with golden face the meadows green,
 Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchymy;
 Anon permit the basest clouds to ride
 With ugly rack on his celestial face,
 And from the forlorn world his visage hide,
 Stealing unseen to west with this disgrace.

SHAKSPEARE.

Lo ! here the gentle lark, weary of rest,
 From his moist cabinet mounts up on high,
 And wakes the morning, from whose silver breast
 The sun ariseth in his majesty ;
 Who doth the world so gloriously behold,
 The cedar-tops and hills seem burnish'd gold.

SHAKSPEARE.

See, the day begins to break,
 And the light shoots like a streak
 Of subtile fire ; the wind blows cold,
 While the morning doth unfold ;
 Now the birds begin to rouse,

And the squirrel from the boughs
 Leaps, to get him nut and fruit ;
 The early lark that erst was mute,
 Carols to the rising day
 Many a note and many a lay.

FLETCHER.

Shepherds, rise, and shake off sleep !
 See, the blushing morn doth peep
 Through the windows, while the sun
 To the mountain-tops is run,
 Gilding all the vales below

With his rising flames, which grow
 Greater by his climbing still.
 Up, ye lazy grooms, and fill
 Bag and bottle for the field !
 Clasp your cloaks fast, lest they yield

To the bitter north-east wind ;
 Call the maidens up, and find
 Who lays longest, that she may
 Go without a friend all day ;

Then reward your dogs, and pray
 Pan to keep you from decay :
 So unfold, and then away !

FLETCHER.

After these, the modern sonnet sounds somewhat tame :—

'Tis not alone a bright and streaky sky—
 Soul-cheering warmth—a spicy air serene—
 Fair peeping flowers, nor dews that on them lie—
 Nor sunny breadths topping the forest green—
 That make the charm of Morning :—thoughts as high,
 As meek, and pure, live in that tranquil scene,
 Whether it meet the rapt and wakeful eye
 In vapoury clouds, or tints of clearest sheen.
 If to behold, or hear, all natural things
 In general gladness hail the blessed light—
 Herds lowing—birds sporting with devious flight,
 And tiny swarms spreading their powdery wings—
 And every herb with dewy shoots up-springing—
 If these be joys, such joys the Morn is ever bringing.

ANON.

We may fitly conclude with Milton's noble Hymn :—

So cheer'd he his fair spouse, and she was cheer'd,
 But silently a gentle tear let fall
 From either eye, and wiped them with her hair.
 Two other precious drops that ready stood,
 Each in their crystal sluice, he, ere they fell,
 Kiss'd, as the gracious signs of sweet remorse
 And pious awe, that fear'd to have offended.
 So all was clear'd, and to the field they haste.
 But first, from under shady arb'rous roof,
 Soon as they forth were come to open sight
 Of day-spring, and the sun, who, scarce up-risen,
 With wheels yet hovering o'er the ocean brim,
 Shot parallel to the earth his dewy ray,
 Discovering in wide landscape all the east
 Of Paradise, and Eden's happy plains,

Lowly they bow'd, adoring, and began
Their orisons, each morning duly paid
In various style; for neither various style
Nor holy rapture wanted they to praise
Their Maker, in fit strains pronounced or sung
Unmeditated, such prompt eloquence
Flow'd from their lips, in prose or numerous verse
More tuneable than needed lute or harp
To add more sweetness; and they thus began:—

These are thy glorious works, Parent of Good,
Almighty; thine this universal frame,
Thus wond'rous fair; thyself how wond'rous then!
Unspeakable, who sitt'st above these heavens
To us invisible, or dimly seen
In these thy lowest works; yet these declare
Thy goodness beyond thought, and power divine.
Speak ye who best can tell, ye sons of light,
Angels—for ye behold him, and with songs
And choral symphonies, day without night,
Circle his throne, rejoicing—ye in heaven,
On earth join, all ye creatures, to extol
Him first, him last, him midst, and without end.
Fairest of stars, last in the train of night,
If better thou belong not to the dawn,
Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling morn
With thy bright circlet, praise him in thy sphere,
While day arises; that sweet hour of prime.
Thou Sun, of this great world both eye and soul,
Acknowledge him thy greater, sound his praise
In thy eternal course, both when thou climb'st,
And when high noon hast gain'd, and when thou fall'st.
Moon, that now meet'st the orient sun, now fly'st,
With the fix'd stars, fix'd in their orb that flies,
And ye five other wand'ring fires that move
In mystic dance, not without song, resound
His praise, who out of darkness call'd up light.

Air, and ye elements, the eldest birth
Of Nature's womb, that in quaternion run
Perpetual circle, multiform, and mix
And nourish all things; let your ceaseless change
Vary to our great Maker still new praise.
Ye mists and exhalations that now rise
From hill or streaming lake, dusky or gray,
Till the sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,
In honour to the world's great Author rise,
Whether to deck with clouds th' uncolour'd sky,
Or wet the thirsty earth with falling showers,
Rising or falling, still advance his praise.
His praise, ye winds, that from four quarters blow,
Breathe soft or loud; and wave your tops, ye pines,
With every plant, in sign of worship wave.
Fountains, and ye that warble, as ye flow,
Melodious murmurs, warbling tune his praise.
Join voices, all ye living souls: ye birds,
That, singing, up to heaven's gate ascend,
Bear on your wings, and in your notes, his praise.
Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk
The earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep;
Witness if I be silent, morn or even,
To hill or valley, fountain or fresh shade,
Made vocal by my song, and taught his praise.
Hail! universal Lord, be bounteous still
To give us only good; and if the night
Have gather'd aught of evil, or conceal'd,
Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark.

109.—*The Moskito Indian of Juan Fernandez.*

DAMPIER.

[DAMPIER, one of those intrepid English navigators who voyaged and fought in the old buccaneering spirit, was born in 1652. His early life was spent in the roving life of those lawless adventurers who were a terror to every flag.

He was subsequently employed in the Royal Navy, and went upon a voyage of discovery to the South Sea. His voyages were published from time to time, between 1697 and 1709, and thus form three volumes in 8vo.]

March the 22d, 1684. We came in sight of the island, and the next day got in and anchored in a bay at the south end of the island, in twenty-five fathom water, not two cables' lengths from the shore. We presently got out our canoe, and went ashore to seek for a Moskito Indian whom we left here when we were chased hence by three Spanish ships in the year 1681, a little before we went to Africa ; Captain Watlin being then our commander, after Captain Sharpe was turned out.

This Indian lived here alone above two years, and although he was several times sought after by the Spaniards, who knew he was left on the island, yet they could never find him. He was in the woods hunting for goats when Captain Watlin drew off his men, and the ship was under sail before he came back to shore. He had with him his gun and a knife, with a small horn of powder, and a few shot ; which, being spent, he contrived a way by notching his knife to saw the barrel of his gun into small pieces, where-with he made harpoons, lances, hooks, and a long knife : heating the pieces first in the fire, which he struck with his gun-flint and a piece of the barrel of his gun which he hardened, having learned to do that among the English. The hot pieces of iron he would hammer out and bend as he pleased with stones, and saw them with his jagged knife, or grind them to an edge by long labour, and harden them to a good temper, as there was occasion.

All this may seem strange to those who are not acquainted with the sagacity of the Indians ; but it is no more than these Moskito men are accustomed to in their own country ; where they make their own fishing and striking instruments, without either forge or anvil ; though they spend a great deal of time about them.

Other wild Indians who have not the use of iron, which the Moskito men have from the English, make hatchets of a very hard stone, with which they will cut down trees, (the cotton-tree especially, which is a soft tender wood,) to build their houses or

make canoes; and though in working their canoes hollow they cannot dig them so neat and thin, yet they make them fit for their service. This, their digging or hatchet-work, they help out by fire; whether for the felling of the trees, or for the making the inside of their canoes hollow. These contrivances are used particularly by the savage Indians of Blewfield's River, whose canoes and stone hatchets I have seen. These stone hatchets are about ten inches long, four broad, and three inches thick in the middle. They are ground away flat and sharp at both ends; right in the midst, and clear round it, they make a notch, so wide and deep that a man might place his finger along it, and taking a stick or withe about four feet long, they bind it round the hatchet-head, in that notch, and so twisting it hard, use it as a handle or helve; the head being held by it very fast. Nor are other wild Indians less ingenious. Those of Patagonia, particularly, head their arrows with flint cut or ground, which I have seen and admired. But to return to our Moskito man on the isle of Juan Fernandez. With such instruments as he made in that manner, he got such provision as the island afforded; either goats or fish. He told us that at first he was forced to eat seal, which is very ordinary meat, before he had made hooks; but afterwards he never killed any seals but to make lines, cutting their skins into thongs. He had a little house or hut half a mile from the sea, which was lined with goats' skins; his couch or barbequ of sticks, lying along about two feet distant from the ground, was spread with the same, and was all his bedding. He had no clothes left, having worn out those he brought from Watlin's ship, but only a skin about his waist. He saw our ship the day before we came to an anchor, and did believe we were English, and therefore killed three goats in the morning, before we came to an anchor, and dressed them with cabbage, to treat us when we came ashore.

He came then to the sea-side to congratulate our safe arrival. And when we landed, a Moskito Indian named Robin, first leapt ashore, and running to his brother Moskito man, threw himself flat on his face at his feet; who, helping him up and embracing him, fell flat with his face on the ground at Robin's feet, and was

by him taken up also. We stood with pleasure to behold the surprise, and tenderness, and solemnity of this interview, which was exceedingly affectionate on both sides; and when their ceremonies of civility were over, we also that stood gazing at them drew near, each of us embracing him we had found here, who was overjoyed to see so many of his old friends come hither, as he thought, purposely to fetch him. He was named Will, as the other was Robin. These were names given them by the English, for they have no names among themselves; and they take it as a great favour to be named by any of us; and will complain for want of it if we do not appoint them some name when they are with us: saying of themselves they are poor men, and have no name.

[The Editor of "Half-Hours," in a little work which he wrote some years ago, entitled "The Results of Machinery," gave the substance of this curious story; and he added the following remarks, which may not be out of place in connexion with the above extract:—

Here, indeed, is a material alteration in the wealth of a man left on an uninhabited island. He had a regular supply of goats and fish; he had the means of cooking his food; he had a house lined with goats' skins, and bedding of the same; his body was clothed with skins; he had provisions in abundance to offer, properly cooked, when his old companions came to him after a three years' absence. What gave him this power to labour profitably?—to maintain existence in tolerable comfort? Simply, the gun, the knife, and the flint, which he accidentally had with him when the ship sailed away. The flint, and the bit of steel which he hardened out of the gun-barrel, gave him the means of procuring fire; the gun became the material for making harpoons, lances, and hooks, with which he could obtain fish and flesh. Till he had made these tools he was compelled to eat seals' flesh. The instant he possessed the tools, he could make a selection of whatever was most agreeable to his taste. It is almost impossible to imagine a human being with less accumulation about him. His small stock of powder and shot was soon spent, and he had only an iron gun-barrel and a knife left, with the means of changing the form of the gun-barrel by fire. Yet this simple accumulation enabled him to direct his labour, as all labour is directed even in its highest employment, to the change of form and change of place of the natural supplies by which he was surrounded. He created nothing; he only gave his natural supplies a value by his labour. Until he laboured the things about him had no value, as far as he was concerned; when he did obtain them by labour, they instantly acquired a value. He brought the wild goat from the mountain to his hut in the valley—he changed its place; he converted its flesh into

cooked food, and its skin into a lining for his bed—he changed its form. Change of form and change of place are the beginning and end of all human labour; and the Moskito Indian only employed the same principle, for the supply of his wants, which directs the labour of all the producers of civilised life into the channels of manufactures or commerce.]

110.—The Great Author of Civilisation.

RAY.

[JOHN RAY, who takes the most eminent rank amongst naturalists as the “founder of true principles of classification in the animal and vegetable kingdoms,” was born in 1627, near Braintree, in Essex. He was one of that numerous body of eminent men who owe everything to the old Grammar Schools. His father was a blacksmith; but he received a good classical education at the Grammar School at Braintree, which eventually enabled him to become a fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1649. He was appointed Greek Lecturer, and afterwards Mathematical Tutor, at his college; but a severe illness drove him to seek relaxation in out-door exercise, and from that time his taste for natural history was formed, and his subsequent life was devoted to its scientific pursuit. This is not the place in which to give an account of his systems of classification in botany and zoology. They are the results of accurate observation and deep reflection. He had to originate everything; other systematic naturalists are improvers. The volume from which our extract is given was once highly popular, and led the way to Derham’s “Physico-Theology,” and Paley’s “Natural Theology.” It is entitled the “Wisdom of God manifested in the Works of the Creation.”]

Methinks by all the provision which he has made for the use and service of man, the Almighty interpretatively speaks to him in this manner:—I have now placed thee in a spacious and well-furnished world; I have endued thee with an ability of understanding what is beautiful and proportionable, and have made that which is so agreeable and delightful to thee; I have provided thee with materials whereon to exercise and employ thy heart and strength; I have given thee an excellent instrument, the hand, accommodated to make use of them all; I have distinguished the earth into hills and valleys, and plains, and meadows, and woods—all these parts capable of culture and improvement by thy industry; I have committed to thee for thy

assistance in the labours of ploughing, and carrying, and drawing, and travel, the laborious ox, the patient ass, and the strong and serviceable horse ; I have created a multitude of seeds for thee to make choice out of them of what is most pleasant to thy taste, and of most wholesome and plentiful nourishment ; I have also made great variety of trees, bearing fruit both for food and physic, those, too, capable of being meliorated and improved by transportation, stercoration, incision, pruning, watering, and other arts and devices. Till and manure thy fields, sow them with thy seeds, extirpate noxious and unprofitable herbs, guard them from the invasions and spoils of beasts, clear and fence in thy meadows and pastures ; dress and prune thy vines, and so rank and dispose them as is most suitable to the climate ; plant thee orchards, with all sorts of fruit trees, in such order as may be most beautiful to the eye, and most comprehensive of plants ; gardens for culinary herbs, and all kinds of salading ; for delectable flowers to gratify the eye with their agreeable colours and figures, and thy scent with their fragrant odours ; for odoriferous and ever-green shrubs and *suffrutices* ; for exotic and medicinal plants of all sorts, and dispose them in their comely order, as may be both pleasant to behold, and commodious for access. I have furnished thee with all materials for building, as stone, and timber, and slate, and lime, and clay, and earth, whereof to make bricks and tiles. Deck and bespangle the country with houses and villages convenient for thy habitation, provided with outhouses and stables for the harbouring and shelter of thy cattle, with barns and granaries for the reception and custody and storing up thy corn and fruits. I have made thee a sociable creature, Ζῶον πολιπχόν, for the improvement of thy understanding by conference, and communication of observations and experiments ; for mutual help, and assistance, and defence ; build thee large towns and cities, with straight and well-paved streets, and elegant rows of houses, adorned with magnificent temples for thy honour and worship, with beautiful palaces for thy princes and grandees, with stately halls for public meetings of the citizens and their several companies, and the sessions of the courts of judicature, besides public

porticos and aqueducts. I have implanted in thy nature a desire of seeing strange and foreign and finding out unknown countries, for the improvement and advance of thy knowledge in geography, by observing the bays, and creeks, and havens, and promontories, the outlets of rivers, the situation of the maritime towns and cities, the longitude and latitude, &c., of those places; in politics, by noting their government, their manners, laws, and customs, their diet and medicine, their trade and manufactures, their houses and buildings, their exercises and sports, &c. In physiology, or natural history, by searching out their natural rarities, the productions both of land and water, what species of animals, plants, and minerals, of fruits and drugs, are to be found there, what commodities for bartering and permutation, whereby thou mayest be enabled to make large additions to natural history, to advance those other sciences, and to benefit and enrich thy country by increase of its trade and merchandise. I have given thee timber and iron to build the hulls of ships; tall trees for masts, flax and hemp for sails, cables and cordage for rigging. I have armed thee with courage and hardness to attempt the seas, and traverse the spacious plains of that liquid element: I have assisted thee with a compass to direct thy course when thou shalt be out of all view of land, and have nothing in view but sky and water. Go thither for the purposes forementioned, and bring home what may be useful and beneficial to thy country in general, or thyself in particular.

I persuade myself that the bountiful and gracious Author of man's being and faculties, and all things else, delights in the beauty of His creation, and is well pleased with the industry of man in adorning the earth with beautiful cities and castles, with pleasant villages and country houses; with regular gardens and orchards, and plantations of all sorts of shrubs, and herbs, and fruits for meat, medicine, or moderate delight; with shady woods and groves, and walks set with rows of elegant trees; *with pastures clothed with flocks, and valleys covered over with corn*, and meadows burdened with grass, and whatever else differenceth a civil and well-cultivated region from a barren and desolate wilderness.

If a country thus planted and adorned, thus polished and civilised, thus improved to the height by all manner of culture for the support and sustenance and convenient entertainment of innumerable multitudes of people, be not to be preferred before a barbarous and inhospitable Scythia, without houses, without plantations, without corn-fields or vineyards, where the roving hordes of the savage and truculent inhabitants transfer themselves from place to place in waggons, as they can find pasture and forage for their cattle, and live upon milk, and flesh roasted in the sun at the pommels of their saddles; or a rude and unpolished America, peopled with slothful and naked Indians, instead of well-built houses living in pitiful huts and cabins, made of poles set endwise; then surely the brute beast's condition and manner of living, to which what we have mentioned doth nearly approach, is to be esteemed better than man's, and wit and reason was in vain bestowed on him.

111.—*The Merry Devil of Edmonton.*

ANONYMOUS.

[CHARLES LAMB, who speaks of this play with a warmth of admiration which is probably carried a little too far, and which, indeed, may in some degree be attributed to his familiarity with the quiet rural scenery of Enfield, Waltham, Cheshunt, and Edmonton, in which places the story is laid, says, "I wish it could be ascertained that Michael Drayton was the author of this piece: it would add a worthy appendage to the renown of that panegyrist of my native earth; who has gone over her soil (in his 'Polyolbion') with the fidelity of a herald, and the painful love of a son; who has not left a rivulet (so narrow that it may be stepped over) without honourable mention; and has animated hills and streams with life and passion above the dreams of old mythology." Some have attributed this play to Shakspere. "The Merry Devil" was undoubtedly a play of great popularity. We find, from the account-books of the Revels at court, that it was acted before the king in the same year, 1618, with "Twelfth-Night" and "Winter's Tale." In 1616, Ben Jonson, in his prologue to "The Devil is an Ass," thus addresses his audience:—

"If you'll come

To see new plays, pray you afford us room,
And show this but the same face you have done
Your dear delight, the 'Devil of Edmonton.'"

Its popularity seems to have lasted much longer ; for it is mentioned by Edmund Gayton, in 1654, in his "Notes on Don Quixote." The belief that the play was Shakspere's has never taken any root in England. Some of the recent German critics, however, adopt it as his without any hesitation. Fuller, in his "Worthies," thus records the merits of Peter Fabel, the hero of this play :—"I shall probably offend the gravity of some to insert, and certainly the curiosity of others to omit him. Some make him a friar, others a lay gentleman, all a conceited person, who, with his merry devices, deceived the devil, who by grace may be resisted, not deceived by wit. If a grave bishop in his sermon, speaking of Brute's coming into this land, said it was but a *bruit*, I hope I may say without offence that this Fabel was but a *fable*, supposed to live in the reign of King Henry the Sixth." His fame is more confidently recorded in the prologue to "The Merry Devil :"]—

'Tis Peter Fabel, a renowned scholar,
Whose fame hath still been hitherto forgot
By all the writers of this latter age.
In Middlesex his birth and his abode,
Not full seven miles from this great famous city;
That, for his fame in sleights and magic won,
Was call'd the merry Fiend of Edmonton.
If any here make doubt of such a name,
In Edmonton, yet fresh unto this day,
Fix'd in the wall of that old ancient church,
His monument remaineth to be seen :
His memory yet in the mouths of men,
That whilst he lived he could deceive the devil.

The prologue goes on to suppose him at Cambridge at the hour when the term of his compact with the fiend is run out. We are not here to look for the terrible solemnity of the similar scene in Marlowe's "Faustus;" but, nevertheless, that before us is written with great poetical power. Coreb, the spirit, thus addresses the magician :—

Coreb. Why, scholar, this is the hour my date expires;
I must depart, and come to claim my due.

Fabel. Hah! what is thy due?

Coreb. Fabel, thyself.

Fabel. Oh let not darkness hear thee speak that word,
Lest that with force it hurry hence amain,
And leave the world to look upon my woe :

Yet overwhelm me with this globe of earth,
And let a little sparrow with her bill
Take but so much as she can bear away,
That, every day thus losing of my load,
I may again, in time, yet hope to rise.

While the fiend sits down in the necromantic chair, Fabel thus soliloquises:—

Fabel. Oh that this soul, that cost so dear a price
As the dear precious blood of her Redeemer,
Inspired by knowledge, should by that alone,
Which makes a man so mean unto the powers,
E'en lead him down into the depth of hell;
When men in their own praise strive to know more
Than man should know!
For this alone God cast the angels down.
The infinity of arts is like a sea,
Into which when man will take in hand to sail
Farther than reason (which should be his pilot)
Hath skill to guide him, losing once his compass
He falleth to such deep and dangerous whirlpools,
As he doth lose the very sight of heaven;
The more he strives to come to quiet harbour
The farther still he finds himself from land.
Man, striving still to find the depth of evil,
Seeking to be a god, becomes a devil.

But the magician has tricked the fiend; the chair holds him fast, and the condition of release is a respite for seven years. The supernatural part of the play may be said here to end, and we are introduced to the society of no equivocal mortal, the host of the George, at Waltham. Sir Arthur Clare, his wife Dorcas, his daughter Millisent, and his son Harry, arrive at the inn, where the host says, "Knights and lords have been drunk in my house, I thank the destinies." This company have arrived at the George to meet Sir Richard Mounchensey, and his son Raymond, to whom Millisent is betrothed; but old Clare informs his wife that he is resolved to break off the match, to send his daughter for a year to a nunnery, and then to bestow her upon the son of Sir Ralph Jerningham. Old Mounchensey, it seems, has fallen upon evil days:—

Clare. For look you, wife, the riotous old knight
Hath overrun his annual revenue
In keeping jolly Christmas all the year:
The nostrils of his chimney are still stuff'd
With smoke, more chargeable than cane-tobacco;
His hawks devour his fattest dogs, whilst simple,
His leanest curs eat his hounds' carrion.
Besides, I heard of late his younger brother,
A Turkey-merchant, hath sure suck'd the knight,
By means of some great losses on the sea!
That (you conceive me) before gods, all's nought,
His seat is weak; thus, each thing rightly scann'd,
You'll see a flight, wife, shortly of his land.

Fabel, the kind magician, who has been the tutor to Raymond, arrives at the same time with the Mouchensey party. He knows the plots against his young friend, and he is determined to circumvent them:—

Raymond Mouchensey, boy, have thou and I
Thus long at Cambridge read the liberal arts,
The metaphysics, magic, and those parts
Of the most secret deep philosophy?
Have I so many melancholy nights
Watch'd on the top of Peter-house highest tower,
And come we back unto our native home,
For want of skill to lose the wench thou lov'st?
We'll first hang Envil* in such rings of mist
As never rose from any dampish fen;
I'll make the brinned sea to rise at Ware,
And drown the marshes unto Stratford-bridge;
I'll drive the deer from Waltham in their walks,
And scatter them, like sheep, in every field.
We may perhaps be cross'd; but if we be,
He shall cross the devil that but crosses me.

Harry Clare, Ralph Jerningham, and Raymond Mouchensey, are strict friends: and there is something exceedingly delightful in the manner in which

* Envil—Enfield.

Raymond throws away all suspicion, and the others resolve to stand by their friend whatever be the intrigues of their parents:—

Jern. Raymond Mouchensey, now I touch thy grief
With the true feeling of a zealous friend.
And as for fair and beauteous Millisent,
With my vain breath I will not seek to slubber
Her angel-like perfections : but thou know'st
That Essex hath the saint that I adore :
Where'er didst meet me, that we two were jovial,
But like a wag thou hast not laugh'd at me,
And with regardless jesting mock'd my love ?
How many a sad and weary summer's night
My sighs have drunk the dew from off the earth,
And I have taught the nightingale to wake,
And from the meadows sprung the early lark
An hour before she would have list to sing :
I have loaded the poor minutes with my moans,
That I have made the heavy slow-paced hours
To hang like heavy clogs upon the day.
But, dear Mouchensey, had not my affection
Seized on the beauty of another dame,
Before I'd wrong the chase, and leave the love
Of one so worthy, and so true a friend,
I will abjure both beauty and her sight,
And will in love become a counterfeit.

Moun. Dear Jerningham, thou hast begot my life,
And, from the mouth of hell, where now I sate,
I feel my spirit rebound against the stars :
Thou hast conquer'd me, dear friend, in my free soul,
There time, nor death, can by their power control.

Fabel. Frank Jerningham, thou art a gallant boy ;
And were he not my pupil, I would say,
He were as fine a metall'd gentleman,
Of as free spirit, and of as fine a temper,
As is in England ; and he is a man
That very richly may deserve thy love :

But, noble Clare, this while of our discourse,
What may Mouchensey's honour to thyself
Exact upon the measure of thy grace?

Young Clare. Raymond Mouchensey, I would have thee
know

He does not breathe this air whose love I cherish,
And whose soul I love, more than Mouchensey's :
Nor ever in my life did see the man
Whom, for his wit and many virtuous parts,
I think more worthy of my sister's love.
But since the matter grows unto this pass
I must not seem to cross my father's will ;
But when thou list to visit her by night,
My horse is saddled, and the stable-door
Stands ready for thee ; use them at thy pleasure.
In honest marriage wed her frankly, boy,
And if thou gett'st her, lad, God give thee joy !

Moun. Then, care away ! let fate my fall pretend,
Back'd with the favours of so true a friend !

Charles Lamb, who gives the whole of this scene in his "Specimens," speaks of it rapturously :—"This scene has much of Shakspeare's manner in the sweetness and good-naturedness of it. It seems written to make the reader happy. Few of our dramatists or novelists have attended enough to this. They torture and wound us abundantly. They are economists only in delight. Nothing can be finer, more gentlemanlike, and noble, than the conversation and compliments of these young men. How delicious is Raymond Mouchensey's forgetting, in his fears, that Jerningham has a 'saint in Essex ;' and how sweetly his friend reminds him !"

The ancient plotters, Clare and Jerningham, are drawn as very politic but not over-wise fathers. There is, however, very little that is harsh or revolting in their natures. They put out their feelers of worldly cunning timidly, and they draw them in with considerable apprehension when they see danger and difficulty before them. All this is in harmony with the thorough good-humour of the whole drama. The only person who is angry is old Mouchensey.

For his "frantic and untamed passion" Fabel reproves him. The comic scenes which now occur are exceedingly lively. If the wit is not of the highest order, there is real fun, and very little coarseness. We are thrown into the midst of a jolly set, stealers of venison in Enfield Chase, of whom the leader is Sir John, the priest of Enfield. His humour consists in applying a some-

what pious sentence upon every occasion—"Hem, grass and hay—we are all mortal—let's live till we die, and be merry, and there's an end." Mine host of the George is an associate of this good fraternity. The comedy is not overloaded, and is very judiciously brought in to the relief of the main action. We have next the introduction of Millisent to the Prioress of Cheston.*

The device of Fabel proceeds, in the appearance of Raymond Mouchensey disguised as a friar. Sir Arthur Clare has disclosed to him all his projects. The "holy young novice" proceeds to the priory as a visitor sent from Waltham House to ascertain whether Millisent is about to take the veil "from conscience and devotion." The device succeeds. The votaress is carried off by her brother and Jerningham; but in the darkness of the night they lose their way, and encounter the deer-stealers and the keepers. A friendly forester, however, assists them, and they reach Enfield in safety. Not so fortunate are Sir Arthur and Sir Ralph, who are in pursuit of the unwilling nun: they are roughly treated by the keepers, and, after a night of toil, find a resting-place at Waltham. The priest and his companions are terrified by their encounters in the Chase: the lady in white, who has been hiding from them, is taken for a spirit; and the sexton has seen a vision in the church-porch. The morning, however, arrives, and we see "Sir Arthur Clare and Sir Ralph Jerningham trussing their points, as newly made up." They had made good their retreat, as they fancied, to the inn of mine host of the George, but the Merry Devil of Edmonton had set the host and the smith to change the sign of the house with that of another inn: and at the real George the lovers were being happily married by the venison-stealing priest, in the company of their faithful friends. Sir Arthur and Sir Ralph are of course very angry when the truth is made known; but reconciliation and peace are soon accomplished.

112.—Mental Stimulus Necessary to Exercise.

ANDREW COMBE.

[IN the desire to enhance the benevolent intentions of its author, we give the following extract from one of the most valuable and popular works of our time, "The Principles of Physiology applied to the Preservation of Health, and to the Improvement of Physical and Mental Education:" by Andrew Combe, M.D. This eminent man was only in his forty-ninth year when he died, in 1848. His knowledge was of the best kind; but he had the high merit, which men of science have sometimes thought beneath them, of rendering that knowledge useful to the greatest number.]

That exercise should always spring from, and be continued under, the influence of an active and harmonious nervous and

* Cheston—Cheshunt.

mental stimulus, will scarcely require any additional evidence ; but as the principle is not sufficiently appreciated or acted upon, a few remarks seem still to be called for to enforce its observance. The simple fact that the muscles are expressly constructed for the purpose of fulfilling the commands of the will, might of itself lead to the inference that a healthy mental stimulus ought to be considered an essential condition or accompaniment of exercise ; and, accordingly, the muscular action becomes easy and pleasant under the influence of mental excitement, and a vigorous nervous impulse is useful in sustaining and directing it. On the other hand, how difficult, wearisome, and inefficient, muscular contraction becomes when the mind, which directs it, is languid or absorbed by other employments ! Hence the superiority, as exercises for the young, of social and inspiring games, which, by their joyous and boisterous mirth, call forth the requisite nervous stimulus to put the muscles into vigorous and varied action ; and hence the utter inefficiency of the dull and monotonous daily walk which sets all physiological conditions at defiance, and which, in so many schools, is made to supersede the exercise which it only counterfeits. Even the playful gambolling and varied movements which are so characteristic of the young of all animals, man not accepted, and which are at once so pleasing and attractive, might have taught us that activity of feeling and affection, and sprightliness of mind, are intended by nature to be the sources and accompaniments of healthful and invigorating muscular exercise ; and that the system of bodily confinement and mental cultivation now so much in vogue is calculated to inflict lasting injury on all who are subjected to its restraints. The buoyancy of spirit and comparative independence enjoyed by boys when out of school prevent them from suffering under it so much as girls do ; but the mischief done to both is the more unpardonable when it does occur, because it might so easily have been entirely avoided. Even in some infant schools, where properly conducted exercise ought to be considered as a necessary of life, the principle on which I am insisting is so little understood or valued, that no play-grounds have

been provided, and the very best means of moral as well as physical training—play with companions—has, to the great injury of the poor children, been wholly omitted. Under judicious direction, the play-ground affords the most valuable and effective aid to the parent and teacher, not only in eliciting the highest degree of physical health, but in developing the general character by the practical inculcation of moral principle, kindness, and affection, in the daily and hourly conduct of the children committed to their charge. A double evil is thus incurred in its neglect or omission.

Facts, illustrative of the beneficial influence of a mental stimulus as the only legitimate source of muscular activity, abound everywhere, and must be familiar to every reflecting mind; but as the practical influences deducible from them have, to a great extent, escaped the notice of parents and teachers, I shall add a few remarks in their further elucidation.

Everybody knows how wearisome and disagreeable it is to saunter along, without having some object to attain; and how listless and unprofitable a walk taken against the inclination, and merely for exercise, is, compared to the same exertion made in pursuit of an object on which we are intent. The difference is simply, that in the former case the muscles are obliged to work without that full nervous impulse which nature has decreed to be essential to their healthy and energetic action; and that, in the latter, the nervous impulse is in full and harmonious operation. The great superiority of active sports, botanical and geological excursions, gardening and turning, as means of exercise, over mere monotonous movements, is referable to the same principle. Every kind of youthful play and mechanical operation interests and excites the mind, as well as occupies the body, and, by thus placing the muscles in the best position for wholesome and beneficial exertion, enables them to act without fatigue, for a length of time which, if occupied in mere walking for exercise, would utterly exhaust their powers.

The elastic spring, the bright eye, the cheerful glow of beings thus excited, form a perfect contrast to the spiritless and inani-

mate aspect of many of our boarding-school processions ; and the results, in point of health and activity, are not less different. So influential, indeed, is the nervous stimulus, that examples have occurred of strong mental emotions having instantaneously given life and vigour to paralytic limbs. This has happened in cases of shipwrecks, fires, and sea-fights, and shows how indispensable it is to have the mind engaged and interested along with the muscles. Many a person who feels ready to drop from fatigue, after a merely mechanical walk, would have no difficulty in subsequently undergoing much continuous exertion in active play or in dancing ; and it is absurd, therefore, to say that exercise is not beneficial, when, in reality, proper exercise has not been tried.

The amount of bodily exertion of which soldiers are capable, is well known to be prodigiously increased by the mental stimulus of pursuit, of fighting, or of victory. In the retreat of the French from Moscow, for example, when no enemy was near, the soldiers became depressed in courage, and enfeebled in body, and nearly sank to the earth through exhaustion and cold ; but no sooner did the report of the Russian guns sound in their ears, or the gleam of hostile bayonets flash in their eyes, than new life seemed to pervade them, and they wielded powerfully the arms which, a few moments before, they could scarcely drag along the ground. No sooner, however, was the enemy repulsed, and the nervous stimulus which animated their muscles withdrawn, than their feebleness returned. Dr Sparrman, in like manner, after describing the fatigue and exhaustion which he and his party endured in their travels at the Cape, adds,—“yet, what even now appears to me a matter of wonder is, that as soon as we got a glimpse of the game all this languor left us in an instant.” On the principle already mentioned this result is perfectly natural, and in strict harmony with what we observe in sportsmen, cricketers, golfers, skaters, and others, who, moved by a mental aim, are able to undergo a much greater amount of bodily labour than men of stronger muscular frames actuated by no excitement of mind or vigorous nervous impulse. I have heard an intelligent engineer remark the astonishment often felt by country people, at

finding him and his town companions, although more slightly made, withstand the fatigues and exposure of a day's surveying better than themselves ; but, said he, they overlooked the fact, that our employment gives to the mind, as well as the body, a stimulus which they were entirely without, as their only object was to afford us bodily aid; when required, in dragging the chains, or carrying our instruments.—The conversation of a friend is, in the same way, a powerful alleviator of the fatigue of walking.

The same important principle was implied in the advice which the *Spectator* tells us was given by a physician to one of the Eastern kings, when he brought him a racket, and told him that the remedy was concealed in the handle, and could act upon him only by passing into the palms of his hands when engaged in playing with it—and that, as soon as perspiration was induced, he might desist for the time, as that would be a proof of the medicine being received into the general system. The effect, we are told, was marvellous : and, looking to the principle just stated, to the cheerful nervous stimulus arising from the confident expectation of a cure, and to the consequent advantages of exercise thus judiciously managed, we have no reason to doubt that the fable is in perfect accordance with nature.

The story of an Englishman who conceived himself so ill as to be unable to stir, but who was prevailed upon by his medical advisers to go down from London to consult an eminent physician at Inverness who did not exist, may serve as another illustration. The stimulus of expecting the means of cure from the northern luminary was sufficient to enable the patient not only to bear, but to reap benefit from, the exertion of making the journey down ; and his wrath at finding no such person at Inverness, and perceiving that he had been tricked, sustained him in returning, so that on his arrival at home he was nearly cured. Hence also the superiority of battledore and shuttlecock, and similar games, which require society and some mental stimulus, over listless exercise. It is, in fact, a positive misnomer to call a solemn procession *exercise*. Nature will not be cheated ; and the healthful results of complete cheerful exertion will never be obtained

where the nervous impulse which animates the muscles is denied.

It must not, however, be supposed, that a walk simply for the sake of exercise can never be beneficial. If a person be thoroughly satisfied that exercise is requisite, and perfectly *will-ing* or rather desirous, to obey the call which demands it, he is, from that very circumstance, in a fit state for deriving benefit from it, because the *desire* then becomes a sufficient nervous impulse, and one in perfect harmony with the muscular action. It is only where a person goes to walk, either from a sense of duty, or at the command of another, but against his own inclination, that exercise is comparatively useless.

This constitution of nature, whereby a mental impulse is required to direct and excite muscular action, points to the propriety of teaching the young to observe and examine the qualities and arrangements of external objects. The most pleasing and healthful exercise may be thus secured, and every step be made to add to useful knowledge and to individual enjoyment. The botanist, the geologist, and the natural historian, experience pleasures in their walks and rambles, of which, from disuse of their eyes and observing powers, the multitude is deprived. This truth is acted upon by many teachers in Germany. In our own country, too, it is beginning to be felt, and one of the professed objects of infant education is to correct the omission. It must not, however, be supposed that *any* kind of mental activity will give the necessary stimulus to muscular action, and that, in walking, it will do equally well to read a book or carry on a train of abstract thinking, as to seek the necessary nervous stimulus in picking up plants, hammering rocks, or engaging in games. This were a great mistake; for in such cases the nervous impulse is *opposed* rather than favourable to muscular action. Ready and pleasant mental activity, like that which accompanies easy conversation with a friend, is indeed beneficial, by diffusing a gentle stimulus over the nervous system; and it may be laid down as a general rule that any agreeable employment of an inspiring and active kind, and which does not absorb the mind,

adds to the advantages of muscular exercise ; but wherever the mind is engaged in reading, or in abstract speculation, the muscles are drained, as it were, of their nervous energy, by reason of the great exhaustion of it by the brain ; the active will to set them in motion is proportionally weakened, and their action is reduced to that inanimate kind I have already condemned as almost useless. From this exposition, the reader will be able to appreciate the hurtfulness of the practice in many boarding-schools of sending out the girls to walk with a book in their hands, and even obliging them to learn by heart while in the act of walking. It would be difficult, indeed, to invent a method by which the ends in view could be more completely defeated, as regards both mind and body. The very effort of fixing the mind on the printed page when in motion, strains the attention, impedes the act of breathing, distracts the nervous influence, and thus deprives the exercise of all its advantages. For true and beneficial exercise there must, in cases where the mind is seriously occupied, be harmony of action between the mind which impels and the part which obeys and acts. The will and the muscles must be both directed to the same end, and, at the same time, otherwise the effect will be imperfect. But in reading during exercise, this can never be the case. The force exerted by strong muscles, animated by strong nervous impulse or will, is prodigiously greater than when the impulse is weak or discordant ; and as man was made not to do two things at once, but to direct his whole powers to one thing at a time, he has ever excelled most when he has followed this law of his nature.

113.—Dying Thoughts.

BAXTER.

[RICHARD BAXTER, one of the most remarkable theologians of the difficult and dangerous times of the seventeenth century, was born in 1615, and spent his childhood at Eaton Constantine, near Shrewsbury. His education was irregular, for he could never obtain the means of going to the University, and in most of his acquirements was self-taught. He was, however, ordained, at

the age of twenty-three, by the Bishop of Worcester. In 1640, he became the officiating clergyman at the parish church of Kidderminster; but the breaking out of the civil wars placed him in a difficult position. He endeavoured to steer between the extreme opinions of either party, and thus gave satisfaction to none. He followed the Parliamentary army, where he incessantly preached to the soldiery; but he opposed the overthrow of the monarchy, and subsequently denounced Cromwell as a rebel and a traitor. Upon the restoration of Charles II., he was appointed one of the king's chaplains; but, under the Act of Uniformity in 1662, he was banished from the pale of the English Church, with two thousand other divines. He thus became one of the great leaders of the Nonconformists, and was persecuted in various ways, till the Revolution of 1688 established the principles of toleration. His theological writings are most numerous; some, of course, have fallen into the same oblivion as the controversies which called them forth; but his practical writings, which were collected about ten years ago, in four octavo volumes, are enduring examples of subtle intellect and untiring energy, united to rare piety and benevolence. The great Barrow said of him, "His practical writings were never mended, and his controversial ones seldom confuted." Baxter died in 1691.]

When I die, I must depart, not only from sensual delights, but from the more manly pleasures of my studies, knowledge, and converse with many wise and godly men, and from all my pleasure in reading, hearing, public and private exercises of religion, &c. I must leave my library, and turn over those pleasant books no more; I must no more come among the living, nor see the faces of my faithful friends, nor be seen of man; houses, and cities, and fields, and countries, gardens and walks, will be nothing as to me. I shall no more hear of the affairs of the world, of man, or wars, or other news, nor see what becomes of that beloved interest of wisdom, piety, and peace, which I desire may prosper, &c.

I answer—though these delights are far above those of sensual sinners, yet, alas! how low and little are they! How small is our knowledge in comparison of our ignorance! And how little doth the knowledge of learned doctors differ from the thoughts of a silly child! For from our childhood we take it in but by drops; and as trifles are the matter of childish knowledge, so words and notions, and artificial forms, do make up more of the learning of the world than is commonly understood; and many such learned

men know little more of any great and excellent things themselves, than rustics that are contemned by them for their ignorance. God and the life to come are little better known by them, if not much less, than by many of the unlearned. What is it but a child-game that many logicians, rhetoricians, grammarians, yea, metaphysicians, and other philosophers, in their eagerest studies and disputes, are exercised in? Of how little use is it to know what is contained in many hundreds of the volumes that fill our libraries; yea, or to know many of the most glorious speculations in physics, mathematics, &c., which have given some the title of virtuosi and ingeniosi, in these times, who have little the more wit and virtue to live to God, or overcome temptations from the flesh and the world, and to secure their everlasting hopes; what pleasure or quiet doth it give to a dying man to know almost any of their trifles?

Yea, it were well if much of our reading and learning did us no harm, and more than good. I fear lest books are to some but a more honourable kind of temptation than cards and dice; lest many a precious hour be lost in them, that should be employed on much higher matters, and lest many make such knowledge but an unholy, natural, yea, carnal pleasure, as worldlings do the thoughts of their lands and honours; and lest they be the more dangerous, by how much the less suspected; but the best is, it is a pleasure so fenced from the slothful with thorny labour of hard and long studies, that laziness saveth more from it than grace and holy wisdom doth. But doubtless fancy and the natural intellect may with as little sanctity live in the pleasure of reading, knowing, disputing, and writing, as others spend their time at a game at chess, or other ingenious sport.

For my own part, I know that the knowledge of natural things is valuable, and may be sanctified, much more theological theory; and when it is so, it is of good use: and I have little knowledge which I find not some way useful to my highest ends. And if wishing or money would procure more, I would wish and empty my purse for it; but yet, if many score or hundred books which I have read had been all unread, and I had that time now to lay

out upon higher things, I should think myself much richer than now I am. And I must earnestly pray, the Lord forgive me the hours that I have spent in reading things less profitable, for the pleasing of a mind that would fain know all, which I should have spent for the increase of holiness in myself and others ; and yet I must thankfully acknowledge to God, that from my youth He taught me to begin with things of greatest weight, and to refer most of my other studies thereto, and to spend my days under the motives of necessity and profit to myself, and those with whom I had to do. And I now think better of the course of Paul, that determined to know nothing but a crucified Christ among the Corinthians ; that is, so to converse with them as to use and glorying, as if he knew nothing else ; and so of the rest of the apostles and primitive ages. And though I still love and honour the fullest knowledge, (and am not of Dr Collet's mind, who, as Erasmus saith, most slighted Augustine,) yet I less censure even that Carthage council, which forbade the reading of the heathen's books of learning and arts, than formerly I have done. And I would have men savour most that learning in their health, which they will or should savour most in sickness, and near to death.

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But the chief answer is yet behind. No knowledge is lost, but perfected, and changed for much nobler, sweeter, greater knowledge. Let men be never so uncertain in particular *de modo*, whether acquired habits of intellect and memory die with us, as being dependent on the body ; yet, by what manner soever, that a far clearer knowledge we shall have than is here attainable, is not to be doubted of. And the cessation of our present mode of knowing is but the cessation of our ignorance and imperfection ; as our wakening endeth a dreaming knowledge, and our maturity endeth the trifling knowledge of a child ; for so saith the Holy Ghost, "Love never faileth," (and we can love no more than we know ;) "but whether there be prophecies, they shall fail, (that is, cease ;) whether there be tongues, they shall cease ; whether there be knowledge, (notional and abstractive, such as we have now,) it

shall vanish away ;" "when I was a child, I spake as a child, understood as a child, I thought as a child ; but when I became a man, I put away childish things, for now we see through a glass," per species, "darkly," as men understand a thing by a metaphor, parable, or riddle, "but then face to face," even creatures intuitively, as in themselves, naked and open to our sight : "now I know in part," not *rem, sed aliquid rei*, (not the reality itself, but something of the reality,) in which sense Sanchez truly saith, *nihil scitur*, "but then shall I know even as I am known ;" not as God knoweth us, for our knowledge and His must not be so comparatively likened, but as holy spirits know us both now and for ever, we shall both know and be known by immediate intuition.

If a physician be to describe the parts of man, and the latent diseases of his patient, he is fain to search hard, and bestow many thoughts of it, besides his long reading and converse, to make him capable of knowing ; and when all is done, he goeth much upon conjectures, and his knowledge is mixed with many uncertainties, yea, and mistakes ; but when he openeth the corpse, he seeth all, and his knowledge is more full, more true, and more certain, besides that it is easily and quickly attained, even by a present look. A countryman knoweth the town, the fields, and rivers where he dwelleth, yea, and the plants and animals, with ease and certain clearness ; when he that must know the same things by the study of geographical writings and tables, must know them but with a general, an unsatisfactory, and oft a much mistaking kind of knowledge. Alas, when our present knowledge hath cost a man the study of forty, or fifty, or sixty years, how lean and poor, how doubtful and unsatisfactory, is it after all ! But when God will show us Himself and all things, and when heaven is known, as the sun, by its own light, this will be the clear, sure, and satisfactory knowledge. "Blessed are the pure in heart : for they shall see God ;" and without holiness none can see Him. This sight will be worthy the name of wisdom, when our present glimpse is but philosophy, a love and desire of wisdom. So far should we be from fearing death, through the fear of losing our knowledge, or any of the means of knowledge, that it should

make us rather long for the world of glorious light, that we might get out of this darkness, and know all that with an easy look, to our joy and satisfaction, which here we know with troublesome doubtings, or not at all. Shall we be afraid of darkness in the heavenly light, or of ignorance, when we see the Lord of glory?

And as for our friends, and our converse with them as relations, or as wise, religious, and faithful to us, he that believeth not that there are far more and far better in heaven than are on earth, doth not believe as he ought that there is a heaven. Our friends here are wise, but they are unwise also: they are faithful, but partly unfaithful; they are holy, but also, alas! too sinful; they have the image of God, but blotted and dishonoured by their faults; they do God and His Church much service, but they also do much against Him, and too much for Satan, even when they intend the honour of God; they promote the gospel, but they also hinder it; their weakness, ignorance, error, selfishness, pride, passion, division, contention, scandals, and remission, do oft so much hurt that it is hard to discern whether it be not greater than their good to the Church or to their neighbours. Our friends are our helpers and comforters; but how oft, alas, they are our hinderers, troubles, and grief! But in heaven they are altogether wise, and holy, and faithful, and concordant, and have nothing in them, nor is there ought done by them there but what is amiable to God and man.

And with our faithful friends we have here a mixture, partly of useless and burdensome persons, and partly of unfaithful hypocrites, and partly of self-conceited factious wranglers, and partly of malicious envious underminers, and partly of implacable enemies. And how many of all these set together is there for one worthy faithful friend? And how great a number is there to trouble you, for one that will indeed comfort you? But in heaven there are none but the wise and holy; no hypocrites, no burdensome neighbours, no treacherous, or oppressing, or persecuting enemies are there. And is not all good and amiable better than a little good with so troublesome a mixture of noisome evils?

Christ loved His disciples, His kindred, yea, and all mankind,

and took pleasure in doing good to all ; and so did His apostles ; but how poor a requital had he or they from any but God ! Christ's own brethren believed not in Him, but wrangled with Him ; almost like those that said to Him on the cross, " If thou be the Son of God, come down and we will believe." Peter himself was once a Satan to Him, and after, with cursing and swearing, denied Him : and all His disciples forsook Him and fled ; and what, then, from others could be expected ?

No friends have a perfect suitableness to each other ; and roughness and inequalities that are nearest us are most troublesome. The wonderful variety and contrariety of apprehension, interest, educations, temperaments, occasions, and temptations, &c., are such, that whilst we are scandalised at the discord and confusions of the world, we must recall ourselves, and admire that all-ruling Providence which keepeth up so much order and concord as there is. We are, indeed, like people in crowded streets, who, going several ways, molest each other with their justling oppositions ; or, like boys at football, striving to overthrow each other for the ball. But it is a wonder of Divine power and wisdom that all the world is not continually in mortal war.

And of all things, surely a departing soul hath least cause to fear the losing of its notice of the affairs of the world ; of peace or wars, or Church or kingdoms. For, if the sun can send forth its material beams, and operate by motion, light, and heat, at such a distance as this earth, why should I think that blessed spirits are such local, confined, and impotent substances, as not to have notice of the things of earth ? Had I but bodily eyes, I could see more from the top of a tower or hill than any one that is below can do. And shall I know less of earth from heaven, than I do now ? It is unlike that my capacity will be so little : and if it were, it is unlike that Christ and all the angels will be so strange to me, as to give me no notice of things that so much concern my God and my Redeemer (to whom I am united) and of the holy society of which I am a part, and myself as a member of Christ and that society ! I do not think that the

communion of the celestial inhabitants is so narrow and slow, as it is of walking clods of earth, and of souls that are confined to such dark lanterns as this body is. Stars can shine one to another; and we on earth can see them so far off in their heaven; and sure, then, if they have a seeing faculty, each of them can see many of us; even the kingdoms of the world. Spirits are most active, and of powerful and quick communication. They need not send letters, nor write books to one another, nor lift up a voice to make each other hear; nor is there any unkindness, division, or unsociable selfishness among them, which may cause them to conceal their notices or their joys; but as activity, so unity is greatest where there is most perfection; they will so be many as yet to be one; and their knowledge will be one knowledge, and their love one love, and their joy one joy; not by so perfect a unity as God himself, who is one, and but one; but such as is suitable to created imperfection, which participates of the perfection of the Creator, as the effect doth of the virtue of the cause, and therefore hath some participation of his unity. Oh, foolish soul! if I shall fear this unity with God, Christ, and all the holy spirits, lest I should lose my present separate individuation, when perfection and union are so near akin. In a word, I have no cause to think that my celestial advancement will be a diminution of any desirable knowledge, even of things on earth; but contrarily, that it will be inconceivably increased.

114.—The Mocking-Bird.

ALEXANDER WILSON.

[ONE of the most splendid works of Natural History ever produced is the "American Ornithology," of Alexander Wilson, in nine folio volumes, full of coloured engravings. This work was published in the United States from 1808 to 1813. No learned society gave it encouragement; no distinguished name in the world of science was its author. A poor Scotch pedlar, who had left his native country in the hope of bettering his fortune, was the writer and the artist who, unaided except by the general public support, produced the most superb book of its class that the world had then seen. Alexander Wilson was born

at Paisley, in 1766. He was apprenticed to a weaver, and afterwards worked as a journeyman at his trade. Subsequently he became a pedlar, and wrote verses whilst he rambled about the country, selling his wares, and endeavouring to procure subscriptions for a volume of his poems. He was thus unconsciously laying the foundation for his great work. His early habits of poetical composition gave him a command of language; his wandering habits fitted him for the laborious journeys which he took through the great American continent. In the United States he was weaver, pedlar, land-measurer, and schoolmaster. His taste for natural history was developed by Mr Bartram, a celebrated botanist, and he was taught to draw by Mr Lawson, an engraver. At length, in 1808, he published the first volume of his "*Ornithology*." With this volume under his arm he wandered from town to town, endeavouring to obtain subscribers with small success; but he persevered, sometimes rowing himself in a skiff upon the great rivers, at others plunging into the depths of the forest with his fowling-piece, and his scanty store of biscuits and dried beef. Whenever he shot a remarkable bird, he made a drawing of it and a description on the spot. His book soon came to have a European reputation. Well did he deserve his hard-earned fame. As a writer he has a merit which seldom belongs to systematic naturalists; his descriptions are at once accurate and brilliant. He looks at Nature with the eye of a poet; he describes with an exactness which might satisfy the most rigid classifier. Wilson died from a sudden illness in Philadelphia, in 1813. His book has been reprinted in several forms in this country.]

Among the many novelties which the discovery of this part of the western continent first brought into notice, we may reckon that of the Mocking-bird, which is not only peculiar to the new world, but inhabits a very considerable extent of both North and South America; having been traced from the states of New England to Brazil; and also among many of the adjacent islands. These birds are, however, much more numerous in those states south, than in those north, of the river Delaware; being generally migratory in the latter, and resident (at least many of them) in the former. A warm climate, and low country, not far from the sea, seem most congenial to their nature; accordingly we find the species less numerous to the west than east of the great range of the Alleghany, in the same parallels of latitude. In the severe winter of 1808-9, I found these birds, occasionally, from Fredericksburg in Virginia, to the southern parts of Georgia; becoming still more numerous the farther I advanced to the south. The

berries of the red cedar, myrtle, holly, cassine shrub, many species of smilax, together with gum berries, gall berries, and a profusion of others with which the luxuriant swampy thickets of those regions abound, furnish them with a perpetual feast. Winged insects, also, of which they are very fond, and remarkably expert at catching, abound there even in winter, and are an additional inducement to residency. Though rather a shy bird in the northern states, here he appeared almost half domesticated, feeding on the cedars and among the thickets of smilax that lined the roads,



while I passed within a few feet; playing around the planter's door, and hopping along the shingles. During the month of February, I sometimes heard a solitary one singing; but on the second of March, in the neighbourhood of Savannah, numbers of them were heard on every hand, vying in song with each other, and, with the brown thrush, making the whole woods vocal with their melody. Spring was at that time considerably advanced; and the thermometer ranging between seventy and seventy-eight degrees. On arriving at New York, on the twenty-second of the same month, I found many parts of the country still covered with

snow, and the streets piled with ice to the height of two feet, while neither the brown thrush nor Mocking-bird was observed, even in the lower parts of Pennsylvania, until the twentieth of April.

The precise time at which the Mocking-bird begins to build his nest varies according to the latitude in which he resides. In the lower parts of Georgia he commences building early in April; but in Pennsylvania rarely before the tenth of May; and in New York, and the states of New England, still later. There are particular situations to which he gives the preference. A solitary thorn-bush; an almost impenetrable thicket; an orange-tree, cedar, or holly-bush, are favourite spots, and frequently selected. It is no great objection with him that these happen, sometimes, to be near the farm or mansion-house: always ready to defend, but never over-anxious to conceal, his nest, he very often builds within a small distance of the house; and not unfrequently in a pear or apple-tree; rarely at a greater height than six or seven feet from the ground. The nest varies a little with different individuals, according to the conveniency of collecting suitable materials. A very complete one is now lying before me, and is composed of the following substances:—First, a quantity of dry twigs and sticks, then withered tops of weeds of the preceding year, intermixed with fine straws, hay, pieces of wool and tow; and, lastly, a thick layer of fine fibrous roots, of a light brown colour, lines the whole. The eggs are four, sometimes five, of a cinerous blue, marked with large blotches of brown. The female sits fourteen days; and generally produces two broods in the season, unless robbed of her eggs, in which case she will even build and lay the third time. She is, however, extremely jealous of her nest, and very apt to forsake it, if much disturbed. It is even asserted by some of our bird dealers, that the old ones will actually destroy the eggs, and *poison* the young, if either the one or the other have been handled. But I cannot give credit to this unnatural report. I know, from my own experience, at least, that it is not always their practice; neither have I ever witnessed a case of the kind above mentioned. During the period of incubation, neither cat,

dog, animal, or man can approach the nest without being attacked. The cats, in particular, are persecuted whenever they make their appearance, till obliged to retreat. But his whole vengeance is particularly directed against that mortal enemy of his eggs and young, the black snake. Whenever the insidious approaches of this reptile are discovered, the male darts upon it with the rapidity of an arrow, dexterously eluding its bite, and striking it violently and incessantly about the head, where it is very vulnerable. The snake soon becomes sensible of its danger, and seeks to escape; but the intrepid defender of his young redoubles his exertions, and, unless his antagonist be of great magnitude, often succeeds in destroying him. All its pretended powers of fascination avail it nothing against the vengeance of this noble bird. As the snake's strength begins to flag, the Mocking-bird seizes and lifts it up partly from the ground, beating it with its wings, and when the business is completed, he returns to the repository of his young, mounts the summit of the bush, and pours out a torrent of song in token of victory.

The plumage of the Mocking-bird, though none of the homeliest, has nothing gaudy or brilliant in it; and, had he nothing else to recommend him, would scarcely entitle him to notice, but his figure is well-proportioned and even handsome. The ease, elegance, and rapidity of his movements, the animation of his eye, and the intelligence he displays in listening and laying up lessons from almost every species of the feathered creation within his hearing, are really surprising, and mark the peculiarity of his genius. To these qualities we may add that of a voice full, strong, and musical, and capable of almost every modulation, from the clear mellow tones of the wood-thrush to the savage scream of the bald eagle. In measure and accent he faithfully follows his originals. In force and sweetness of expression he greatly improves upon them. In his native groves, mounted on the top of a tall bush or half-grown tree, in the dawn of a dewy morning, while the woods are already vocal with a multitude of warblers, his admirable song rises pre-eminent over every competitor. The ear can listen to *his* music alone, to which that of all the others

seems a mere accompaniment. Neither is this strain altogether imitative. His own native notes, which are easily distinguishable by such as are well acquainted with those of our various song birds, are bold and full, and varied seemingly beyond all limits. They consist of short expressions of two, three, or at the most five or six syllables ; generally interspersed with imitations, and all of them uttered with great emphasis and rapidity ; and continued, with undiminished ardour, for half-an-hour, or an hour, at a time. His expanded wings and tail, glistening with white, and the buoyant gaiety of his action, arresting the eye, as his song most irresistibly does the ear. He sweeps round with enthusiastic ecstasy — he mounts and descends as his song swells or dies away ; and, as my friend Mr Bartram has beautifully expressed it, “He bounds aloft with the celerity of an arrow, as if to recover or recall his very soul, expired in the last elevated strain.” While thus exerting himself, a bystander destitute of sight would suppose that the whole feathered tribe had assembled together, on a trial of skill, each striving to produce his utmost effect ; so perfect are his imitations. He many times deceives the sportsman, and sends him in search of birds that perhaps are not within miles of him, but whose notes he exactly imitates : even birds themselves are frequently imposed on by this admirable mimic, and are decoyed by the fancied calls of their mates ; or dive, with precipitation, into the depths of thickets at the scream of what they suppose to be the sparrow hawk.

The Mocking-bird loses little of the power and energy of his song by confinement. In his domesticated state, when he commences his career of song, it is impossible to stand by uninterested. He whistles for the dog ; Cæsar starts up, wags his tail, and runs to meet his master. He squeaks out like a hurt chicken, and the hen hurries about with hanging wings, and bristled feathers, clucking to protect its injured brood. The barking of the dog, the mewing of the cat, the creaking of a passing wheelbarrow, follow with great truth and rapidity. He repeats the tune taught him by his master, though of considerable length, fully and faithfully. He runs over the quiverings of the canary,

and the clear whistlings of the Virginian nightingale, or red-bird, with such superior execution and effect, that the mortified songsters feel their own inferiority, and become altogether silent ; while he seems to triumph in their defeat by redoubling his exertions.

This excessive fondness for variety, however, in the opinion of some, injures his song. His elevated imitations of the brown thrush are frequently interrupted by the crowing of cocks ; and the warblings of the blue-bird, which he exquisitely manages, are mingled with the screaming of swallows, or the cackling of hens ; amidst the simple melody of the robin we are suddenly surprised by the shrill reiterations of the whip-poor-will ; while the notes of the kildeer, blue jay, martin, baltimore, and twenty others, succeed with such imposing reality, that we look round for the originals, and discover, with astonishment, that the sole performer in this singular *concert* is the admirable bird now before us. During this exhibition of his powers he spreads his wings, expands his tail, and throws himself around the cage in all the ecstasy of enthusiasm, seeming not only to sing, but to dance, keeping time to the measure of his own music. Both in his native and domesticated state, during the solemn stillness of night, as soon as the moon rises in silent majesty, he begins his delightful solo ; and serenades us the livelong night with a full display of his vocal powers, making the whole neighbourhood ring with his inimitable medley.

115.—Crabbe and Burke.

[IN a notice of George Crabbe, we have said that he was rescued from poverty by the kindness of Edmund Burke. The circumstances of this kindness are thus detailed in the interesting life of the poet, by his son, the Rev. George Crabbe.]

It is to be regretted that Mr Crabbe's journal does not extend over more than three months of the miserable year that he spent in the city, (1781.) During the whole of that time he experienced

nothing but disappointments and repulses. His circumstances were now, indeed, fearfully critical: absolute want stared him in the face: a gaol seemed the only immediate refuge for his head; and the best he could hope for was dismissing all his dreams of literary distinction, to find the means of daily bread in the capacity of a druggist's assistant. To borrow, without any prospect of repaying, was what his honesty shrunk from; to beg was misery, and promised, moreover, to be fruitless. A spirit less manly and less religious must have sunk altogether under such an accumulation of sorrows.

Mr Crabbe made one effort more. In his "sketch" he says: "He did not so far mistake as to believe that any name can give lasting reputation to an undeserving work; but he was fully persuaded that it must be some very meritorious and extraordinary performance, such as he had not the vanity to suppose himself capable of producing, that would become popular, without the introductory *probat* of some well-known and distinguished character. Thus thinking, and having now his first serious attempt completed, afraid of venturing without a guide, doubtful whom to select, knowing many by reputation, none personally—he fixed, impelled by some propitious influence, in some happy moment, upon Edmund Burke—one of the first of Englishmen, and, in the capacity and energy of his mind, one of the greatest of human beings."

The letter which the young poet addressed to Burke must have been seen by Mr Prior, when he composed his life of the great statesman; but that work had been published for nine years before any of Mr Crabbe's family were aware that a copy of it had been preserved; nor had they any exact knowledge of the extremity of distress which this remarkable letter describes, until the hand that penned it was in the grave. It is as follows:—

"TO EDMUND BURKE, Esq.

"SIR,—I am sensible that I need even your talents to apologise for the freedom I now take; but I have a plea which, however simply urged, will, with a mind like yours, sir, procure me a

pardon ; I am one of those outcasts on the world, who are without a friend, without employment, without bread.

“Pardon me a short preface. I had a partial father, who gave me a better education than his broken fortunes would have allowed ; and a better than was necessary, as he could give me that only. I was designed for the profession of physic ; but not having wherewithal to complete the requisite studies, the design but served to convince me of a parent’s affection, and the error it had occasioned. In April last I came to London, with three pounds, and flattered myself this would be sufficient to supply me with the common necessities of life, till my abilities should procure me more ; of these I had the highest opinion, and a poetical vanity contributed to my delusion. I knew little of the world, and had read books only ; I wrote, and fancied perfection in my compositions ; when I wanted bread they promised me affluence, and soothed me with dreams of reputation, whilst my appearance subjected me to contempt.

“Time, reflection, and want, have shown me my mistake. I see my trifles in that which I think the true light ; and, whilst I deem them such, have yet the opinion that holds them superior to the common run of poetical publications.

“I had some knowledge of the late Mr Nassau, the brother of Lord Rochford ; in consequence of which, I asked his lordship’s permission to inscribe my little work to him. Knowing it to be free from all political allusions and personal abuse, it was no very material point to me to whom it was dedicated. His lordship thought it none to him, and obligingly consented to my request.

“I was told that a subscription would be the more profitable method for me, and, therefore, endeavoured to circulate copies of the enclosed proposals.

“I am afraid, sir, I disgust you with this very dull narrative, but believe me punished in the misery that occasions it. You will conclude that, during this time, I must have been at more expense than I could afford ; indeed, the most parsimonious could not have afforded it. The printer deceived me, and my little business has had every delay. The people with whom I live

perceive my situation, and find me to be indigent and without friends. About ten days since, I was compelled to give a note for seven pounds, to avoid an arrest for about double that sum, which I owe. I wrote to every friend I had, but my friends are poor likewise; the time of payment approached, and I ventured to represent my case to Lord Rochford. I begged to be credited for this sum till I received it of my subscribers, which, I believe, will be within one month; but to this letter I had no reply, and I have probably offended by my importunity. Having used every honest means in vain, I yesterday confessed my inability, and obtained, with much entreaty, and as the greatest favour, a week's forbearance, when I am positively told that I must pay the money, or prepare for a prison.

"You will guess the purpose of so long an introduction. I appeal to you, sir, as a good, and let me add, a great man. I have no other pretensions to your favour than that I am an unhappy one. It is not easy to support the thoughts of confinement; and I am coward enough to dread such an end to my suspense.

"Can you, sir, in any degree, aid me with propriety? Will you ask any demonstrations of my veracity? I have imposed upon myself, but I have been guilty of no other imposition. Let me, if possible, interest your compassion. I know those of rank and fortune are teased with frequent petitions, and are compelled to refuse the requests even of those whom they know to be in distress; it is, therefore, with a distant hope I ventured to solicit such favour; but you will forgive me, sir, if you do not think proper to relieve. It is impossible that sentiments like yours can proceed from any but a humane and generous heart.

"I will call upon you, sir, to-morrow, and if I have not the happiness to obtain credit with you, I must submit to my fate. My existence is a pain to myself, and every one near and dear to me are distressed in my distresses. My connexions, once the source of happiness, now embitter the reverse of my fortune, and I have only to hope a speedy end to a life so unpromisingly begun; in which (though it ought not to be boasted of) I can reap

some consolation from looking to the end of it. I am, sir, with the greatest respect, your obedient and most humble servant,

“GEORGE CRABBE.”

Mr Burke was, at this period, (1781,) engaged in the hottest turmoils of parliamentary opposition, and his own pecuniary circumstances were by no means very affluent: yet he gave instant attention to this letter, and the verses which it enclosed. He immediately appointed an hour for my father to call upon him at his house in London; and the short interview that ensued entirely and for ever changed the nature of his worldly fortunes. He was, in the common phrase, “a made man” from that hour. He went into Mr Burke’s room a poor young adventurer, spurned by the opulent, and rejected by the publishers, his last shilling gone, and all but his last hope with it; he came out virtually secure of almost all the good fortune that, by successive steps, afterwards fell to his lot—his genius acknowledged by one whose verdict could not be questioned—his character and manners appreciated and approved by a noble and capacious heart, whose benevolence knew no limits but its power—that of a giant in intellect, who was, in feeling, an unsophisticated child—a bright example of the close affinity between superlative talents, and the warmth of the generous affections. Mr Crabbe had afterwards many other friends, kind, liberal, and powerful, who assisted him in his professional career; but it was one hand alone that rescued him when he was *sinking*. In reflecting upon the consequences of the letter to Burke—the happiness, the exultation, the inestimable benefits that resulted to my father,—ascribing, indeed, my own existence to that great and good man’s condescension and prompt kindness, I may be pardoned for dwelling upon that interview with feelings of gratitude which I should but in vain endeavour to express.

But, sensible as I am of the importance of Mr Burke’s interference in my father’s behalf, I would not imply that there was not ample desert to call it forth. Enlarged as was Mr Burke’s benevolence, had not the writings which were submitted to his inspection possessed the marks of real genius, the applicant would pro-

bably have been dismissed with a little pecuniary assistance. I must add that, even had his poems been eminently meritorious, it is not to be supposed that the author would have at once excited the strongest personal interest in such a mind, unless he had, during this interview, exhibited the traits of a pure and worthy character. Nay, had there appeared any offensive peculiarities of manner and address—either presumption or meanness—though the young poet might have received both kindness and patronage, can any one dream that Mr Burke would have at once taken up his cause with the zeal of a friend, domesticated him under his own roof, and treated him like a son? In mentioning his new *protégé*, a few days afterwards, to Reynolds, Burke said, “He has the mind and feelings of a gentleman.” Sir Joshua told this, years later, to my grateful father himself.

116.—The History of a Philosophic Vagabond.

GOLDSMITH.

[THE name of Oliver Goldsmith is, by most persons who are familiar with his writings, pronounced with a sort of affectionate warmth, not unmingled with pity. We know that he wanted strength of purpose, and that he was a creature of impulse,—but we do not love him the less for these failings. He stands in singular contrast with the one other great literary name of his generation, Samuel Johnson; and, if truth be told, we have an irrepressible sympathy for Johnson’s butt, “who wrote like an angel, and talked like poor Poll,” which we cannot altogether feel for the literary dictator whom Boswell has immortalised. We should like to have some record of how “poor Poll” *did* talk, more full and less prejudiced than the testimony of the wondering Scot, whose only notion of conversation was discussion, discussion, discussion. We have no such record; but we have “The Vicar of Wakefield,” “The Citizen of the World,” “She Stoops to Conquer,” “Retaliation, and who then shall dare to think that Oliver Goldsmith could be prosy? We have, moreover, the admirable “Life” of Mr Forster, who has estimated Goldsmith at a higher worth than any previous biographer; and has cleared away many of the common notions of his loose gable and childish vanity derived from Boswell. We give the following extract from “The Vicar of Wakefield,” because it is generally thought to contain an outline of some passages of Goldsmith’s own chequered life. He was born in 1728, in the county of Longford, Ireland, being the fifth of seven children of a poor clergyman; was educated at Trinity College, Dublin;

studied physic at Leyden ; led a wandering life for some time ; and came to London a literary adventurer, about 1756. Much of his employment was task-work ; but in all he did there are to be found the traces of a facile genius. He died in 1774, at the early age of forty-five.]

The first misfortune of my life, which you all know, was great ; but though it distressed, it could not sink me. No person ever had a better knack at hoping than I. The less kind I found Fortune at one time, the more I expected from her another ; and being now at the bottom of her wheel, every new revolution might lift, but could not depress me. I proceeded, therefore, towards London in a fine morning, no way uneasy about to-morrow, but cheerful as the birds that carolled by the road, and comforting myself with reflecting that London was the mart where abilities of every kind were sure of meeting distinction and reward.

Upon my arrival in town, sir, my first care was to deliver your letter of recommendation to our cousin, who was himself in little better circumstances than I. My first scheme you know, sir, was to be usher at an academy, and I asked his advice on the affair. Our cousin received the proposal with a true sardonic grin. Ay, cried he, this is indeed a very pretty career that has been chalked out for you. I have been an usher at a boarding-school myself ; and may I die by an anodyne necklace, but I had rather be an under-turnkey in Newgate. I was up early and late ; I was brow beat by the master, hated for my ugly face by the mistress ; worried by the boys within, and never permitted to stir out to meet civility abroad.—But are you sure you are fit for a school ? Let me examine you a little. Have you been bred apprentice to the business ? No. Then you won't do for a school. Can you dress the boy's hair ? No. Then you won't do for a school. Have you had the small-pox ? No. Then you won't do for a school. Can you lie three in a bed ? No. Then you will never do for a school. Have you got a good stomach ? Yes. Then you will by no means do for a school. No, sir, if you are for a genteel, easy profession, bind yourself for seven years as an apprentice to turn a cutler's wheel ; but avoid a school by any means. Yet, come, continued he, I see you are a lad of spirit and some

learning, what do you think of commencing author, like me? You have read in books, no doubt, of men of genius starving at the trade; at present I'll show you forty very dull fellows about town that live by it in opulence. All honest jog-trot men, who go on smoothly and dully, and write history and politics, and are praised—men, sir, who, had they been bred cobblers, would all their lives have only mended shoes, but never made them.

Finding that there was no great degree of gentility affixed to the character of an usher, I resolved to accept his proposal, and, having the highest respect for literature, hailed the *antiqua mater* of Grub Street with reverence. I thought it my glory to pursue a track which Dryden and Otway trod before me. I considered the goddess of this region as the parent of excellence; and, however an intercourse with the world might give us good sense, the poverty she entailed I supposed to be the nurse of genius. Big with these reflections, I sat down, and, finding that the best things remained to be said on the wrong side, I resolved to write a book that should be wholly new. I therefore dressed up three paradoxes with ingenuity. They were false, indeed, but they were new. The jewels of truth have been so often imported by others, that nothing was left for me to import, but some splendid thing that, at a distance, looked every bit as well. Witness, you powers, what fancied importance sat perched upon my quill while I was writing! The whole learned world, I made no doubt, would rise to oppose my systems; but then I was prepared to oppose the whole learned world. Like the porcupine I sat self-collected, with a quill pointed against every opposer. . . .

The learned world said nothing to my paradoxes—nothing at all. Every man of them was employed in praising his friends and himself, or condemning his enemies: and, unfortunately, as I had neither, I suffered the cruellest mortification, neglect.

As I was meditating one day in a coffee-house on the fate of my paradoxes, a little man, happening to enter the room, placed himself in a box before me, and after some preliminary discourse, finding me to be a scholar, drew out a bundle of proposals, begging me to subscribe to a new edition he was going to give to the

world of Propertius, with notes. This demand necessarily produced a reply that I had no money ; and that concession led him to inquire into the nature of my expectations. Finding that my expectations were just as great as my purse, I see, cried he, you are unacquainted with the town : I'll teach you a part of it. Look at these proposals ; upon these very proposals I have subsisted very comfortably for twelve years. The moment a nobleman returns from his travels, a Creolian arrives from Jamaica, or a dowager from her country seat, I strike for a subscription. I first besiege their hearts with flattery, and then pour in my proposals at the breach. If they subscribe readily the first time, I renew my request to beg a dedication fee. If they let me have that, I smite them once more for engraving their coat of arms at the top. Thus, continued he, I live by vanity, and laugh at it. But between ourselves, I am now too well known ; I should be glad to borrow your face a bit : a nobleman of distinction has just returned from Italy ; my face is familiar to his porter ; but if you bring this copy of verses, my life for it you succeed, and we divide the spoil.

Having a mind too proud to stoop to such indignities, and yet a fortune too humble to hazard a second attempt for fame, I was now obliged to take a middle course, and write for bread. But I was unqualified for a profession where mere industry alone was to ensure success. I could not suppress my lurking passion for applause ; but usually consumed that time in efforts after excellence, which takes up but little room, when it should have been more advantageously employed in the diffusive productions of fruitful mediocrity. My little piece would therefore come forth in the midst of periodical publications, unnoticed and unknown. The public were more importantly employed than to observe the easy simplicity of my style, or the harmony of my periods. Sheet after sheet was thrown off to oblivion. My essays were buried among the essays upon liberty, Eastern tales, and cures for the bite of a mad dog ; while Philantos, Philalethes, Philelutheros, and Philanthropos all wrote better, because they wrote faster than I.

Now, therefore, I began to associate with none but disappointed authors like myself, who praised, deplored, and despised each other. The satisfaction we found in every celebrated writer's attempts was inversely as their merits. I found that no genius in another could please me. My unfortunate paradoxes had entirely dried up that source of comfort. I could neither read nor write with satisfaction; for excellence in another was my aversion, and writing was my trade.

My patience was now quite exhausted; stung with the thousand indignities I had met with, I was willing to cast myself away, and only wanted the gulf to receive me. I regarded myself as one of those vile things that Nature designed should be thrown by into her lumber-room, there to perish in obscurity. I had still, however, half-a-guinea left, and of that I thought fortune herself should not deprive me: but, in order to be sure of this, I was resolved to go instantly and spend it while I had it, and then trust to occurrences for the rest. As I was going along with this resolution, it happened that Mr Crispe's office seemed invitingly open to give me a welcome reception. In this office Mr Crispe kindly offers all his majesty's subjects a generous promise of £30 a year, for which promise all they give in return is their liberty for life, and permission to let him transport them to America as slaves. I was happy at finding a place where I could lose my fears in desperation, and entered this cell, for it had the appearance of one, with the devotion of a monastic. Here I found a number of poor creatures, all in circumstances like myself, expecting the arrival of Mr Crispe, presenting a true epitome of English impatience. Each untractable soul at variance with fortune wreaked her injuries on their own hearts: but Mr Crispe at last came down, and all our murmurs were hushed. He deigned to regard me with an air of peculiar approbation, and indeed he was the first man who for a month past talked to me with smiles. After a few questions, he found I was fit for everything in the world. He paused awhile upon the properest means of providing for me, and, slapping his forehead as if he had found it, assured

me that there was at that time an embassy talked of from the synod of Pennsylvania to the Chickasaw Indians, and that he would use his interest to get me made secretary. I knew in my own heart that the fellow lied, and yet his promise gave me pleasure, there was something so magnificent in the sound. I fairly, therefore, divided my half-guinea, one half of which went to be added to his thirty thousand pounds, and with the other half I resolved to go to the next tavern to be there more happy than he.

As I was going out with that resolution, I was met at the door by the captain of a ship, with whom I had formerly some little acquaintance, and he agreed to be my companion over a bowl of punch. As I never chose to make a secret of my circumstances, he assured me that I was upon the very point of ruin in listening to the office-keeper's promises: for that he only designed to sell me to the plantations. But, continued he, I fancy you might, by a much shorter voyage, be very easily put into a genteel way of bread. Take my advice. My ship sails to-morrow for Amsterdam. What if you go in her as a passenger? The moment you land, all you have to do is to teach the Dutchmen English, and I'll warrant you'll get pupils and money enough. I suppose you understand English, added he, by this time, or the deuce is in it. I confidently assured him of that, but expressed a doubt whether the Dutch would be willing to learn English. He affirmed with an oath that they were fond of it to distraction; and upon that affirmation I agreed with his proposal, and embarked the next day to teach the Dutch English in Holland. The wind was fair, our voyage short, and after having paid my passage with half my movables, I found myself, as fallen from the skies, a stranger in one of the principal streets of Amsterdam. In this situation, I was unwilling to let any time pass unemployed in teaching. I addressed myself, therefore, to two or three of those I met, whose appearance seemed most promising; but it was impossible to make ourselves mutually understood. It was not till this very moment I recollected, that in order to teach the Dutchmen English, it was necessary that they should teach me Dutch. How

I came to overlook so obvious an objection is to me amazing ; but certain it is I overlooked it.

This scheme thus blown up, I had some thoughts of fairly shipping back to England again : but falling into company with an Irish student who was returning from Louvain, our conversation turning upon topics of literature, (for by the way it may be observed, that I always forgot the meanness of my circumstances when I could converse upon such subjects,) from him I learned that there were not two men in his whole university who understood Greek. This amazed me ; I instantly resolved to travel to Louvain, and there live by teaching Greek ; and in this design I was heartened by my brother student, who threw out some hints that a fortune might be got by it.

I set boldly forward the next morning. Every day lessened the burthen of my movables, like Æsop and his basket of bread, for I paid them for my lodgings to the Dutch as I travelled on. When I came to Louvain, I was resolved not to go sneaking to the lower professors, but openly tendered my talents to the principal himself. I went, had admittance, and offered him my service as a master of the Greek language, which I had been told was a desideratum in his university. The *principal* seemed at first to doubt my abilities, but of these I offered to convince him, by turning a part of any Greek author he should fix upon into Latin. Finding me perfectly earnest in my proposal, he addressed me thus :—" You see me, young man, continued he ; I never learned Greek, and I don't find that I have ever missed it. I have had a doctor's cap and gown without Greek ; I have ten thousand florins a year without Greek ; I eat heartily without Greek ; and in short, continued he, as I don't know Greek, I do not believe there is any good in it."

I was now too far from home to think of returning, so I resolved to go forward. I had some knowledge of music, with a tolerable voice, and now turned what was my amusement into a present means of subsistence. I passed among the harmless peasants of Flanders, and among such of the French as were poor enough to be very merry, for I ever found them sprightly in proportion to

their wants. Whenever I approached a peasant's house towards night-fall, I played one of my most merry tunes, and that procured me not only a lodging, but subsistence for the next day. I once or twice attempted to play for people of fashion, but they always thought my performance odious, and never rewarded me, even with a trifle. This was to me the more extraordinary, as whenever I used in better days to play for company, when playing was my amusement, my music never failed to throw them into raptures, and the ladies especially; but as it was now my only means, it was received with contempt—a proof how ready the world is to underrate those talents by which a man is supported.

In this manner I proceeded to Paris, with no design but just to look about me, and then to go forward. The people of Paris are much fonder of strangers that have money than of those that have wit. As I could not boast much of either, I was no great favourite. After walking about the town four or five days, and seeing the outsides of the best houses, I was preparing to leave this retreat of venal hospitality, when, passing through one of the principal streets, whom should I meet but our cousin, to whom you first recommended me. This meeting was very agreeable to me, and I believe not displeasing to him. He inquired into the nature of my journey to Paris, and informed me of his own business there, which was to collect pictures, medals, intaglios, and antiques of all kinds, for a gentleman in London, who had just stepped into taste and a large fortune. I was the more surprised at seeing our cousin pitched upon for this office, as he himself had often assured me he knew nothing of the matter. Upon asking how he had been taught the art of a cognoscento so very suddenly, he assured me that nothing was more easy. The whole secret consisted in a strict adherence to two rules: the one, always to observe the picture might have been better if the painter had taken more pains; and the other, to praise the works of Pietro Perugino. "But," says he, "as I once taught you to be an author in London, I'll now undertake to instruct you in the art of picture-buying at Paris."

With this proposal I very readily closed, as it was living, and

now all my ambition was to live. I went therefore to his lodgings, improved my dress by his assistance, and after some time accompanied him to auctions of pictures, where the English gentry were expected to be purchasers. I was not a little surprised at his intimacy with people of the best fashion, who referred themselves to his judgment upon every picture or medal, as to an unerring standard of taste. He made very good use of my assistance upon these occasions ; for, when asked his opinion, he would gravely take me aside and ask mine, shrug, look wise, return, and assure the company that he could give no opinion upon an affair of so much importance. Yet there was sometimes an occasion for a more supported assurance. I remember to have seen him, after giving his opinion that the colouring of a picture was not mellow enough, very deliberately take a brush with brown varnish, that was accidentally lying by, and rub it over the piece with great composure, before all the company, and then asked if he had not improved the tints.

When he had finished his commission in Paris, he left me strongly recommended to several men of distinction; as a person very proper for a travelling tutor, and after some time I was employed in that capacity by a gentleman who brought his ward to Paris, in order to set him forward on his tour through Europe. I was to be the young gentleman's governor, but with a proviso that he should always be permitted to govern himself. My pupil, in fact, understood the art of guiding in money concerns much better than I. He was heir to a fortune of about two hundred thousand pounds, left him by an uncle in the West Indies, and his guardians, to qualify him for the management of it, had bound him apprentice to an attorney. Thus avarice was his prevailing passion ; all his questions on the road were how money might be saved ; which was the least expensive course of travel ; whether anything could be bought that would turn to account when disposed of again in London. Such curiosities on the way as could be seen for nothing he was ready enough to look at, but, if the sight of them was to be paid for, he usually asserted that he had been told they were not worth seeing. He never

paid a bill that he would not observe how amazingly expensive travelling was, and all this though he was not yet twenty-one. When arrived at Leghorn, as we took a walk to look at the port and shipping, he inquired the expense of the passage by sea home to England. This he was informed was but a trifle compared to his returning by land; he was therefore unable to withstand the temptation: so paying me the small part of my salary that was due, he took leave, and embarked with only one attendant for London.

I now therefore was left once more upon the world at large; but then it was a thing I was used to. However, my skill in music could avail me nothing in a country where every peasant was a better musician than I; but by this time I had acquired another talent which answered my purpose as well, and this was a skill in disputation. In all the foreign universities and convents there are, upon certain days, philosophical theses maintained, against every adventitious disputant, for which, if the champion opposes with any dexterity, he can claim a gratuity in money, a dinner, and a bed for one night. In this manner, therefore I fought my way towards England, walked along from city to city, examined mankind more nearly, and, if I may so express it, saw both sides of the picture. My remarks, however, are but few; I found that monarchy was the best government for the poor to live in, and commonwealths for the rich. I found that riches in general were in every country another name for freedom, and that no man is so fond of liberty himself as not to be desirous of subjecting the will of some individuals in society to his own.

117.—Court of James the First.

SIR JOHN HARRINGTON.

[THERE is a very curious collection of original papers, written at various times, from the reign of Henry VIII. to that of James I., entitled, "*Nugæ Antiquæ*," and the most valuable of these miscellanies are the letters and tracts of Sir John Harrington. This very able courtier is principally known

as the translator of Ariosto's "*Orlando Furioso*;" and the characteristic of his mind, which was that of a ready and genial wit, has been established by the custom of Queen Elizabeth to speak of him as "that witty fellow, my godson," or "that merry poet, my godson." The following extract from one of his letters exhibits his acute powers of observation, and his tendency to good-natured sarcasm. Certainly this picture of court manners shows the advance we have made in the decencies of life. Harrington was born in 1561; he died in 1612.]

In compliance with your asking, now shall you accept my poor account of rich doings: I came here a day or two before the Danish king came, and from the day he did come until this hour I have been well-nigh overwhelmed with carousals and sports of all kinds. The sports began each day in such manner and such sort, as well-nigh persuaded me of Mohammed's paradise. We had women, and indeed wine too, in such plenty, as would have astonished each sober beholder. Our feasts were magnificent, and the two royal guests did most lovingly embrace each other at table. I think the Dane hath strangely wrought on our good English nobles; for those whom I never could get to taste good liquor now follow the fashion, and wallow in beastly delights. The ladies abandon their sobriety, and seem to roll about in intoxication. In good sooth the parliament did kindly to provide his Majesty so seasonably with money, for there hath been no lack of good living; shows, sights, and banquetings, from morn to eve.

One day, a great feast was held, and, after dinner, the representation of Solomon, his Temple, and the coming of the Queen of Sheba, was made, or (as I may better say) was meant to have been made, before their Majesties, by device of the Earl of Salisbury and others. But, alas! as all earthly things do fail to poor mortals in enjoyment, so did prove our presentment thereof. The lady who did play the queen's part, did carry most precious gifts to both their Majesties; but, forgetting the steps arising to the canopy, overset her caskets into his Danish Majesty's lap, and fell at his feet, though I rather think it was in his face. Much was the hurry and confusion; cloths and napkins were at hand,

to make all clean. His Majesty then got up, and would dance with the Queen of Sheba ; but he fell down and humbled himself before her, and was carried to an inner chamber and laid on a bed of state ; which was not a little defiled with the presents of the queen, which had been bestowed upon his garments ; such as wine, cream, jellies, beverage, cakes, spices, and other good matters. The entertainment and show went forward, and most of the presenters went backward, or fell down ; wine did so occupy their upper chambers. Now did appear, in rich dress, Hope, Faith, and Charity : Hope did essay to speak, but wine rendered her endeavours so feeble that she withdrew, and hoped the king would excuse her brevity : Faith was then all alone, for I am certain she was not joined with good works, and left the court in a staggering condition : Charity came to the king's feet, and seemed to cover the multitude of sins her sisters had committed : in some sort she made obeisance and brought gifts ; but said she would return home again, as there was no gift which Heaven had not already given his Majesty. She then returned to Hope and Faith, who were both in the lower hall. Next came Victory, in bright armour, and presented a rich sword to the king, who did not accept it, but put it by with his hand ; and, by a strange medley of versification, did endeavour to make suit to the king. But Victory did not triumph long ; for, after much lamentable utterance, she was led away like a silly captive, and laid to sleep on the outer steps of the ante-chamber. Now did Peace make entry, and strive to get foremost to the king ; but I grieve to tell how great wrath she did discover unto those of her attendants ; and, much contrary to her semblance, most rudely made war with her olive branch, and laid on the pates of those who did oppose her coming.

I have much marvelled at these strange pageantries, and they do bring to my remembrance what passed of this sort in our queen's days ; of which I was sometime an humble presenter and assistant : but I ne'er did see such lack of good order, discretion, and sobriety, as I have now done. I have passed much time in seeing the royal sports of hunting and hawking, where the man-

ners were such as made me devise the beasts were pursuing the sober creation, and not man in quest of exercise or food. I will now, in good sooth, declare to you, who will not blab, that the gunpowder fright is got out of all our heads, and we are going on, hereabouts, as if the devil was contriving every man should blow up himself, by wild riot, excess, and devastation of time and temperance. The great ladies do go well masked, and indeed it be the only show of their modesty to conceal their countenance; but, alack, they meet with such countenance to uphold their strange doings, that I marvel not at aught that happens. The lord of the mansion is overwhelmed in preparations at Theobald's, and doth marvellously please both kings, with good meat, good drink, and good speeches. I do often say (but not aloud) that the Danes have again conquered the Britons, for I see no man, or woman either, that can now command himself or herself. I wish I was at home:—*O rus, quando te aspiciam?*

118.—Lady Fanshawe.

[SIR RICHARD FANSHAWE, a devoted adherent to the fortunes of Charles I., and a faithful servant of Charles II., was an honest statesman, and a gentleman of rare private virtue. He was also a scholar and a poet; and is known for a translation, very beautiful in parts, of Guarini's "Pastor Fido." In his life of peril and difficulty he had the support of an incomparable wife, who survived him; and who left a manuscript memoir of her career, for the instruction of her son. This interesting narrative was first printed in 1829. It contains many curious anecdotes of the times; but its greatest charm consists in the picture it presents of the devoted attachment of an accomplished and heroic woman to the husband of her love. Lady Fanshawe wrote her memoir in 1676, and died in 1680.]

I have thought it good to discourse to you, my most dear and only son, the most remarkable actions and accidents of your family, as well as the more eminent ones of your father; and my life and necessity, not delight or revenge, hath made me insert some passages which will reflect on their owners, as the praises

of others will be but just, which is my intent in this narrative. I would not have you be a stranger to it ; because, by the example, you may imitate what is applicable to your condition in the world, and endeavour to avoid those misfortunes we have passed through, if God pleases.

Endeavour to be innocent as a dove, but as wise as a serpent ; and let this lesson direct you most in the greatest extremes of fortune. Hate idleness, and curb all passions ; be true in all words and actions ; unnecessarily deliver not your opinion ; but when you do, let it be just, well-considered, and plain. Be charitable in all thought, word, and deed, and ever ready to forgive injuries done to yourself, and be more pleased to do good than to receive good.

Be civil and obliging to all, dutiful where God and nature command you ; but friend to one, and that friendship keep sacred, as the greatest tie upon earth, and be sure to ground it upon virtue ; for no other is either happy or lasting.

Endeavour always to be content in that estate of life which it hath pleased God to call you to, and think it a great fault not to employ your time either for the good of your soul, or improvement of your understanding, health, or estate ; and as these are the most pleasant pastimes, so it will make you a cheerful old age, which is as necessary for you to design, as to make provision to support the infirmities which decay of strength brings : and it was never seen that a vicious youth terminated in a contented, cheerful old age, but perished out of countenance. Ever keep the best qualified persons' company, out of whom you will find advantage, and reserve some hours daily to examine yourself and fortune ; for if you embark yourself in perpetual conversation or recreation, you will certainly shipwreck your mind and fortune. Remember the proverb—such as his company is, such is the man—and have glorious actions before your eyes, and think what shall be your portion in heaven, as well as what you desire on earth.

Manage your fortune prudently, and forget not that you must give God an account hereafter, and upon all occasions.

Remember your father, whose true image though I can never

draw to the life, unless God will grant me that blessing in you ; yet, because you were but ten months and ten days old when God took him out of this world, I will, for your advantage, show you him with all truth, and without partiality.

He was of the highest size of men, strong, and of the best proportion ; his complexion sanguine, his skin exceedingly fair, his hair dark brown and very curling, but not very long ; his eyes gray and penetrating, his nose high, his countenance gracious and wise, his motion good, his speech clear and distinct. He never used exercise but walking, and that generally with some book in his hand, which oftentimes was poetry, in which he spent his idle hours ; sometimes he would ride out to take the air, but his most delight was to go only with me in a coach some miles, and there discourse of those things which then most pleased him, of what nature soever.

He was very obliging to all, and forward to serve his master, his country, and friend ; cheerful in his conversation ; his discourse ever pleasant, mixed with the sayings of wise men, and their histories repeated as occasion offered, yet so reserved that he never showed the thought of his heart, in its greatest sense, but to myself only ; and this I thank God with all my soul for, that he never discovered his trouble to me, but went from me with perfect cheerfulness and content ; nor revealed he his joys and hopes, but would say that they were doubled by putting them in my breast. I never heard him hold a disputation in my life, but often he would speak against it, saying, it was an uncharitable custom, which never turned to the advantage of either party. He would never be drawn to the fashion of any party, saying, he found it sufficient honestly to perform that employment he was in ; he loved and used cheerfulness in all his actions, and professed his religion in his life and conversation. He was a true Protestant of the Church of England, so born, so brought up, and so died ; his conversation was so honest, that I never heard him speak a word in my life that tended to God's dishonour, or encouragement of any kind of debauchery or sin. He was ever much esteemed by his two masters, Charles I. and Charles II.,

both for great parts and honesty as for his conversation, in which they took great delight, he being so free from passion that made him beloved of all that knew him ; nor did I ever see him moved but with his master's concerns, in which he would hotly pursue his interest through the greatest difficulties.

He was the tenderest father imaginable, the carefullest and most generous master I ever knew ; he loved hospitality, and would often say, it was wholly essential to the constitution of England ; he loved and kept order with the greatest decency possible ; and though he would say I managed his domestics wholly, yet I ever governed them and myself by his commands ; in the managing of which, I thank God, I found his approbation and content.

Now, you will expect that I should say something that may remain of us jointly, which I will do, though it makes my eyes gush out with tears, and cuts me to the soul to remember, and in part express the joys I was blessed with in him. Glory be to God, we never had but one mind throughout our lives. Our souls were wrapped up in each other's ; our aims and designs one, our loves one, and our resentments one. We so studied one the other, that we knew each other's mind by our looks. Whatever was real happiness, God gave it me in him ; but to commend my better half, which I want sufficient expression for, methinks is to commend myself, and so may bear a censure ; but, might it be permitted, I could dwell eternally on his praise most justly ; but thus without offence I do, and so you may imitate him in his patience, his prudence, his chastity, his charity, his generosity, his perfect resignation to God's will, and praise God for him as long as you live here, and with him hereafter in the kingdom of Heaven. Amen.

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We select a few passages which beautifully illustrate the purity and strength of the affection which this admirable woman bore to her companion in sorrow and in joy.

My Lady Rivers, a brave woman, and one that had suffered many thousand pounds' loss for the king, and whom I had a great reverence for,—and she a kindness for me as a kinswoman,—in

discourse she tacitly commended the knowledge of state affairs, and that some women were very happy in a good understanding thereof, as my Lady Aubigny, Lady Isabel Thynne, and divers others, and yet none was at first more capable than I; that in the night she knew there came post from Paris from the queen, and that she would be extremely glad to hear what the queen commanded the king in order to his affairs; saying, if I would ask my husband privately, he would tell me what he found in the packet, and I might tell her. I that was young and innocent, and to that day had never in my mouth, What news? began to think there was more in inquiring into public affairs than I thought of, and that it being a fashionable thing, would make me more beloved of my husband, if that had been possible, than I was. When my husband returned home from council, after welcoming him, as his custom ever was, he went with his handful of papers into his study for an hour or more; I followed him; he turned hastily, and said, "What wouldst thou have, my life?" I told him I heard the prince had received a packet from the queen, and I guessed it was that in his hand, and I desired to know what was in it; he smilingly replied, "My love, I will immediately come to thee, pray thee go, for I am very busy." When he came out of his closet, I revived my suit; he kissed me and talked of other things. At supper I would eat nothing; he, as usual, sat by me, and drank often to me, which was his custom, and was full of discourse to company that was at table. Going to bed I asked again, and said I could not believe he loved me, if he refused to tell me all he knew; but he answered nothing, but stopped my mouth with kisses. So we went to bed; I cried, and he went to sleep. Next morning early, as his custom was, he called to rise, but began to discourse with me first, to which I made no reply; he rose, came on the other side of the bed, and kissed me, and drew the curtains softly and went to Court. When he came home to dinner, he presently came to me as was usual, and when I had him by the hand, I said, "Thou dost not care to see me troubled;" to which he, taking me in his arms, answered, "My dearest soul, nothing upon earth can afflict me like that, and

when you asked me of my business, it was wholly out of my power to satisfy thee, for my life and fortune shall be thine, and every thought of my heart in which the trust I am in may not be revealed, but my honour is my own, which I cannot preserve if I communicate the prince's affairs ; and pray thee with this answer rest satisfied." So great was his reason and goodness, that upon consideration, it made my folly appear to me so vile, that from that day until the day of his death, I never thought fit to ask him any business, but what he communicated freely to me in order to his estate or family.

We pursued our voyage with prosperous winds, but with a most tempestuous master, a Dutchman, which is enough to say, but truly, I think, the greatest beast I ever saw of his kind.

When we had passed the Straits, we saw coming towards us, with full sails, a Turkish galley, well manned, and we believed we should be all carried away slaves, for this man had so laden his ship with goods for Spain, that his guns were useless, though the ship carried sixty guns. He called for brandy ; and after he had well drunken, and all his men, which were near two hundred, he called for arms, and cleared the deck as well as he could, resolving to fight rather than lose his ship, which was worth £30,000. This was sad for us passengers ; but my husband bade us be sure to keep in the cabin, and the women not to appear, which would make the Turks think that we were a man-of-war, but if they saw women, they would take us for a merchant, and board us. He went upon the deck, and took a gun, and bandoliers, and sword, and with the rest of the ship's company stood upon deck, expecting the arrival of the Turkish man-of-war. This beast, the captain, had locked me up in the cabin ; I knocked and called long to no purpose, until at length the cabin-boy came and opened the door ; I, all in tears, desired him to be so good as to give me his blue thrum cap he wore, and his tarred coat, which he did, and I gave him half-a-crown ; and putting them on, and flinging away my night-clothes, I crept up softly, and stood upon the deck by my husband's side, as free from sickness and fear as, I confess, from

discretion ; but it was the effect of that passion which I could never master.

By this time the two vessels were engaged in parley, and so well satisfied with speech and sight of each other's forces, that the Turk's man-of-war tacked about, and we continued our course. But when your father saw it convenient to retreat, looking upon me he blessed himself, and snatched me up in his arms, saying, "Good God, that love can make this change !" and though he seemingly chid me, he would laugh at it as often as he remembered that voyage.

On the 2d of September 1651, was fought the battle of Worcester, when the king being missing, and I hearing nothing of your father being dead or alive for three days, it is inexpressible in what affliction I was. I neither ate nor slept, but trembled at every motion I heard, expecting the fatal news, which at last came, and mentioned that your father was a prisoner. Then, with some hope, I went to London, to find out my husband, wheresoever he was carried. On my coming to London, I met a messenger from him with a letter, which advised me of his condition, and told me he was very civilly treated. I said little more than that I should be in some room at Charing Cross, where he had a promise from his keeper that he should rest in my company at dinner-time. This was meant as a very great favour to him. I expected him with impatience, and, on the day appointed, provided a dinner and a room, as I was ordered, in which I was with my father, and some more of my friends, where we saw hundreds of poor soldiers, both English and Scotch, march almost naked on foot, and many on horseback. At last came the captain and two soldiers with your father, who was very cheerful in appearance. After he had spoken to me, and saluted me and his friends, he said, "Pray let us not lose time, for I know not how little I have to spare. This is the chance of war ; nothing venture nothing have ; and so let us sit down, and be merry while we may." Then, taking my hand and kissing me, he said, "Cease weeping ; no other thing upon earth

can move me : remember we are all at God's disposal." Then he told us how kind the captain had been to him, and that the people as he passed offered him money, and brought him good things ; and that particularly Lady Denham, at Boston House, would have given him all the money she had in the house, but he returned her thanks, and told her that he had so ill kept his own, that he would not tempt his governor with more : but that if she would give him a shirt or two, and some handkerchiefs, he would keep them as long as he could for her sake. She fetched him some shifts of her own, and some handkerchiefs, saying, that she was ashamed to give them to him, but having none of her son's shirts at home, she desired him to wear them. Thus passed the time till orders came to carry my husband to Whitehall, where, in a little room, (yet standing in the Bowling-green,) he was kept prisoner without the speech of any (so far as they knew) for ten weeks, and in expectation of death. They then examined him, and at last he grew so ill in health, by the cold and hard marches he had undergone, and being pent up in a room close and small, that the scurvy brought him down almost to death's door. During the time of his imprisonment I failed not constantly, when the clock struck four in the morning, to go, with a dark lanthorn in my hand, all alone and on foot, from my lodgings in Chancery Lane, at my cousin Young's, to Whitehall, by the entry that went out of King Street into the Bowling-green. There I would go under his window, and call him softly. He, excepting the first time, never afterwards failed to put out his head at the first call. Thus we talked together, and sometimes I was so wet with rain that it went in at my neck and out at the heels. My husband directed me how to make my addresses for his delivery to the General Cromwell, who had a great respect for your father, and would have bought him off to his service upon any terms.

119.—Rural Life in England.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

[WASHINGTON IRVING may be considered the head of that numerous band of prose writers which the United States have produced during the last thirty years. His "Sketch Book," which was published in England in 1820, at once raised him to a distinguished eminence as a writer of elegant tastes and just feelings. Many of the papers in that work are on subjects of English manners and scenery. The sentiments which Mr Irving expressed of the land of his fathers have done much to cherish in America a kind regard for our habits and associations. Other writers have taken less friendly views; and it must be owned that we have many sins to answer for ourselves, of fomenting differences, and encouraging prejudices, which ought never to exist among those who speak a common language, have a common literature, and are brethren "by titles manifold." Mr Irving was also the author of a very clever and original work of fiction, "Knickerbocker's History of New York,"—of "Bracebridge Hall;" of "Tales of a Traveller;" of "The Life and Voyages of Columbus;" of "The Conquest of Granada;" of "Astoria," &c. &c. He died in 1859.]

The stranger who would form a correct opinion of the English character, must not confine his observations to the metropolis. He must go forth into the country; he must sojourn in villages and hamlets; he must visit castles, villas, farm-houses, cottages; he must wander through parks and gardens; along hedges and green lanes; he must loiter about country churches; attend wakes and fairs, and other rural festivals; and cope with the people in all their conditions, and all their habits and humours.

In some countries, the large cities absorb the wealth and fashion of the nation; they are the only fixed abodes of elegant and intelligent society, and the country is inhabited almost entirely by boorish peasantry. In England, on the contrary, the metropolis is a mere gathering-place, or general rendezvous, of the polite classes, where they devote a small portion of the year to a hurry of gaiety and dissipation, and having indulged this carnival, return again to the apparently more congenial habits of rural life. The various orders of society are therefore diffused over the whole surface of the kingdom, and the most retired neighbourhoods afford specimens of the different ranks.

The English, in fact, are strongly gifted with the rural feeling. They possess a quick sensibility to the beauties of nature, and a keen relish for the pleasures and employments of the country. This passion seems inherent in them. Even the inhabitants of cities, born and brought up among brick walls and bustling streets, enter with facility into rural habits, and evince a turn for rural occupation. The merchant has his snug retreat in the vicinity of the metropolis, where he often displays as much pride and zeal in the cultivation of his flower-garden, and the maturing of his fruits, as he does in the conduct of his business and the success of his commercial enterprises. Even those less fortunate individuals, who are doomed to pass their lives in the midst of din and traffic, contrive to have something that shall remind them of the green aspect of nature. In the most dark and dingy quarters of the city, the drawing-room window resembles frequently a bank of flowers; every spot capable of vegetation has its grass-plot and flower-bed; and every square its mimic park, laid out with picturesque taste and gleaming with refreshing verdure.

Those who see the Englishman only in town are apt to form an unfavourable opinion of his social character. He is either absorbed in business, or distracted by the thousand engagements that dissipate time, thought, and feeling, in this huge metropolis: he has, therefore, too commonly a look of hurry and abstraction. Wherever he happens to be, he is on the point of going somewhere else; at the moment he is talking on one subject, his mind is wandering to another; and while paying a friendly visit, he is calculating how he shall economise time so as to pay the other visits allotted to the morning. An immense metropolis like London is calculated to make men selfish and uninteresting. In their casual and transient meetings, they can but deal briefly in commonplaces. They present but the cold superficies of character—its rich and genial qualities have no time to be warmed into a flow.

It is in the country that the Englishman gives scope to his natural feelings. He breaks loose gladly from the cold formali-

ties and negative civilities of town ; throws off his habits of shy reserve, and becomes joyous and free-hearted. He manages to collect around him all the conveniences and elegancies of polite life, and to banish its restraint. His country-seat abounds with every requisite, either for studious retirement, tasteful gratification, or rural exercise. Books, paintings, music, horses, dogs, and sporting implements of all kinds, are at hand. He puts no constraint either upon his guests or himself, but in the true spirit of hospitality provides the means of enjoyment, and leaves every one to partake according to his inclination.

The taste of the English in the cultivation of land, and in what is called landscape gardening, is unrivalled. They have studied nature intently, and discover an exquisite sense of her beautiful forms and harmonious combinations. Those charms, which in other countries she lavishes in wild solitudes, are here assembled round the haunts of domestic life. They seem to have caught her coy and furtive glances, and spread them, like witchery, about their rural abodes.

Nothing can be more imposing than the magnificence of English park scenery. Vast lawns that extend like sheets of vivid green, with here and there clumps of gigantic trees, heaping up rich piles of foliage. The solemn pomp of groves and woodland glades, with the deer trooping in silent herds across them ; the hare, bounding away to the covert ; or the pheasant, suddenly bursting upon the wing. The brook, taught to wind in the most natural meanderings, or expand into a glassy lake—the sequestered pool, reflecting the quivering trees, with the yellow leaf sleeping on its bosom, and the trout roaming fearlessly about its limpid waters ; while some rustic temple or sylvan statue, grown green and dark with age, gives an air of classic sanctity to the seclusion.

These are but a few of the features of park scenery ; but what most delights me, is the creative talent with which the English decorate the unostentatious abodes of middle life. The rudest habitation, the most unpromising and scanty portion of land, in the hands of an Englishman of taste, becomes a little paradise.

With a nicely discriminating eye, he seizes at once upon its capabilities, and pictures in his mind the future landscape. The sterile spot grows into loveliness under his hand; and yet the operations of art which produce the effect are scarcely to be perceived. The cherishing and training of some trees; the cautious pruning of others; the nice distribution of flowers and plants of tender and graceful foliage; the introduction of a green slope of velvet turf; the partial opening to a peep of blue distance, or silver gleam of water; all these are managed with a delicate tact, a prevailing yet quiet assiduity, like the magic touchings with which a painter finishes up a favourite picture.

The residence of people of fortune and refinement in the country has diffused a degree of taste and elegance in rural economy that descends to the lowest class. The very labourer, with his thatched cottage and narrow slip of ground, attends to their embellishment. The trim hedge, the grass-plot before the door, the little flower-bed bordered with snug box, the woodbine trained up against the wall, and hanging its blossoms about the lattice, the pot of flowers in the window, the holly providentially planted about the house, to cheat winter of its dreariness, and throw in a semblance of green summer to cheer the fireside; all these bespeak the influence of taste, flowing down from high sources and pervading the lowest levels of the public mind. If ever Love, as poets sing, delights to visit a cottage, it must be the cottage of an English peasant.

The fondness for rural life among the higher classes of the English has had a great and salutary effect upon the national character. I do not know a finer race of men than the English gentlemen. Instead of the softness and effeminacy which characterise the men of rank in most countries, they exhibit a union of elegance and strength, a robustness of frame and freshness of complexion, which I am inclined to attribute to their living so much in the open air, and pursuing so eagerly the invigorating recreations of the country. These hardy exercises produce also a healthful tone of mind and spirits, and a manliness and simplicity of manners, which even the follies and dissipations of the

town cannot easily pervert, and can never entirely destroy. In the country, too, the different orders of society seem to approach more freely, to be more disposed to blend and operate favourably upon each other. The distinctions between them do not appear to be so marked and impassable as in the cities. The manner in which property has been distributed into small estates and farms, has established a regular gradation from the nobleman, through the classes of gentry, small landed proprietors, and substantial farmers, down to the labouring peasantry ; and while it has thus banded the extremes of society together, has infused into each intermediate rank a spirit of independence. This, it must be confessed, is not so universally the case at present as it was formerly : the larger estates having, in late years of distress, absorbed the smaller, and, in some parts of the country, almost annihilated the sturdy race of small farmers. These, however, I believe, are but casual breaks in the general system I have mentioned.

In rural occupation there is nothing mean and debasing. It leads a man forth among scenes of natural grandeur and beauty ; it leaves him to the workings of his own mind, operated upon by the purest and most elevating of external influences. Such a man may be simple and rough, but he cannot be vulgar. The man of refinement, therefore, finds nothing revolting in an intercourse with the lower orders of rural life, as he does when he casually mingles with the lower orders of cities. He lays aside his distance and reserve, and is glad to waive the distinctions of rank, and to enter into the honest heartfelt enjoyments of common life. Indeed, the very amusements of the country bring men more and more together, and the sound of hound and horn blend all feelings into harmony. I believe this is one great reason why the nobility and gentry are more popular among the inferior orders in England than they are in any other country ; and why the latter have endured so many excessive pressures and extremities, without repining more generally at the unequal distribution of fortune and privilege.

To this mingling of cultivated and rustic society may also be

attributed the rural feeling that runs through British literature ; the frequent use of illustrations from rural life : those incomparable descriptions of nature which abound in the British poets, that have continued down from "The Flower and the Leaf" of Chaucer, and have brought into our closets all the freshness and fragrance of the dewy landscape. The pastoral writers of other countries appear as if they had paid Nature an occasional visit, and become acquainted with her general charms ; but the British poets have lived and revelled with her—they have wooed her in her most secret haunts—they have watched her minutest caprices. A spray could not tremble in the breeze—a leaf could not rustle to the ground—a diamond drop could not patter in the stream—a fragrance could not exhale from the humble violet, nor a daisy unfold its crimson tints to the morning, but it has been noticed by these impassioned and delicate observers, and wrought up into some beautiful morality.

The effect of this devotion of elegant minds to rural occupations has been wonderful on the face of the country. A great part of the island is level, and would be monotonous were it not for the charms of culture ; but it is studded and gemmed, as it were, with castles and palaces, and embroidered with parks and gardens. It does not abound in grand and sublime prospects, but rather in little home-scenes of rural repose and sheltered quiet. Every antique farm-house and moss-grown cottage is a picture ; and as the roads are continually winding, and the view is shut in by groves and hedges, the eye is delighted by a continual succession of small landscapes of captivating loveliness.

The great charm, however, of English scenery is the moral feeling that seems to pervade it. It is associated in the mind with ideas of order, of quiet, of sober well-established principles, of hoary usage and reverend custom. Everything seems to be the growth of ages, of regular and peaceful existence. The old church of remote architecture, with its low massive portal ; its Gothic tower ; its windows rich with tracery and painted glass ; its stately monuments of warriors and worthies of the olden time, ancestors of the present lords of the soil ; its tombstones, recording suc-

cessive generations of sturdy yeomanry, whose progeny still plough the same fields, and kneel at the same altar. The parsonage, a quaint irregular pile, partly antiquated, but repaired and altered in the taste of various ages and occupants—the stile and footpath leading from the churchyard, across pleasant fields, and along shady hedgerows, according to an immemorable right of way—the neighbouring village, with its venerable cottages, its public green sheltered by trees, under which the forefathers of the present race have sported—the antique family mansion, standing apart in some little rural domain, but looking down with a protecting air on the surrounding scene; all these common features of English landscape evince a calm and settled security, an hereditary transmission of home-bred virtues and local attachments, that speak deeply and touchingly for the moral character of the nation.

It is a pleasing sight on a Sunday morning, when the bell is sending its sober melody across the quiet fields, to behold the peasantry in their best finery, with ruddy faces, and modest cheerfulness, thronging tranquilly along the green lanes to church; but it is still more pleasing to see them in the evenings, gathering about their cottage doors, and appearing to exult in the humble comforts and embellishments which their own hands have spread around them.

120.—The Passage of the Red Sea.

HEBER.

[REGINALD HEBER, Bishop of Calcutta, was born in 1783, at Malpas, in Cheshire. In 1800 he was entered at Brazenose College, Oxford. His university career was one series of successes. His prize poem of "Palestine," written in 1803, unlike the majority of academical compositions, has taken its rank among our best English poems. In 1807 he took orders, and entered upon the discharge of his duties of parish priest in the family living of Hodnet. Never were the high duties of his sacred office fulfilled with greater zeal than by this most amiable and gifted scholar. His eminence as a preacher, his reputation for the highest talent, must have led to the first preferments in the

Church. The Bishopric of Calcutta was offered to him : he twice refused it ; but eventually he saw in that appointment a wide career of usefulness, and he sacrificed every other consideration to the prospects which this apostolical mission opened to his view. He embarked for India on the 15th of June 1823. On the 3d of April 1826, he suddenly died at Trichinopoly, having spent the short period of his sojourn in the East in labour such as few men have undergone. Dying thus at the early age of forty-three, his memory is hallowed in India by European and native ; and his example will continue to animate many a man with the conviction that the talents which God has intrusted to us find their best and their happiest employment in an unremitting course of endeavour to leave the world better than we found it. Bishop Heber's " *Journey through India* " is one of our most interesting books of travels. There are three volumes of his sermons ; and his poems, from which we extract the " *Passage of the Red Sea*," form a volume of themselves.]

With heat o'erlabour'd, and the length of way,
On Ethan's beach the bands of Israel lay.
'Twas silence all, the sparkling sands along ;
Save where the locust trill'd her feeble song,
Or blendes soft in drowsy cadence fell
The wave's low whisper or the camel's bell.
'Twas silence all!—The flocks for shelter fly
Where, waving light, the acacia shadows lie ;
Or where, from far, the flattering vapours make
The noontide semblance of a misty lake :
While the mute swain, in careless safety spread,
With arms enfolded, and dejected head,
Dreams o'er his wondrous call, his lineage high,
And, late reveal'd, his children's destiny.
For, not in vain, in thralldom's darkest hour,
Had sped from Amram's sons the word of power ;
Nor fail'd the dreadful wand, whose god-like sway
Could lure the locust from her airy way ;
With reptile war assail their proud abodes,
And mar the giant pomp of Egypt's gods.
O helpless gods ! who nought avail'd to shield
From fiery rain your Zoan's favour'd field !
O helpless gods ! who saw the curdled blood
Taint the pure lotus of your ancient flood,

And fourfold night the wondering earth enchain,
While Memnon's orient harp was heard in vain !
Such musings held the tribes, till now the west
With milder influence on their temples prest ;
And that portentous cloud which, all the day,
Hung its dark curtain o'er their weary way,
(A cloud by day, a friendly flame by night,)
Roll'd back its misty veil, and kindled into light !
Soft fell the eve :—but, ere the day was done,
Tall waving banners streak'd the level sun ;
And wide and dark along the horizon red,
In sandy surge the rising desert spread.
“ Mark, Israel, mark ! ”—On that strange sight intent,
In breathless terror, every eye was bent ;
And busy faction's fast-increasing hum,
And female voices, shriek, “ They come, they come ! ”
They come, they come ! In scintillating show,
O'er the dark mass the brazen lances glow ;
And sandy clouds in countless shapes combine,
As deepens or extends the long tumultuous line ;
And fancy's keener glance e'en now can trace
The threatening aspects of each mingled race :
For many a coal-black tribe and cany spear,
The hireling guards of Misraim's throne, were there,
From distant Cush they troop'd, a warrior train,
Sinah's green isle, and Sennaar's marly plain :
On either wing their fiery coursers check,
The parch'd and sinewy sons of Amalek,
While close behind, inured to feast on blood,
Deck'd in Behemoth's spoils, the tall Shangalla strode.
'Mid blazing helms, and bucklers rough with gold,
Saw ye how swift the scythed chariots roll'd ?
Lo, these are they whom, lords of Afric's fates,
Old Thebes hath pour'd through all her hundred gates,
Mother of armies !—How the emeralds glow'd,
Where, flush'd with power and vengeance, Pharaoh rode !

And stoled in white, those brazen wheels before,
Aziris' ark his swarthy wizards bore ;
And still responsive to the trumpet's cry,
The priestly sistrum murmur'd—Victory !
Why swell these shouts that rend the desert's gloom ?
Whom come ye forth to combat ?—Warriors, whom ?
These flocks and herds—this faint and weary train—
Red from the scourge, and recent from the chain ?
God of the poor, the poor and friendless save !
Giver and Lord of freedom, help the slave !—
North, south, and west, the sandy whirlwinds fly,
The circling horns of Egypt's chivalry.
On earth's last margin throng the weeping train :
Their cloudy guide moves on :—"And must we swim the
main ?"

'Mid the light spray their snorting camels stood,
Nor bathed a fetlock in the nauseous flood.
He comes—their leader comes !—The man of God
O'er the wide waters lifts his mighty rod,
And onward treads.—The circling waves retreat,
In hoarse, deep murmurs, from his holy feet ;
And the chased surges, inly roaring, show
The hard, wet sand, and coral hills below.

With limbs that falter, and with hearts that swell,
Down, down, they pass—a steep and slippery dell.
Around them rise, in pristine chaos hurl'd,
The ancient rocks, the secrets of the world ;
And flowers that blush beneath the ocean green,
And caves, the sea-calves' low-roof'd haunt, are seen.
Down, safely down the narrow pass they tread ;
The beetling waters storm above their head ;
While far behind retires the sinking day,
And fades on Edom's hills its latest ray.

Yet not from Israel fled the friendly light,
Or dark to them, or cheerless came the night.
Still in their van, along that dreadful road,

Blazed broad and fierce the brandish'd torch of God ;
Its meteor glare a tenfold lustre gave
On the long mirror of the rosy wave :
While its blest beams a sun-like heat supply,
Warm every cheek, and dance in every eye—
To them alone—for Misraim's wizard train
Invoke for light their monster-gods in vain :
Clouds heap'd on clouds their struggling sight confine,
And tenfold darkness broods above their line.
Yet on they fare, by reckless vengeance led,
And range unconscious through the ocean's bed :
Till midway now—that strange and fiery form
Show'd his dread visage lightening through the storm :
With withering splendour blasted all their might,
And brake their chariot-wheels, and marr'd their coursers'
flight.

“Fly, Misraim, fly !”—The ravenous floods they see,
And fiercer than the floods, the Deity.

“Fly, Misraim, fly !”—From Edom's coral strand
Again the prophet stretch'd his dreadful wand :—
With one wild crash the thundering waters sweep,
And all is waves—a dark and lonely deep—
Yet o'er those lonely waves such murmurs past,
As mortal wailing swell'd the mighty blast :
And strange and sad the whispering breezes bore
The groans of Egypt to Arabia's shore.

Oh ! welcome came the morn, when Israel stood
In trustless wonder by th' avenging flood !
Oh ! welcome came the cheerful morn, to show
The drifted wreck of Zoan's pride below ;
The mangled limbs of men—the broken car—
A few sad relics of a nation's war,
Alas, how few !—Then, soft as Elim's well,
The precious tears of new-born freedom fell.
And he, whose harden'd heart alike had borne
The house of bondage and th' oppressor's scorn,

The stubborn slave, by hope's new beams subdued,
In faltering accents sobb'd his gratitude—
Till, kindling into warmer zeal, around
The virgin timbrel waked its silver sound.
And in fierce joy, no more by doubt supprest,
The struggling spirit throbb'd in Miriam's breast.
She, with bare arms, and fixing on the sky
The dark transparence of her lucid eye,
Pour'd on the winds of heaven her wild sweet harmony.
“Where now,” she sang, “the tall Egyptian spear?
On's warlike shield, and Zoan's chariot, where?
Above their ranks the whelming waters spread.
Shout, Israel, for the Lord hath triumphed!”
And every pause between, as Miriam sang,
From tribe to tribe the martial thunder rang;
And loud and far their stormy chorus spread,—
“Shout, Israel, for the Lord hath triumphed!”

121.—The Old Mariners of England.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

[THE Editor of “Half-Hours” has, in his “Passages of a Working Life,” indicated the impressions produced upon him in visiting the scenes made famous by the naval triumphs of the reign of Elizabeth. He says, “As we stand upon the Hoe at Plymouth, we think more of the high-born Howards, and the Drakes, and Frobishers, who had fought their way upwards from before the mast,—all with the heartiest good-will going forth with their little pinnaces to fight the great Armada coming up the Channel—than of the vast arsenals of modern times, from which ships are turned out that would sink the largest galleon by a few broadsides. The hearty patriotism that was then animating the gentlemen and yeomen of England, has been our country's safety, even to the present hour. A few years ago, a master of fiction gave me a new interest in the heroes of Plymouth, and the land of Raleigh and Cavendish, for Charles Kingsley had written his ‘Westward Ho!’”]

The Rev. Charles Kingsley was born in 1819, at Holme Vicarage, Devonshire. At Cambridge, as a scholar of Magdalen College, he obtained distinction, and having decided to enter the Church, he became first curate, and then rector of Eversley, a moorland parish in Hampshire. Here he

preached his "Village Sermons," published in 1844. Deeply impressed with the consequences of many social evils that have since been partially removed, he wrote his celebrated story of "Alton Locke, Tailor and Poet." It is not too much to say that this remarkable book had no inconsiderable influence in awakening a better spirit in the minds of the educated and influential classes than that which mostly prevailed twenty years ago. In all his works, whether in theology or fiction, distinguished as they are by liberality of sentiment, there is a constant endeavour to point to Christianity as the true source of intellectual improvement and social advancement. Mr Kingsley is one of the Chaplains in Ordinary to the Queen, and is Professor of Modern History in the University of Cambridge.]

One bright summer's afternoon, in the year of grace 1575, a tall and fair boy came lingering along Bideford quay, in his scholar's gown, with satchel and slate in hand, watching wistfully the shipping and the sailors, till, just after he had passed the bottom of the High Street, he came opposite to one of the many taverns which looked out upon the river. In the open bay-window sat merchants and gentlemen, discoursing over their afternoon's draught of sack; and outside the door was gathered a group of sailors, listening earnestly to some one who stood in the midst. The boy, all alive for any sea-news, must needs go up to them, and take his place among the sailor-lads who were peeping and whispering under the elbows of the men; and so came in for the following speech, delivered in a loud bold voice, with a strong Devonshire accent, and a fair sprinkling of oaths:—

"If you don't believe me, go and see, or stay here and grow all over blue mould. I tell you, as I am a gentleman, I saw it with these eyes, and so did Salvation Yeo there, through a window in the lower room; and we measured the heap, as I am a Christian man, seventy foot long, ten foot broad, and twelve high, of silver bars, and each bar between a thirty and forty pound weight. And says Captain Drake, 'There, my lads of Devon, I've brought you to the mouth of the world's treasure-house, and it's your own fault now if you don't sweep it out as empty as a stock-fish.'"

"Why didn't you bring some of them home, then, Mr Oxenham?"

“Why weren’t you there to help to carry them? We would have brought ’em away safe enough, and young Drake and I had broke the door abroad already, but Captain Drake goes off in a dead faint; and when we came to look, he had a wound in his leg you might have laid three fingers in, and his boots were full of blood, and had been for an hour or more; but the heart of him was that, that he never knew it till he dropped, and then his brother and I got him away to the boats, he kicking and struggling, and bidding us let him go on with the fight, though every step he took in the sand was in a pool of blood; and so we got off. And, tell me, ye sons of shotten herrings, wasn’t it worth more to save him than the dirty silver? for silver we can get again, brave boys; there’s more fish in the sea than ever came out of it, and more silver in *Nombre de Dios* than would pave all the streets in the west country: but of such captains as Franky Drake Heaven never makes but one at a time; and if we lose him, good-bye to England’s luck, say I, and who don’t agree let him choose his weapons, and I’m his man.”

He who delivered this harangue was a tall and sturdy personage, with a florid black-bearded face, and bold restless dark eyes, who leaned, with crossed legs and arms akimbo, against the wall of the house; and seemed in the eyes of the schoolboy a very magnifico, some prince or duke at least. He was dressed (contrary to all sumptuary laws of the time) in a suit of crimson velvet, a little the worse, perhaps, for wear; by his side were a long Spanish rapier and a brace of daggers, gaudy enough about the hilts; his fingers sparkled with rings; he had two or three gold chains about his neck, and large earrings in his ears, behind one of which a red rose was stuck jauntingly enough among the glossy black curls; on his head was a broad velvet Spanish hat, in which, instead of a feather, was fastened with a great gold clasp a whole Quezal bird, whose gorgeous plumage of fretted golden green shone like one entire precious stone. As he finished his speech, he took off the said hat, and looking at the bird in it—

“Look ye, my lads, did you ever see such a fowl as that be-

fore? That's the bird which the old Indian kings of Mexico let no one wear but their own selves; and therefore I wear it,—I, John Oxenham, of South Tawton, for a sign to all brave lads of Devon, that as the Spaniards are the masters of the Indians, we're the masters of the Spaniards;" and he replaced his hat.

A murmur of applause followed; but one hinted, that he "doubted the Spaniards were too many for them."

"Too many! How many men did we take *Nombre de Dios* with? Seventy-three were we, and no more when we sailed out of Plymouth Sound; and before we saw the Spanish main, half were 'gastados,' used up, as the Dons say, with the scurvy, and in Port Pheasant, Captain Rouse of Cowes fell in with us, and that gave us some thirty hands more; and with that handful, my lads, only fifty-three in all, we picked the lock of the New World! And whom did we lose but our trumpeter, who stood braying like an ass in the middle of the square, instead of taking care of his neck like a Christian? I tell you, those Spaniards are rank cowards, as all bullies are. They pray to a woman, the idolatrous rascals! and no wonder they fight like women."

"You're right, captain," sang out a tall, gaunt fellow who stood close to him; "one west countrymen can fight two easterlings, and an easterling can beat three Dons any day. Eh! my lads of Devon?"

"For, O! it's the herrings and the good brown beef,
And the cider and the cream so white;
O! they are the making of the jolly Devon lads,
For to play, and eke to fight."

"Come," said Oxenham, "come along. Who lists? who lists? who'll make his fortune?"

"Oh, who will join jolly mariners all?
And who will join, says he, O!
To fill his pockets with the good red goold,
By sailing on the sea, O!"

"Who'll list," cried the gaunt man again; "now's your time! We've got forty men to Plymouth now, ready to sail the minute

we get back, and we want a dozen out of you Bideford men, and just a boy or two, and then we're off and away, and make our fortunes, or go to heaven.

“ ‘ Our bodies in the sea so deep,
Our souls in heaven to rest !
Where valiant seamen, one and all,
Hereafter shall be blest ! ’ ”

“ Now,” said Oxenham, “ you won’t let the Plymouth men say that the Bideford men daren’t follow them ? North Devon against South, it is. Who’ll join ? who’ll join ? It is but a step of a way after all, and sailing as smooth as a duck-pond as soon as you’re past Cape Finisterre. I’ll run a Clovelly herring-boat there and back for a wager of twenty pound, and never ship a bucketful all the way. Who’ll join ? Don’t think you’re buying a pig in a pock. I know the road, and Salvation Yeo, here, too, who was the gunner’s mate, as well as I do the narrow seas, and better. You ask him to show you the chart of it now, and see if he don’t tell you over the ruttier as well as Drake himself.”

On which the gaunt man pulled from under his arm a great white buffalo horn, covered with rough etchings of land and sea, and held it up to the admiring ring.

“ See here, boys all, and behold the pictur of the place, dra’ed out so natural as ever was life. I got mun from a Portingal, down to the Azores ; and he’d pricked mun out, and pricked mun out, wheresoever he’d sailed, and whatsoever he’d seen. Take mun in your hands now, Simon Evans take mun in your hands ; look mun over, and I’ll warrant you’ll know the way in five minutes so well as ever a shark in the seas.”

And the horn was passed from hand to hand ; while Oxenham, who saw that his hearers were becoming moved, called through the open window for a great tankard of sack, and passed that from hand to hand after the horn.

The schoolboy, who had been devouring with eyes and ears all which passed, and had contrived by this time to edge himself into the inner ring, now stood face to face with the hero of the

emerald crest, and got as many peeps as he could at the wonder. But when he saw the sailors, one after another, having turned it over awhile, come forward and offer to join Mr Oxenham, his soul burnt within him for a nearer view of that wondrous horn, as magical in its effects as that of Tristrem, or the enchanters in Ariosto; and when the group had somewhat broken up, and Oxenham was going into the tavern with his recruits, he asked boldly for a nearer sight of the marvel, which was granted at once.

And now to his astonished gaze displayed themselves cities and harbours, dragons and elephants, whales which fought with sharks, plate-ships of Spain, islands with apes and palm-trees, each with its name over-written, and here and there, "Here is gold;" and, again, "Much gold and silver;" inserted most probably, as the words were in English, by the hands of Mr Oxenham himself. Lingeringly and longingly the boy turned it round and round, and thought the owner of it more fortunate than Khan or Kaiser. Oh, if he could but possess that horn, what needed he on earth beside to make him blest!

"I say, will you sell this?"

"Yea, marry, or my own soul, if I can get the worth of it."

"I want the horn,—I don't want your soul; it's somewhat of a stale sole, for aught I know, and there are plenty of fresh ones in the bay."

And therewith, after much fumbling, he pulled out a tester, (the only one he had,) and asked if that would buy it.

"That? no, nor twenty of them."

The boy thought over what a good knight-errant would do in such case, and then answered, "Tell you what, I'll fight you for it."

"Thank'ee, sir!"

"Break the jackanapes' head for him, Yeo," said Oxenham.

"Call me jackanapes again, and I break yours, sir," and the boy lifted his fist fiercely.

Oxenham looked at him a minute smilingly. "Tut! tut! my man, hit one of your own size, if you will, and spare little folk like me!"

"If I have a boy's age, sir, I have a man's fist. I shall be fifteen years old this month, and know how to answer any one who insults me."

"Fifteen, my young cockerel? you look liker twenty," said Oxenham, with an admiring glance at the lad's broad limbs, keen blue eyes, curling golden locks, and round honest face. "Fifteen! If I had half-a-dozen such lads as you, I would make knights of them before I died. Eh, Yeo?"

"He'll do," said Yeo; "he will make a brave gamecock in a year or two, if he dares ruffle up so early at a tough old hen-master like the captain."

At which there was a general laugh, in which Oxenham joined as loudly as any, and then bade the lad tell him why he was so keen after the horn.

"Because," said he, looking up boldly, "I want to go to sea. I want to see the Indies. I want to fight the Spaniards. Though I am a gentleman's son, I'd a deal liever be a cabin-boy on board your ship." And the lad having hurried out his say fiercely enough, dropped his head again.

"And you shall," cried Oxenham, with a great oath; "and take a galleon, and dine off carbonadoed Dons. Whose son are you, my gallant fellow?"

"Mr Leigh's, of Burrough Court."

"Bless his soul! I know him as well as I do the Eddystone, and his kitchen too. Who sups with him to-night?"

"Sir Richard Grenvil."

"Dick Grenvil? I did not know he was in town. Go home, and tell your father John Oxenham will come and keep him company. There, off with you! I'll make all straight with the good gentleman, and you shall have your venture with me; and as for the horn, let him have the horn, Yeo, and I'll give you a noble for it."

"Not a penny, noble captain. If young master will take a poor mariner's gift, there it is, for the sake of his love to the calling, and Heaven send him luck therein." And the good fellow, with

the impulsive generosity of a true sailor, thrust the horn into the boy's hands, and walked away to escape thanks.

"And now," quoth Oxenham, "my merry men all, make up your minds what mannered men you be minded to be before you take your bounties. I want none of your rascally, lurching, long-shore vermin, who get five pounds out of this captain, and ten out of that, and let him sail without them after all, while they are stowed away under women's mufflers, and in tavern cellars. If any man is of that humour, he had better cut himself up, and salt himself down in a barrel for pork, before he meets me again; for by this light, let me catch him, be it seven years hence, and if I do not cut his throat upon the streets, it's a pity! But if any man will be true brother to me, true brother to him I'll be, come wreck or prize, storm or calm, salt water or fresh, victuals or none, share and fare alike; and here's my hand upon it, for every man and all; and so—

" ' Westward ho! with a rumbelow,
And hurra for the Spanish main, O!' "

After which oration, Mr Oxenham swaggered into the tavern, followed by his new men; and the boy took his way homewards, nursing his precious horn, trembling between hope and fear, and blushing with maidenly shame, and a half-sense of wrong-doing, at having revealed suddenly to a stranger the darling wish which he had hidden from his father and mother ever since he was ten years old.

122.—Aurengzebe.

BERNIER

[FRANÇOIS BERNIER—"the most instructive of all East India travellers," as he has been called—was a physician who had a passionate desire for peregrination. About 1656, he had an opportunity of proceeding from Cairo to the East Indies; and his skill as a medical practitioner enabled him to travel without cost. He entered the dominions of the Great Mogul when the sons of Shah Jehan were fighting for the empire, and Dara and Aurengzebe, (or

Aurangzebe,) matched their power in a struggle, truly fearful in its deadly hatred and revenge. The great battle that gave the crown to Aurengzebe, and consigned Dara to an ignominious death, is told with wonderful spirit by the French physician. The extracts which we give are from a translation by Mr Irving Brock, in two volumes. Bernier, after living twelve years in India as physician to Aurengzebe, returned to France, and died in 1688.]

The preparations I have described being completed, the artillery of both armies opened their fire, the invariable mode of commencing an engagement, and the arrows were already thick in the air, when suddenly there fell a shower of rain, so violent as to interrupt the work of slaughter for a while. The weather had no sooner cleared than the sound of cannon was again heard, and Dara was at this time seen seated on a beautiful elephant of Ceylon, issuing his orders for a general onset; and, placing himself at the head of a numerous body of horse, advanced boldly towards the enemy's cannon. He was received with firmness, and soon surrounded by heaps of slain. And not only the body which he led to the attack, but those by which he was followed, were thrown into disorder. Still did he retain an admirable calmness, and evince his immovable determination not to recede. He was observed on his elephant looking about him with an undaunted air, and marking the progress of the action. The troops were animated by his example, and the fugitives resumed their ranks; the charge was repeated, but he could not come up to the enemy before another volley carried death and dismay to the assailants: many took to flight; but the greater part seemed to have imbibed Dara's spirit, and followed their intrepid commander, until the cannon were forced, the iron chains disengaged, the enemy's camp entered, and the camels and infantry put completely to the rout. It was now that the cavalry of both armies coming in contact, the battle raged with the greatest fierceness. Showers of arrows obscured the air, Dara himself emptying his quiver: these weapons, however, produced but little or no effect, nine out of ten flying over the soldiers' heads, or falling short. The arrows discharged, the sword was drawn, and the contending squadrons fought hand to hand, both sides appearing to

increase in obstinacy in proportion as the sword performed its murderous work. During the whole of this tremendous conflict, Dara afforded undeniable proofs of invincible courage, raising the voice of encouragement and command, and performing such feats of valour, that he succeeded at length in overthrowing the enemy's cavalry, and compelling it to fly.

Aurengzebe, who was at no great distance, and mounted also on an elephant, endeavoured, but without success, to retrieve the disasters of the day. He attempted to make head against Dara, with a strong body of his choicest cavalry, but it was likewise driven from the field in great confusion. Here I cannot avoid commending his bravery and resolution. He saw that nearly the whole of the army under his immediate command was defeated and put to flight; the number which remained unbroken and collected about his person, not exceeding one thousand, (I have been told it scarcely amounted to five hundred.) He found that Dara, notwithstanding the extreme ruggedness of the ground which separated them, evidently intended to rush upon his remaining little band; yet did he not betray the slightest symptom of fear, or even an inclination to retreat; but calling many of his principal officers by name, exclaimed, *Delirané!* (Courage, my friends,) *Koda-hé!* (God is,) *What hope can we find in flight? Know ye not where is our Deccan?* *Koda-hé! Koda-hé!* and then, to remove all doubt of his resolution, and to show that he thought of nothing less than a retreat, he commanded, (strange expedient!) that chains should be fastened to the feet of his elephant; a command he would undoubtedly have seen obeyed, if all those who were about him had not given the strongest assurances of their unsubdued spirit and unshaken fidelity.

Dara all this time meditated an advance upon Aurengzebe, but was retarded by the difficulty of the ground, and by the enemy's cavalry, which, though in disorder, still covered the hills and plains that intervened between the two commanders. Certainly he ought to have felt that without the destruction of his brother, victory would be incomplete; nor should he have suffered any consideration to move him from his purpose of attacking Aureng-

zebe, now that he was so clearly incapable of offering effectual resistance. He had an easy opportunity to crush this formidable rival; but the circumstance I am about to relate distracted his attention, and saved Aurengzebe from the impending danger.

Dara perceived at this critical moment that his left wing was in disorder; and an aide-de-camp bringing him intelligence of the deaths of Ruotum-Khan and Sittersal, and of the imminent peril into which Ram-Singh-Routlé was placed in consequence of having valiantly burst through the enemy, by whom he was, however, entirely surrounded, Dara abandoned the idea of pushing towards Aurengzebe, and determined to fly to the succour of the left wing. After a great deal of hard fighting, Dara's presence turned the tide of fortune, and the enemy was driven back at all points; but the rout was not so complete as to leave him without occupation. Meanwhile Ram-Singh-Routlé was opposed to Morâd-Bakche, and performing prodigies of valour. The rajah wounded the prince, and approached so near as to cut some of the bands by which the amari was fixed upon the elephant, hoping in that way to bring his antagonist to the earth; but the intrepidity and adroitness of Morâd-Bakche did not permit him to accomplish his object. Though wounded, and beset on all sides by the rajaputs, the prince disdained to yield: he dealt his blows with terrible effect, throwing at the same time his shield over his son, a lad of seven years of age, seated at his side; and discharged an arrow with so unerring an aim that the rajah fell dead on the spot.

It was not long before Dara was made acquainted with the serious loss he had sustained; and hearing also that Morâd-Bakche was hemmed in by the rajaputs, rendered furious by the death of their master, he determined, notwithstanding every obstacle, to advance to the attack of that prince; the only measure by which he could hope to repair the error committed in suffering Aurengzebe to escape: but even this step was rendered abortive by an act of treachery, which involved Dara in immediate and irretrievable ruin.

Calil-ullah-Khan, who commanded the right wing, consisting

of thirty thousand Moguls, a force which alone was sufficient to destroy Aurengzebe's army, kept aloof from the engagement, while Dara, at the head of the left wing, fought with courage and success. The traitor pretended that his division was designed for a corps of reserve, and that he could not, consistently with his orders, move one step, or discharge a single arrow, until the last extremity; but the blackest perfidy was the cause of his inaction.

A few years prior to this period, Calil-ullah had suffered some indignity at the hands of Dara, and he considered the hour had arrived when he might gratify the resentment which had never ceased to rankle in his bosom. His abstinence from all share in the battle did not, however, produce the mischief intended, Dara having proved victorious without the co-operation of the right wing. The traitor, therefore, had recourse to another expedient. He quitted his division, followed by a few persons, and riding with speed towards Dara, precisely at the moment when that prince was hastening to assist in the downfall of Morâd-Bakche, he exclaimed, while yet at some distance, *Mohbarekbad, Hazaret, Salamet, Elhamd-ul-ellah!* "May you be happy! May your majesty enjoy health, and reign in safety! The victory is your own! But let me ask, why are you still mounted on this lofty elephant? Have you not been sufficiently exposed to danger? If one of the numberless arrows, or balls, which have pierced your canopy had touched your person, who can imagine the dreadful situation to which we should be reduced? In Heaven's name descend quickly, and mount your horse; nothing now remains but to pursue the fugitives with vigour. I entreat your majesty permit them not to escape!"

Had Dara considered the consequences of quitting the back of his elephant, on which he had displayed so much valour, and served as a rallying point to the army, he would have become master of the empire; but the credulous prince, duped by the artful obsequiousness of Calil-ullah, listened to his advice as though it had been sincere. He descended from the elephant, and mounted his horse; but a quarter of an hour had not elapsed when, suspecting the imposture, he inquired impatiently for Calil-

ullah. The villain, however, was not within his reach : he inveighed vehemently against that officer, and threatened him with death ; but Dara's rage was now impotent, and his menace incapable of being executed. The troops having missed their prince, a rumour quickly spread that he was killed and the army betrayed : a universal panic seized them ; every man thought only of his own safety, and how to escape from the resentment of Aurengzebe. In a few minutes the army seemed disbanded, and (strange and sudden reverse !) the conqueror became the vanquished. Aurengzebe remained during a quarter of an hour steadily on his elephant, and was rewarded with the crown of Hindostan : Dara left his own elephant a few minutes too soon, and was hurled from the pinnacle of glory, to be numbered amongst the most miserable of princes :—so short-sighted is man, and so mighty are the consequences which sometimes flow from the most trivial incidents.

The Patan having assembled, during the night, a considerable number of armed men, seized the gold, together with the women's jewels, and fell upon Dara and the Sipper-Shekô, killed the persons who attempted to defend them, and tied the prince on the back of an elephant. The public executioner was ordered to sit behind, for the purpose of cutting off his head, upon the first appearance of resistance, either on his own part, or on that of any of his adherents ; and in this degrading posture Dara was carried to the army before Tatta, and delivered into the hands of Mir-Baba. This officer then commanded Jihon-Khan to proceed with his prisoner, first to Lahore, and afterwards to Delhi.

When the unhappy prince was brought to the gates of Delhi, it became a question with Aurengzebe whether, in conducting him to the fortress of Gualior, he should be made to pass through the capital. It was the opinion of some courtiers that this was by all means to be avoided, because not only would such an exhibition be derogatory to the royal family, but it might become the signal for revolt, and the rescue of Dara might be successfully attempted. Others maintained, on the contrary, that he ought

to be seen by the whole city: that it was necessary to strike the people with terror and astonishment, and to impress their minds with an idea of the absolute and irresistible power of Aurengzebe. It was also advisable, they added, to undeceive the omrahs and the people, who still entertained doubts of Dara's captivity, and to extinguish at once the hopes of his secret partisans. Aurengzebe viewed the matter in the same light; the wretched prisoner was therefore secured on an elephant; his son, Sipper-Shekô, placed at his side, and behind them, instead of the executioner, was seated Bhadur-Khan. This was not one of the majestic elephants of Pegu or Ceylon, which Dara had been in the habit of mounting, pompously caparisoned, the harness gilt, and trappings decorated with figured work, and carrying a beautifully-painted chair, inlaid with gold, and a magnificent canopy to shelter the prince from the sun; Dara was now seen seated on a miserable and worn-out animal, covered with filth; he no longer wore the necklace of large pearls which distinguished the princes of Hindostan, nor the rich turban and *cabaies*, or embroidered vest; he and his son were now habited in dirty cloth of the coarsest texture, and his sorry turban was wrapped round with a scarf of Cashmere wool, resembling that worn by the meanest of the people.

Such was the appearance of Dara when led through the bazaars and every quarter of the city. I could not divest myself of the idea that some dreadful execution was about to take place, and felt surprised that government should have the hardihood to commit all these indignities upon a prince confessedly popular among the lower orders, especially as I saw scarcely any armed force. The people had for some time inveighed bitterly against the unnatural conduct of Aurengzebe: the imprisonment of his father, of his son, Sultan Mahmud, and of his brother, Morâd-Bakche, filled every bosom with horror and disgust. The crowd assembled upon this disgraceful occasion was immense; and everywhere I observed the people weeping, and lamenting the fate of Dara in the most touching language. I took my station in one of the most conspicuous parts of the city, in the midst of the

largest bazaar ; was mounted on a good horse, and accompanied by two servants, and two intimate friends. From every quarter I heard piercing and distressing shrieks ; men, women, and children wailing as if some mighty calamity had happened to themselves. Jihon-Khan rode near the wretched Dara ; and the abusive and indignant cries vociferated as the traitor moved along were absolutely deafening. I observed some fakirs and several poor people throw stones at the infamous Patan ; but not a single movement was made with a view of delivering the beloved and compassionated prince. When this disgraceful procession had passed through every part of Delhi, the poor prisoner was shut up in one of his own gardens, called Heider-Abad.

Aurengzebe was immediately made acquainted with the impression which this spectacle produced upon the public mind, the indignation manifested by the populace against Jihon-Khan, the threats held out to stone the perfidious man, and with the fears entertained of a general insurrection. A second council was consequently convened, and the question discussed, whether it were more expedient to conduct Dara to Gualior, agreeably to the original intention, or to put him to death without further delay. By some it was maintained that there was no reason for proceeding to extremities, and that the prince might safely be taken to Gualior, provided he were attended with a strong escort : Danechmend-Khan, although he and Dara had long been on bad terms, enforced this opinion with all his powers of argument : but it was ultimately decided that Dara should die, and that Sipper-Shekô should be confined in Gualior. At this meeting Rochinara-Begum betrayed all her enmity against her hapless brother, combating the arguments of Danechmend, and exciting Aurengzebe to this foul and unnatural murder. Her efforts were but too successfully seconded by Calil-ullah-Khan and Shistâ-Khan, both of them old enemies of Dara ; and by Takarrub-Khan, a wretched parasite, recently raised to the rank of omrah, and formerly a physician. He was originally distinguished by the appellation of Hakin-Davoud, and had been compelled to fly from Persia. This man rendered himself conspicuous in the council by his

violent harangue. "Dara ought not to live," he exclaimed, "the safety of the state depends upon his immediate execution; and I feel the less reluctant to recommend his being put to death, because he had abjured his religion, and avowed himself a kaffer. If it be sinful to shed the blood of such a person, may the sin be visited upon my own head!" an imprecation which was not allowed to pass unregarded; for Divine justice overtook this man in his career of wickedness: he was soon disgraced, declared infamous, and sentenced to a miserable death.

The charge of this atrocious murder was intrusted to a slave of the name of Nazir, who had been educated by Shan-Jehan, but experienced some ill-treatment from Dara. The prince, apprehensive that poison would be administered to him, was employed with Sipper-Shekô in boiling lentils, when Nazir and four other ruffians entered his apartment. "My dear son," he cried out, "these men are come to murder us!" He then seized a small kitchen knife, the only weapon in his possession. One of the murderers having secured Sipper-Shekô, the rest fell upon Dara, threw him down, and while three of the assassins held him, Nazir decapitated his wretched victim. The head was instantly carried to Aurengzebe, who commanded that it should be placed on a dish, and that water should be brought. The blood was then washed from the face, and when it could no longer be doubted that it was indeed the head of Dara, he shed tears, and said, "Ah, Bedbakt! unhappy man! let this shocking sight no more offend my eyes, but take away the head, and bury it in Humaioon's sepulchre."

123.—*Epistle to a Friend.*

S. ROGERS.

[IN 1786 was published, "An Ode to Superstition, with other Poems." This was the first work of Samuel Rogers, who was born in 1763, and died in 1855. Rogers, himself a banker of the city of London, was the son of a city banker. He received a liberal education; his taste was assiduously cultivated. At a time which preceded the early days of Coleridge, and Words-

worth, and Southey, and Campbell, Rogers produced "The Pleasures of Memory," which appeared in 1792. His other most considerable poem, "Italy," did not appear till 1830. There are few such examples of the imagination and the taste remaining unchanged for half a century. The "Epistle to a Friend," which we give below, was printed in the same beautifully illustrated volume with "The Pleasures of Memory," in 1834, but was originally published in 1798. In his preface to this charming poem Mr Rogers says, "It is the design of this epistle to illustrate the virtue of True Taste; and to show how little she requires to secure, not only the comforts, but even the elegancies of life. True Taste is an excellent economist. She confines her choice to few objects, and delights in producing great effects by small means; while False Taste is for ever sighing after the new and the rare; and reminds us, in her works, of the scholar of Apelles, who, not being able to paint his Helen beautiful, determined to make her fine."]

When, with a Reaumur's skill, thy curious mind
Has class'd the insect tribes of human-kind.
Each with its busy hum, or gilded wing,
Its subtle web-work, or its venom'd sting:
Let me, to claim a few unvalued hours,
Point out the green lane rough with fern and flowers;
The shelter'd gate that opens to my field,
And the white front thro' mingling elms reveal'd.

In vain, alas, a village friend invites
To simple comforts, and domestic rites,
When the gay months of Carnival resume
Their annual round of glitter and perfume;
When London hails thee to its splendid mart,
Its hives of sweets, and cabinets of art;
And, lo! majestic as thy manly song,
Flows the full tide of human life along.

Still must my partial pencil love to dwell
On the home-prospects of my hermit-cell;
The mossy pales that skirt the orchard-green,
Here hid by shrub-wood, there by glimpses seen;
And the brown pathway, that, with careless flow,
Sinks, and is lost among the trees below.
Still must it trace (the flattering tints forgive)
Each fleeting charm that bids the landscape live.

Oft o'er the mead; at pleasing distance, pass,
Browsing the hedge by fits, the pannier'd ass ;
The idling shepherd-boy, with rude delight,
Whistling his dog to mark the pebbles' flight ;
And in her kerchief blue the cottage-maid,
With brimming pitcher from the shadowy glade.
Far to the south a mountain-vale retires,
Rich in its groves, and glens, and village spires ;
Its upland-lawns, and cliffs with foliage hung,
Its wizard stream, nor nameless, nor unsung ;
And through the various years, the various day,
What scenes of glory burst, and melt away !

When April verdure springs in Grosvenor Square,
And the furr'd beauty comes to winter there,
She bids old Nature mar the plan no more ;
Yet still the seasons circle as before.
Ah ! still as soon the young Aurora plays,
Tho' moons and flambeaux trail their broadest blaze ;
As soon the skylark pours his matin song,
Tho' evening lingers at the mask so long.

There let her strike with momentary ray,
As tapers shine their little lives away ;
There let her practise from herself to steal,
And look the happiness she does not feel ;
The ready smile and bidden blush employ
At Faro-routs, that dazzle to destroy ;
Fan with affected ease the essenced air,
And lisp of fashions with unmeaning stare.
Be thine to meditate an humbler flight,
When morning fills the fields with rosy light ;
Be thine to blend, nor thine a vulgar aim,
Repose with dignity—with quiet, fame.

Here no state-chambers in long line unfold,
Bright with broad mirrors, rough with fretted gold ;
Yet modest ornament, with use combined,
Attracts the eye to exercise the mind.

Small change of scene, small space, his home requires,
Who leads a life of satisfied desires.

What tho' no marble breathes, no canvas glows,
From every point a ray of genius flows!
Be mine to bless the more mechanic skill,
That stamps, renews, and multiplies at will;
And cheaply circulates, through distant climes,
The fairest relics of the purest times.
Here from the mould to conscious being start
Those finer forms, the miracles of art;
Here chosen gems, imprest on sulphur, shine,
That slept for ages in a second mine;
And here the faithful graver dares to trace
A Michael's grandeur, and a Raphael's grace!
Thy gallery, Florence, gilds my humble walls;
And my low roof the Vatican recalls!

Soon as the morning dream my pillow flies,
To waking sense what brighter visions rise!
Oh mark! again the coursers of the sun,
At Guido's call, their round of glory run!
Again the rosy Hours resume their flight,
Obscured and lost in floods of golden light!

But could thine erring friend so long forget
(Sweet source of pensive joy and fond regret)
That here its warmest hues the pencil flings,
Lo! here the lost restores, the absent brings;
And still the few best loved and most revered
Rise round the board their social smile endear'd;

Selected shelves shall claim thy studious hours,
There shall thy ranging mind be fed on flowers!
There, while the shaded lamp's mild lustre streams,
Read ancient books, or dream-inspiring dreams;
And, when a sage's bust arrests thee there,
Pause, and his features with his thoughts compare.
—Ah! most that art my grateful rapture calls,
Which breathes a soul into the silent walls;

Which gathers round the wise of every tongue,
All on whose words departed nations hung ;
Still prompt to charm with many a converse sweet ;
Guides in the world, companions in retreat !

Tho' my thatch'd bath no rich mosaic knows,
A limpid spring with unfelt current flows.
Emblem of life ! which still as we survey,
Seems motionless, yet ever glides away !
The shadowy walls record, with Attic art,
The strength and beauty which its waves impart.
Here Thetis, bending with a mother's fears,
Dips her dear boy, whose pride restrains his tears ;
There Venus, rising, shrinks with sweet surprise,
As her fair self, reflected, seems to rise !

Far from the joyless glare, the maddening strife,
And all the dull impertinence of life,
These eyelids open to the rising ray,
And close, when Nature bids, at close of day.
Here, at the dawn, the kindling landscape glows ;
There noon-day levées call from faint repose.
Here the flush'd wave flings back the parting light ;
There glimmering lamps anticipate the night.
When from his classic dreams the student steals,
Amid the buzz of crowds, the whirl of wheels.
To muse unnoticed—while around him press
The meteor forms of equipage and dress ;
Alone, in wonder lost, he seems to stand
A very stranger in his native land !
And (tho' perchance of current coin possest,
And modern phrase by living lips exprest)
Like those blest youths, forgive the fabling page,
Whose blameless lives deceived a twilight age,
Spent in sweet slumbers ; till the miner's spade
Unclosed the cavern, and the morning play'd.
Ah, what their strange surprise, their wild delight !
New arts of life, new manners, meet their sight !

In a new world they wake, as from the dead ;
Yet doubt the trance dissolved, the vision fled !

Oh come, and, rich in intellectual wealth,
Blend thought with exercise, with knowledge health ;
Long in this shelter'd scene of letter'd talk,
With sober step repeat the pensive walk ;
Nor scorn, when graver triflings fail to please,
The cheap amusement of a mind at ease ;
Here every care in sweet oblivion cast,
And many an idle hour—not idly pass'd.

No tuneful echoes, ambush'd at my gate,
Catch the blest accents of the wise and great.
Vain of its various page, no album breathes
The sigh that friendship or the muse bequeaths.
Yet some good genii o'er my hearth preside,
Oft the far friend, with secret spell to guide ;
And there I trace, when the gray evening lours,
A silent chronicle of happier hours !

When Christmas revels in a world of snow,
And bids her berries blush, her carols flow ;
His spangling shower when Frost, the wizard, flings ;
Or, borne in ether blue, on viewless wings,
O'er the white pane his silvery foliage weaves,
And gems with icicles the sheltering eaves ;
—Thy muffled friend his nectarine-wall pursues,
What time the sun the yellow crocus woos,
Screen'd from the arrowy north ; and duly hies
To meet the morning rumour as it flies ;
To range the murmuring market-place, and view
The motley groups that faithful Teniers drew.

When Spring bursts forth in blossoms thro' the vale,
And her wild music triumphs on the gale,
Oft with my book I muse from stile to stile ;
Oft in my porch the listless noon beguile,
Framing loose numbers, till declining day
Thro' the green trellis shoots a crimson ray ;

Till the west wind leads on the twilight hours,
And shakes the fragrant bells of closing flowers.

Nor boast, O Choisy, seat of soft delight,
The secret charm of thy voluptuous night.
Vain is the blaze of wealth, the pomp of power !
Lo ! here attendant on the shadowy hour,
Thy closet-supper, served by hands unseen,
Sheds, like an evening star, its ray serene
To hail our coming. Not a step profane
Dares, with rude sound, the cheerful rite restrain ;
And, while the frugal banquet glows reveal'd,
Pure and unbought—the natives of my field ;
While blushing fruits thro' scatter'd leaves invite,
Still clad in bloom, and veil'd in azure light ;
With wine, as rich in years as Horace sings,
With water, clear as his own fountain flings,
The shifting side-board plays its humbler part,
Beyond the triumphs of a Lorient's art.

Thus, in this calm recess, so richly fraught
With mental light and luxury of thought,
My life steals on ; (oh could it blend with thine !)
Careless my course, yet not without design.
So thro' the vales of Loire the bee-hives glide,
The light raft dropping with the silent tide ;
So, till the laughing scenes are lost in night,
The busy people wing their various flight,
Culling unnumber'd sweets from nameless flowers,
That scent the vineyard in its purple hours.

Rise, ere the watch-relieving clarions play,
Caught thro' St James's groves at blush of day ;
Ere its full voice the choral anthem flings
Thro' trophied tombs of heroes and of kings.
Haste to the tranquil shade of learned ease,
Tho' skill'd alike to dazzle and to please ;
Tho' each gay scene be search'd with anxious eye,
Nor thy shut doors be pass'd without a sigh.

If, when this roof shall know thy friend no more,
Some, form'd like thee, should once, like thee, explore ;
Invoke the Lares of his loved retreat,
And his lone walks imprint with pilgrim feet ;
Then be it said, (as, vain of better days,
Some gray domestic prompts the partial praise,)
“ Unknown he lived, unenvied, not unblest ;
Reason his guide, and Happiness his guest.
In the clear mirror of his moral page
We trace the manners of a purer age.
His soul, with thirst of genuine glory fraught,
Scorn'd the false lustre of licentious thought.
—One fair asylum from the world he knew,
One chosen seat, that charms with various view !
Who boasts of more (believe the serious strain)
Sighs for a home, and sighs, alas ! in vain.
Thro' each he roves, the tenant of a day,
And, with the swallow, wings the year away ! ”

124.—*Apophthegms.*—IV.

VARIOUS.

THE SELFISHNESS OF VICE.—Where there is no integrity, there can be no confidence ; and where there is no confidence, there can be no unanimity. Three German robbers having acquired, by various atrocities, what amounted to a very valuable booty, they agreed to divide the spoil, and to retire from so dangerous a vocation. When the day which they had appointed for this purpose arrived, one of them was despatched to a neighbouring town, to purchase provisions for their last carousal. The other two secretly agreed to murder him on his return, that they might come in for one half of the plunder, instead of a third. They did so. But the murdered man was a closer calculator even than his assassins, for he had previously poisoned a part of the provi-

sions, that he might appropriate to himself the *whole* of the spoil. This precious triumvirate were found dead together—a signal instance that nothing is so blind and suicidal as the selfishness of vice.—COLTON.

SIR THOMAS MORE.—His country house was at Chelsea, in Middlesex, where Sir John Danvers built his house. The chimney-piece of marble, in Sir John's chamber, was the chimney-piece of Sir Thomas More's chamber, as Sir John himself told me. Where the gate is now, adorned with two noble pyramids, there stood anciently a gate-house, which was flat on the top, leaded, from whence is a most pleasant prospect of the Thames, and the fields beyond ; on this place the Lord Chancellor More was wont to recreate himself and contemplate. It happened one time, that a Tom of Bedlam came up to him, and had a mind to have thrown him from the battlements, saying, "Leap, Tom, leap." The chancellor was in his gown, and besides ancient, and not able to struggle with such a strong fellow. My lord had a little dog with him ; said he, "Let us first throw the dog down, and see what sport that will be ;" so the dog was thrown over. "This is very fine sport," said my lord, "fetch him up and try once more ;" while the madman was going down, my lord fastened the door, and called for help, but ever after kept the door shut.—AUBREY.

JOHNSON.—The late Alexander Earl of Eglington, who loved wit more than wine, and men of genius more than sycophants, had a great admiration of Johnson ; but, from the remarkable elegance of his own manners, was, perhaps, too delicately sensible of the roughness which sometimes appeared in Johnson's behaviour. One evening about this time, when his lordship did me the honour to sup at my lodgings with Dr Robertson and several other men of literary distinction, he regretted that Johnson had not been educated with more refinement, and lived more in polished society. "No, no, my lord," said Signor Baretti, "do with him what you would, he would always have been a bear." "True," answered the earl, with a smile, "but he would have been a *dancing* bear."

To obviate all the reflections which have gone round the

world to Johnson's prejudice, by applying to him the epithet of a *bear*, let me impress upon my readers a just and happy saying of my friend Goldsmith, who knew him well :—"Johnson, to be sure, has a roughness in his manner ; but no man alive has a more tender heart. *He has nothing of the bear but his skin.*"—BOSWELL.

THE FIRST HUG OF THE BEAR.—On Monday, the 16th of May, when I was sitting in Mr Davies's back parlour, after having drunk tea with him and Mrs Davies, Johnson unexpectedly came into the shop ; and Mr Davies having perceived him, through the glass-door in the room in which we were sitting, advancing towards us, he announced his awful approach to me, somewhat in the manner of an actor in the part of Horatio, when he addresses Hamlet on the appearance of his father's ghost, "Look, my lord, it comes !" I found that I had a very perfect idea of Johnson's figure, from the portrait of him painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds soon after he had published his Dictionary, in the attitude of sitting in his easy-chair in deep meditation ; which was the first picture his friend did for him, which Sir Joshua very kindly presented to me, and from which an engraving has been made for this work. Mr Davies mentioned my name, and respectfully introduced me to him. I was much agitated ; and recollecting his prejudice against the Scotch, of which I had heard much, I said to Davies, "Don't tell where I come from." "From Scotland," cried Davies, roguishly. "Mr Johnson," said I, "I do indeed come from Scotland, but I cannot help it." I am willing to flatter myself, that I meant this as light pleasantry to soothe and conciliate him, and not as a humiliating abasement at the expense of my country. But however that might be, this speech was somewhat unlucky ; for with that quickness of wit for which he was so remarkable, he seized the expression "came from Scotland," which I used in the sense of being of that country : and, as if I had said that I had come away from it, or left it, retorted, "That, sir, I find, is what a very great many of your countrymen cannot help." This stroke stunned me a good deal ; and when we had sat down, I felt myself not a little embarrassed, and apprehensive of what might come next. He then

addressed himself to Davies : "What do you think of Garrick ? He has refused me an order for the play for Miss Williams, because he knows the house will be full, and that an order would be worth three shillings." Eager to take any opening to get into conversation with him, I ventured to say, "Oh, sir, I cannot think Mr Garrick would grudge such a trifle to you." "Sir," said he, with a stern look, "I have known David Garrick longer than you have done, and I know no right you have to talk to me on the subject."—BOSWELL.

A DISTINCTION.—A person tried for high treason, as the jury were about to leave the bar, requested them to consider a statute which he thought made very much for him. "Sirrah," cried out one of the judges, "I know that statute better than you do." The prisoner coolly replied, "I make no doubt, sir, but that you do know it better than I do ; I am only anxious that the jury should know it as well."—SEWARD.

WICKED WIT.—One asked Sir John Millicent how he did so conform himself to the grave justices, his brothers, when they met. "Why, in faith," says he, "I have no way but to drink myself down to the capacity of the Bench."—L'ESTRANGE.

SIR MILES FLEETWOOD, RECORDER OF LONDON.—He was of the Middle Temple. Was Recorder of London, when King James came into England. Made his harangue to the city of London :—"When I consider your wealth I do admire your wisdom, and when I consider your wisdom I do admire your wealth." It was a two-handed rhetorication, but the citizens took it in the best sense. He was a very severe hanger of highway-men ; so that the fraternity were resolved to make an example of his worship, which they executed in this manner :—They lay in wait for him not far from Tyburn, as he was to come from his house at —, Bucks ; had a halter in readiness ; brought him under the gallows, fastened the rope about his neck, his hands tied behind him, (and servants bound,) and then left him to the mercy of his horse, which he called *Ball*. So he cried, "Ho, Ball ! Ho, Ball !" and it pleased God that his horse stood still, till somebody came along, which was half a quarter of an hour or

more. He ordered that his horse should be kept as long as he would live, which was so; he lived till 1646.—AUBREY.

CHARACTER OF LORD BACON.—One, though he be excellent, and the chief, is not to be imitated alone; for no imitator ever grew up to his author; likeness is always on this side truth. Yet there happened in my time one noble speaker, who was full of gravity in his speaking. His language (where he could spare or pass by a jest) was nobly censorious. No man ever spake more neatly, more pressly, more weightily, or suffered less emptiness, less idleness, in what he uttered. No member of his speech, but consisted of his own graces. His hearers could not cough, or look aside from him, without loss. He commanded where he spoke; and had his judges angry and pleased at his devotion. No man had their affections more in his power. The fear of every man that heard him was, lest he should make an end.

My conceit of his person was never increased toward him by his place, or honours, but I have and do reverence him, for the greatness that was only proper to himself, in that he seemed to me ever, by his work, one of the greatest men, and most worthy of admiration, that had been in many ages. In his adversity I ever prayed that God would give him strength; for greatness he could not want. Neither could I condole in a word or syllable for him, as knowing no accident could do harm to virtue, but rather help to make it manifest.—BEN JONSON.

IDLE FEARS.—One was saying that his great grandfather, and grandfather and father, died at sea; said another that heard him, "An I were as you, I would never come at sea." "Why," saith he, "where did your great grandfather and grandfather and father die?" He answered, "Where, but in their beds." Saith the other, "An I were as you, I would never come to bed."—BACON.

AUGUSTUS CÆSAR would say, "That he wondered that Alexander feared he should want work, having no more to conquer; as if it were not as hard a matter to keep as to conquer." —BACON.

SCHOOL DISCIPLINE.—The discipline at Christ's Hospital in my time was ultra Spartan; all domestic ties were to be put aside.

"Boy," I remember Bowyer saying to me once when I was crying the first day of my return after the holidays. "Boy, the school is your father! Boy, the school is your mother! Boy, the school is your brother! the school is your sister! the school is your first cousin, and your second cousin, and all the rest of your relations! Let's have no more crying!"

No tongue can express good Mrs Bowyer. Val Le Grice and I were once going to be flogged for some domestic misdeed, and Bowyer was thundering away at us by way of prologue, when Mrs B. looked in, and said, "Flog them soundly, sir, I beg!" This saved us. Bowyer was so nettled at the interruption that he growled out, "Away, woman, away!" and we were let off.

I had *one* just flogging. When I was about thirteen, I went to a shoemaker, and begged him to take me as his apprentice. He being an honest man, immediately took me to Bowyer, (the Master of Christ's Hospital,) who got into a great rage, knocked me down, and even rudely pushed Crispin out of the room. Bowyer asked me why I had made myself such a fool? to which I answered, "That I had a great desire to be a shoemaker, and that I hated the thought of being a clergyman." "Why so?" said he. "Because, to tell you the truth, sir," said I, "I am an infidel!" For this, without more ado, Bowyer flogged me, wisely, as I think—soundly, as I know. Any whining or sermonising would have gratified my vanity, and confirmed me in my absurdity; as it was, I was laughed at, and got heartily ashamed of my folly.—COLERIDGE.

KEATS.—A loose, slack, not well-dressed youth met Mr —— and myself in a lane near Highgate. —— knew him, and spoke. It was Keats. He was introduced to me, and stayed a minute or so. After he had left us a little way, he came back, and said, "Let me carry away the memory, Coleridge, of having pressed your hand!" "There is death in that hand," I said to ——, when Keats was gone; yet this was, I believe, before the consumption showed itself distinctly.—COLERIDGE.—*Table Talk*.

125.—*The Great Dismal Swamp of America.*

SIR C. LYELL.

[WE extract the following account of one of the most remarkable natural objects in the world, from the "Travels in North America" of a distinguished geologist of our day, Sir Charles Lyell.]

There are many swamps or morasses in this low, flat region, and one of the largest of these occurs between the towns of Norfolk and Weldon. We traversed several miles of its northern extremity on the railway, which is supported on piles. It bears the appropriate and very expressive name of the "Great Dismal," and is no less than forty miles in length from north to south, and twenty-five miles in its greatest width from east to west, the northern half being situated in Virginia, the southern in North Carolina. I observed that the water was obviously in motion in several places, and the morass had somewhat the appearance of a broad inundated river-plain, covered with all kinds of aquatic trees and shrubs, the soil being as black as in a peat-bog. The accumulation of vegetable matter going on here in a hot climate, over so vast an area, is a subject of such high geological interest, that I shall relate what I learnt of this singular morass. It is one enormous quagmire, soft and muddy, except where the surface is rendered partially firm by a covering of vegetables and their matted roots; yet, strange to say, instead of being lower than the level of the surrounding country, it is actually higher than nearly all the firm and dry land which encompasses it, and, to make the anomaly complete, in spite of its semi-fluid character, it is higher in the interior than towards its margin.

The only exceptions to both these statements is found on the eastern side, where, for the distance of about twelve or fifteen miles, the streams flow from slightly elevated but higher land, and supply all its abundant and overflowing water. Towards the north, the east, and the south, the waters flow from the swamp to different rivers, which give abundant evidence, by the rate of their

descent, that the Great Dismal is higher than the surrounding firm ground. This fact is also confirmed by the measurements made in levelling for the railway from Portsmouth to Suffolk, and for two canals cut through different parts of the morass, for the sake of obtaining timber. The railway itself, when traversing the Great Dismal, is literally higher than when on the land some miles distant on either side, and is six to seven feet higher than where it passes over dry ground near to Suffolk and Portsmouth. Upon the whole, the centre of the morass seems to lie more than twelve feet above the flat country round it. If the streams which now flow in from the west, had for ages been bringing down black fluid mire instead of water, over the firm subsoil, we might suppose the ground so inundated as to have acquired its present configuration. Some small ridges, however, of land must have existed in the original plain or basin, for these now rise like low islands in various places above the general surface. But the streams to the westward do not bring down liquid mire, and are not charged with any sediment. The soil of the swamp is formed of vegetable matter, usually without any admixture of earthy particles. We have here, in fact, a deposit of peat from ten to fifteen feet in thickness, in a latitude where, owing to the heat of the sun and length of the summer, no peat-mosses like those of Europe would be looked for under ordinary circumstances.

In countries like Scotland and Ireland, where the climate is damp, and the summer short and cool, the natural vegetation of one year does not rot away during the next in moist situations. If water flows into such land it is absorbed, and promotes the vigorous growth of mosses and other aquatic plants, and when they die, the same water arrests their putrefaction. But, as a general rule, no such accumulation of peat can take place in a country like that of Virginia, where the summer's heat causes annually as large a quantity of dead plants to decay as is equal in amount to the vegetable matter produced in one year.

There are many trees and shrubs in the region of the Pine Barrens, (and the same may be said of the United States generally,) which, like our willows, flourish luxuriantly in water. The

juniper trees, or white cedar, (*Cupressus thyoides*,) stand firmly in the softest part of the quagmire, supported by their long tap-roots, and afford, with many other evergreens, a dark shade, under which a multitude of ferns, reeds, and shrubs, from nine to eighteen feet high, and a thick carpet of mosses, four or five inches high, spring up, and are protected from the rays of the sun. When these are most powerful, the large cedar, (*Cupressus districha*,) and many other deciduous trees, are in full leaf. The black soil formed beneath this shade, to which the mosses and the leaves make annual additions, does not perfectly resemble the peat of Europe, most of the plants being so decayed as to leave little more than soft black mud, without any traces of organisation. This loose soil is called sponge by the labourers; and it has been ascertained that, when exposed to the sun, and thrown out on the bank of a canal, where clearings have been made, it rots entirely away. Hence it is evident that it owes its preservation in the swamp to moisture and the shade of the dense foliage. The evaporation continually going on in the wet spongy soil during summer, cools the air and generates a temperature resembling that of a more northern climate, or a region more elevated above the level of the sea.

Numerous trunks of large and tall trees lie buried in the black mire of the morass. In so loose a soil they are easily overthrown by winds, and nearly as many have been found lying beneath the surface of the peaty soil, as standing erect upon it. When thrown down, they are soon covered by water, and keeping wet, they never decompose, except the sap-wood, which is less than an inch thick. Much of the timber is obtained by sounding a foot or two below the surface, and it is sawn into planks while half under water.

The Great Dismal has been described as being highest towards its centre. Here, however, there is an extensive lake of an oval form, seven miles long and more than five wide, the depth, where greatest, fifteen feet; and its bottom, consisting of mud like the swamp, but sometimes with a pure white sand, a foot deep, covering the mud. The water is transparent, though tinged of a pale

brown colour, like that of our peat-mosses, and contains abundance of fish. This sheet of water is usually even with its banks, on which a thick and tall forest grows. There is no beach, for the bank sinks perpendicularly, so that if the waters are lowered several feet, it makes no alteration in the breadth of the lake.

Much timber has been cut down and carried out from the swamp by means of canals, which are perfectly straight for long distances, with the trees on each side arching over, and almost joining their branches across, so that they throw a dark shade on the water, which of itself looks black, being coloured as before mentioned. When the boats emerge from the gloom of these avenues into the lake, the scene is said to be "as beautiful as fairy land."

The bears inhabiting the swamp climb trees in search of acorns and gum-berries, breaking off large boughs of the oaks in order to draw the acorns near to them. These same bears are said to kill hogs, and even cows. There are also wild cats, and occasionally a solitary wolf, in the morass.

That the ancient seams of coal were produced for the most part by terrestrial plants of all sizes, not drifted but growing on the spot, is a theory more and more generally adopted in modern times; and the growth of what is called sponge in such a swamp, and in such a climate as the Great Dismal, already covering so many square miles of a low level region, bordering the sea, and capable of spreading itself indefinitely over the adjacent country, helps us greatly to conceive the manner in which the coal of the ancient carboniferous rocks may have been formed. The heat, perhaps, may not have been excessive when the coal measures originated, but the entire absence of frost, with a warm and damp atmosphere, may have enabled tropical forms to flourish in latitudes far distant from the line. Huge swamps in a rainy climate, standing above the level of the surrounding firm land, and supporting a dense forest, may have spread far and wide, invading the plains, like some European peat-mosses when they burst, and the frequent submergence of these masses of vegetable matter beneath seas or estuaries, as often as the land sank down during

subterranean movements, may have given rise to the deposition of strata of mud, sand, or limestone, immediately upon the vegetable matter. The conversion of successive surfaces into dry land, where other swamps supporting trees may have formed, might give origin to a continued series of coal measures of great thickness. In some kinds of coal the vegetable texture is apparent throughout under the microscope; in others, it has only partially disappeared; but even in this coal, the flattened trunks of trees of the genera *Lepidodendron*, *Sigillaria*, and others, converted into pure coal, are occasionally met with, and erect fossil trees are observed in the overlying strata, terminating downwards in seams of coal.

126.—The Chemical Philosopher.

SIR H. DAVY.

The Unknown.—Persons in general look at the magnificent fabric of civilised society as the result of the accumulated labour, ingenuity, and enterprise of man through a long course of ages, without attempting to define what has been owing to the different branches of human industry and science; and usually attribute to politicians, statesmen, and warriors, a much greater share than really belongs to them in the work;—what they have done is in reality little. The beginning of civilisation is the discovery of some useful arts by which men acquire property, comforts, or luxuries. The necessity or desire of preserving them leads to laws and social institutions. The discovery of peculiar arts gives superiority to particular nations; and the love of power induces them to employ this superiority to subjugate other nations who learn their arts, and ultimately adopt their manners;—so that in reality the origin, as well as the progress and improvement of civil society, is founded in mechanical and chemical inventions. No people have ever arrived at any degree of perfection in their institutions who have not possessed in a high degree the useful and refined arts. The comparison of savage and civilised man,

in fact, demonstrates the triumph of chemical and mechanical philosophy as the causes not only of the physical, but ultimately even of moral improvement. Look at the condition of man in the lowest state in which we are acquainted with him. Take the native of New Holland, advanced only a few steps above the animal creation, and that principally by the use of fire; naked, defending himself against wild beasts, or killing them for food only by weapons made of wood hardened in the fire, or pointed with stones or fish-bones; living only in holes dug out of the earth, or in huts rudely constructed of a few branches of trees covered with grass: having no approach to the enjoyment of luxuries or even comforts; unable to provide for his most pressing wants; having a language scarcely articulate, relating only to the great objects of Nature, or to his most pressing necessities or desires, and living solitary or in single families; unacquainted with religion, government, or laws, submitted to the mercies of Nature or the elements. How different is man in his highest state of cultivation! every part of his body covered with the products of different chemical and mechanical arts, made not only useful in protecting him from the inclemency of the seasons, but combined in forms of beauty and variety; creating out of the dust of the earth, from the clay under his feet, instruments of use and ornament; extracting metals from the rude ore, and giving to them a hundred different shapes for a thousand different purposes; selecting and improving the vegetable productions with which he covers the earth; not only subduing but taming and domesticating the wildest, the fleetest, and the strongest inhabitants of the wood, the mountain, and the air; making the winds carry him on every part of the immense ocean; and compelling the elements of air, water, and even fire as it were to labour for him; concentrating in small space materials which act as the thunderbolt, and directing their energies so as to destroy at immense distances; blasting the rock, removing the mountain, carrying water from the valley to the hill; perpetuating thought in imperishable words, rendering immortal the exertions of genius and presenting them as common property to all awakening minds — becoming as

it were the image of divine intelligence, receiving and bestowing the breath of life in the influence of civilisation.

Eubathes.—Really you are in the poetical, not the chemical chair, or rather on the tripod. We claim from you some accuracy of detail, some minute information, some proofs of what you assert. What you attribute to the chemical and mechanical arts, we might with the same propriety attribute to the fine arts, to letters, to political improvement, and to those inventions of which Minerva and Apollo, not Vulcan, are the patrons.

The Unknown.—I will be more minute. You will allow that the rendering skins insoluble in water by combining with them the astringent principle of certain vegetables is a chemical invention, and that without leather our shoes, our carriages, our equipages, would be very ill-made; you will permit me to say, that the bleaching and dyeing of wool and silk, cotton and flax, are chemical processes, and that the conversion of them into cloth of different kinds is a mechanical invention; that the working of iron, copper, tin and lead, and the other metals, and the combining them in different alloys by which almost all the instruments necessary for the turner, the joiner, the stone-mason, the ship-builder and the smith are made, are chemical inventions; even the press, to the influence of which I am disposed to attribute as much as you can do, could not have existed in any state of perfection without a metallic alloy; the combining of alkali and sand, and certain clays and flints together to form glass and porcelain, is a chemical process; the colours which the artist employs to frame resemblances of natural objects, or to create combinations more beautiful than ever existed in nature, are derived from chemistry; in short, in every branch of the common and fine arts, in every department of human industry, the influence of this science is felt, and we may find in the fable of Prometheus taking the flame from heaven to animate his man of clay, an emblem of the effects of fire in its application to chemical purposes, in creating the activity and almost the life of civil society.

Philaletes.—It appears to me that you attribute to science what in many cases has been the result of accident. The pro-

cesses of most of the useful arts, which you call chemical, have been invented and improved without any refined views, without any general system of knowledge. Lucretius attributes to accident the discovery of the fusion of the metals; a person in touching a shell-fish observes that it emits a purple liquid as a dye, hence the Tyrian purple; clay is observed to harden in the fire, and hence the invention of bricks, which could hardly fail ultimately to lead to the discovery of porcelain; even glass, the most perfect and beautiful of those manufactures you call chemical, is said to have been discovered by accident; Theophrastus states, that some merchants who were cooking on some lumps of soda or natron, near the mouth of the river Belus, observed that a hard and vitreous substance was formed where the fused natron ran into sand.

The Unknown.—I will readily allow that accident has had much to do with the origin of the arts as with the progress of the sciences. But it has been by scientific processes and experiments that these accidental results have been rendered really applicable to the purposes of common life. Besides, it requires a certain degree of knowledge and scientific combination to understand and seize upon the facts which have originated in accident. It is certain, that in all fires alkaline substances and sand are fused together and clay hardened; yet for ages after the discovery of fire glass and porcelain were unknown, till some men of genius profited by scientific combination often observed but never applied. It suits the indolence of those minds which never attempt anything, and which probably if they did attempt anything would not succeed, to refer to accident that which belongs to genius. It is sometimes said by such persons, that the discovery of the law of gravitation was owing to accident; and a ridiculous story is told of the falling of an apple, as the cause of this discovery. As well might the invention of fluxions or the architectural wonders of the dome of St Peter's, or the miracles of art, the St John of Raphael, or the Apollo Belvidere, be supposed to be owing to accidental combinations. In the progress of an art, from its rudest to its most perfect state, the whole pro-

cess depends upon experiments. Science is, in fact, nothing more than the refinement of common-sense making use of facts already known to acquire new facts. Clays, which are yellow, are known to burn red; calcareous earth renders flint fusible—the persons who have improved earthenware made their selections accordingly. Iron was discovered at least one thousand years before it was rendered malleable; and from what Herodotus says of this discovery, there can be little doubt that it was developed by a scientific worker in metals. Vitruvius tells us, that the ceruleum, a colour made of copper, which exists in perfection in all the old paintings of the Greeks and Romans, and on the mummies of the Egyptians, was discovered by an Egyptian king; there is, therefore, every reason to believe that it was not the result of accidental combination, but of experiments made for producing or improving colours. Amongst the ancient philosophers many discoveries were attributed to Democritus and Anaxagoras; and, connected with chemical arts, the narrative of the inventions of Archimedes alone, by Plutarch, would seem to show how great is the effect of science in creating power. In modern times the refining of sugar, the preparation of nitre, the manufacturing of acids, salts, &c., are all results of pure chemistry. Take gunpowder as a specimen; no person but a man infinitely diversifying his processes and guided by analogy could have made such a discovery. Look into the books of the alchemists, and some idea may be formed of the effects of experiments. It is true, these persons were guided by false views, yet they made most useful researches; and Lord Bacon has justly compared them to the husbandman, who, searching for an imaginary treasure, fertilised the soil. They might likewise be compared to persons who, looking for gold, discover the fragments of beautiful statues, which separately are of no value, and which appear of little value to the persons who found them; but which, when selected and put together by artists, and their defective parts supplied, are found to be wonderfully perfect and worthy of conservation. Look to the progress of the arts since they have been enlightened by a *system of science*, and observe with what rapidity they have

advanced. Again, the steam-engine in its rudest form was the result of a chemical experiment; in its refined state, it required the combinations of the most recondite principles of chemistry and mechanics, and that excellent philosopher who has given this wonderful instrument of power to civil society, was led to the great improvements he made, by the discoveries of a kindred genius on the heat absorbed when water becomes steam, and of the heat evolved when the steam becomes water. Even the most superficial observer must allow in this case a triumph of science, for what a wonderful impulse has this invention given to the progress of the arts and manufactures in our country! how much has it diminished labour,—how much has it increased the real strength of the country! Acting as it were with a thousand hands, it has multiplied our active population, and receiving its elements of activity from the bowels of the earth, it performs operations which formerly were painful, oppressive, and unhealthy to the labourers, with regularity and constancy, and gives security and precision to the efforts of the manufacturer. And the inventions connected with the steam-engine, at the same time that they have greatly diminished labour of body, have tended to increase power of mind and intellectual resources. Adam Smith well observes that manufacturers are always more ingenious than husbandmen; and manufacturers who use machinery will probably always be found more ingenious than handicraft manufacturers. You spoke of porcelain as a result of accident; the improvements invented in this country, as well as those made in Germany and France, have been entirely the result of chemical experiments, the Dresden and the Sèvres manufactories have been the work of men of science, and it was by multiplying his chemical researches that Wedgwood was enabled to produce at so cheap a rate those beautiful imitations, which, while they surpass the ancient vases in solidity and perfection of material, equal them in elegance, variety, and tasteful arrangement of their forms. In another department, the use of the electrical conductor was a pure scientific combination, and the sublimity of the discovery of the American philosopher was only equalled by the happy appli-

cation he immediately made of it. In our own times it would be easy to point out numerous instances in which great improvements and beneficial results connected with the comforts, the happiness, and even life of our fellow-creatures, have been the results of scientific combinations ; but I cannot do this without constituting myself a judge of the works of philosophers who are still alive, whose researches are known, whose labours are respected, and who will receive from posterity praises that their contemporaries hardly dare to bestow upon them.

But, waiving all common utility, all vulgar applications, there is something in knowing and understanding the operation of Nature, some pleasure in contemplating the order and harmony of the arrangements belonging to the terrestrial system of things. There is no absolute utility in poetry ; but it gives pleasure, refines and exalts the mind. Philosophic pursuits have likewise a noble and independent use of this kind ; and there is a double reason offered for pursuing them ; for, whilst in their sublime speculations they reach to the heavens, in their application they belong to the earth ; whilst they exalt the intellect, they provide food for our common wants, and likewise minister to the noblest appetites and most exalted views belonging to our nature. The results of this science are not like the temples of the ancients, in which statues of the gods were placed, where incense was offered and sacrifices were performed, and which were presented to the adoration of the multitude, founded upon superstitious feelings ; but they are rather like the palaces of the moderns, to be admired and used, and where the statues, which in the ancients raised feelings of adoration and awe, now produce only feelings of pleasure, and gratify a refined taste. It is surely a pure delight to know how and by what processes this earth is clothed with verdure and life—how the clouds, mists, and rain are formed—what causes all the changes of this terrestrial system of things, and by what divine laws order is preserved amidst apparent confusion. It is a sublime occupation to investigate the cause of the tempest and the volcano, and to point out their use in the

economy of things, to bring the lightning from the clouds and make it subservient to our experiments—to produce as it were a microcosm in the laboratory of art, and to measure and weigh those invisible atoms, which, by their motions and changes, according to laws impressed upon them by the divine intelligence, constitute the universe of things. The true chemical philosopher sees good in all the diversified forms of the external world. Whilst he investigates the operations of infinite power guided by infinite wisdom, all low prejudices, all mean superstitions, disappear from his mind. He sees man an atom amidst atoms, fixed upon a point in space, and yet modifying the laws that are around him by understanding them; and gaining, as it were, a kind of dominion over time, and an empire in material space, and exerting on a scale infinitely small a power seeming a sort of shadow or reflection of a creative energy, and which entitles him to the distinction of being made in the image of God and animated by a spark of the divine mind. Whilst chemical pursuits exalt the understanding, they do not depress the imagination or weaken genuine feelings; whilst they give the mind habits of accuracy, by obliging it to attend to facts, they likewise extend its analogies, and, though conversant with the minute forms of things, they have for their ultimate end the great and magnificent objects of Nature. They regard the formation of a crystal, the structure of a pebble, the nature of a clay or earth; and they apply to the causes of the diversity of our mountain-chains, the appearances of the wind, thunder-storms, meteors, the earthquake, the volcano, and all those phenomena which offer the most striking images to the poet and the painter. They keep alive that inextinguishable thirst after knowledge, which is one of the greatest characteristics of our nature; for every discovery opens a new field for investigation of facts, shows us the imperfection of our theories. It has justly been said, that the greater the circle of light, the greater the boundary of darkness by which it is surrounded. This strictly applies to chemical inquiries; and hence they are wonderfully suited to the progressive nature of the human intellect, which, by its increasing efforts to acquire

a higher kind of wisdom, and a state in which truth is fully and brightly revealed, seems, as it were, to demonstrate its birthright to immortality.

127.—Conversion of King Ethelbert.

BEDE.

[BEDE or Beda, distinguished by the name of the Venerable, was one of the most learned churchmen of the eighth century. He was educated in the monastery of St Peter, one of the two united abbeys of Wearmouth and Jarrow, in the bishopric of Durham, and subsequently became a monk of Jarrow. His most important work is the "Ecclesiastical History of the English Nation," which is brought up to the year 731. This most interesting record was originally written in Latin, was translated by King Alfred into Saxon, and was first translated into English in 1565. Our extract is given from a more careful translation, published in 1723. Bede died in his monastery, according to the best accounts, in the year 735. He has left the following account of himself at the end of the Ecclesiastical History:—"Thus much of ecclesiastical history of the Britons, and more especially of the English nation, as far as I could learn either from the writings of the ancients, or the tradition of our ancestors, or of my own knowledge, has, with the help of God, been digested by me, Bede, the servant of God, and priest of the monastery of the blessed apostles, Peter and Paul, which is at Wiremuth and Gyrwum; who, being born in the territory of that same monastery, at seven years of age was given to be educated by the most Reverend Abbot Benedict, and afterwards by Ceolfred, and spending all the remaining time of my life in that monastery wholly applied myself to the meditation of Scripture, and amidst the observance of regular discipline, and the daily care of singing in the church, always took delight in either learning, or teaching, or writing. In the nineteenth year of my age I received the degree of a deacon, in the thirtieth that of priesthood, both of them by the ministry of the most Reverend Bishop John, and by order of the Abbot Ceolfred. From the which time of my being made priest till the fifty-ninth year of my age, I have made it my business, for the use of me and mine, briefly to note down out of the works of the venerable Fathers, or to add according to their sense and interpretation, these following pieces." Bede then gives a list of forty-three works upon which he had thus laboured. They were published in 1693 from MSS., at Lambeth. But there is a larger collection, which first appeared in three volumes, folio, in 1544.]

In the year from the incarnation of our Lord 582, Maurice, the 54th from Augustus, taking the empire upon him, held it twenty-one years. In the tenth year of his reign, Gregory, a man

renowned for learning and behaviour, was promoted to the bishopric of the Roman and Apostolical See, and presided thirteen years, six months, and ten days. He being moved by divine inspiration, in the fourteenth year of the same emperor, sent the servant of God, Augustin, and with him several other monks fearing the Lord, to preach the word of God to the English nation. They having, in obedience to the Pope's commands, undertaken that work, and gone some part of their way, being seized with a slothful fear, began to think of returning home rather than to proceed to a barbarous, fierce, and unbelieving nation, to whose very language they were strangers; and this they unanimously agreed was the safest course. In short, they sent back Augustin, whom he had appointed to be consecrated bishop, in case they were received by the English, that he might by humble entreaty obtain of the holy Gregory that they should not be compelled to undertake so dangerous, so toilsome, and so uncertain a journey. He, sending them an exhortatory epistle, persuaded them to proceed in the work of the Divine Word, relying on the heavenly assistance, the purport of which letter was as follows:—

“Gregory, the servant of the servants of God, to the servants of our Lord. Forasmuch as it had been better not to begin a good work, than to think of desisting from that which has been begun, it behoves you (most beloved sons) to fulfil the good work which by the help of our Lord you have undertaken. Let not, therefore, the toil of the journey, nor the tongues of evil-speaking men deter you; but with all possible earnestness and fervour perform that which you have undertaken by God's direction, being assured that much labour is followed by a reward of eternal glory. When Augustin your chief returns, whom we also constitute your abbot, humbly obey him in all things; as knowing that whatsoever you shall do by his direction will, in all respects, be available to your souls. Almighty God protect you with His grace, and grant that I may, in the heavenly country, see the fruits of your labour; inasmuch as, though I cannot labour with you, I shall partake in the joy of the reward, because I am willing to labour. God keep you in safety, most beloved sons.”

Augustin, being strengthened by the confirmation of the blessed Father Gregory, returned to the work of the Word of God, with the servants of Christ, and arrived in Britain. Ethelbert was at that time the most potent king of Kent, who had extended his dominions as far as the great river Humber, by which the southern Saxons are divided from the northern. On the east side of Kent is the Isle of Thanet, considerably large—that is, containing, according to the English way of reckoning, 600 families, divided from the other land by the river Wantsum, which is about three furlongs over, and fordable only in two places, for both ends of it run into the sea. In this island landed the servant of our Lord, Augustin, and his companions, being, as is reported, nearly forty men. They had by order of the blessed Pope Gregory, taken interpreters of the nation of the Franks, and, sending to Ethelbert, signified that he was come from Rome, and brought a joyful message, which most undoubtedly assured all that took the advantage of it everlasting joys in heaven, and a kingdom that would never end, with the living and true God. He, having heard this, ordered them to stay in that island where they had landed, and that they should be furnished with all necessaries, till he should consider what to do with them. For he had before heard of the Christian religion, as having a Christian wife of the royal family of the Franks, called Bertha; whom he had received from her parents upon condition that she should be permitted to practise her religion with the Bishop Lindhard, given her to preserve the faith. Some days after, the king came into the island, and, sitting in the open air, ordered Augustin and his companions to be brought into his presence. For he had taken precaution that they should not come to him in any house, according to the ancient superstition, lest, if they had any magical arts, they might at their coming impose upon and get the better of him. But they came furnished with divine virtue, not with diabolical [power], bearing a silver cross for their banner, and the image of our Lord and Saviour painted on a board, and, singing the litany, offered up their prayers to the Lord for their own and the eternal salvation of those to whom they were come.

Having, pursuant to the king's commands, after sitting down, preached to him and all his attendants there present the word of life, he answered thus:—"Your words and promises are very taking, but, in regard that they are new and uncertain, I cannot approve of them, forsaking that which I have so long followed with the whole English nation. But because you are come from far into my kingdom, and, as I conceive, are desirous to impart to us those things which you believe to be true, and most beneficial, we will not molest you, but rather give you favourable entertainment, and take care to supply you with your necessary sustenance; nor do we forbid you by preaching to gain as many as you can to your religion." Accordingly he gave them a dwelling-place in the city of Canterbury, which was the metropolis of all his dominions, and pursuant to his promise, besides allowing them their diet, permitted them to preach. It is reported, that as they drew near to the city, after their manner, with the holy cross, and the image of the Great King, our Lord Jesus Christ, they, in concert, sung this litany or prayer:—"We beseech thee, O Lord, in all thy mercy, that thy anger and wrath be turned away from this city, and from thy holy house, because we have sinned. Hallelujah."

As soon as they entered into the dwelling-place assigned them, they began to imitate the course of life practised in the primitive Church; that is, applying themselves to frequent prayer, watching, and fasting; preaching the word of life to as many as they could; despising all worldly things, as not belonging to them, receiving only what was necessary for food of those they taught; living themselves in all respects conformable to what they prescribed to others, and being always disposed to suffer any adversity, and even to die, for that truth which they preached. In short, some believed, and were baptized, admiring the simplicity of their innocent life, and the sweetness of their heavenly doctrine. There was on the east side, near the city, a church dedicated to the honour of St Martin, formerly built whilst the Romans were still in the island, wherein the queen, who, as has been said before, was a Christian, used to pray. In this they at first began to

meet, to sing, to pray, to say mass, to preach and to baptize, till, the king being converted to the faith, they had leave granted them more freely to preach, and build or repair churches in all places. When he, among the rest, being taken with the unspotted life of these holy men, and their most agreeable promises, which they proved to be most certain by working many miracles, believed and was baptized, greater numbers began daily to flock together to hear the word, and, forsaking their heathen rites, to associate themselves, by believing, to the unity of the Church of Christ. Whose faith and conversation the king so far encouraged as that he compelled none to embrace Christianity, but only showed more affection to the believers as to his fellow-citizens in the heavenly kingdom. For he had learnt from his instructors and leaders to salvation, that the service of Christ ought to be voluntary, not by compulsion. Nor was it long before he gave his teachers a settled place in his metropolis of Canterbury, with the necessary possessions in several sorts.

128.—*Griselda.*

BOCCACCIO.

[GIOVANNI BOCCACCIO, a Florentine, was born in 1313. His great literary reputation chiefly rests upon his "Decameron," a collection of Tales written in his youth. He has been called "the father of Italian prose;" for the "Decameron" is the earliest prose work in pure Italian. No book has afforded greater materials for narrative and dramatic poetry. It is to be deplored that, with few exceptions, this remarkable book contains so many stories that are licentious in their whole construction. It must, therefore, be necessarily a sealed book in all well-ordered families. Boccaccio himself, who in his forty-eighth year received a solemn warning from a monk to reform his life, and did reform, saw the evil tendency of his early writings, and implored one of his friends not to allow the "Decameron" to be read by the females of his household. The story of "Griselda" is one of the few of these tales which are wholly unexceptionable. It has had the distinction of being the foundation of the exquisitely beautiful "Clerk's Tale" of Chaucer.]

It is a long time ago, that, amongst the marquisses of Saluzzo,

the principal or head of the family was a youth, called Gualtieri, who, as he was a bachelor, spent his whole time in hawking and hunting, without any thought of ever being encumbered with a wife and children; in which respect, no doubt, he was very wise. But this being disagreeable to his subjects, they often pressed him to marry, to the end that he might neither die without an heir, nor they be left without a lord; offering themselves to provide such a lady for him, and of such a family, that they should have great hopes from her, and he reason enough to be



satisfied. "Worthy friends," he replied, "you urge me to do a thing which I was fully resolved against, considering what a difficult matter it is to find a person of suitable temper, with the great abundance everywhere of such as are otherwise, and how miserable also the man's life must be who is tied to a disagreeable woman. As to your getting at a woman's temper from her family, and so choosing one to please me, that seems quite a ridiculous fancy; for, besides the uncertainty with regard to their true fathers, how many daughters do we see resembling neither father nor mother? Nevertheless, as you are so fond of having me noosed, I will agree to be so. Therefore, that I may have no-

body to blame but myself, should it happen amiss, I will make my own choice ; and I protest, let me marry who I will, that, unless you show her the respect that is due to her as my lady, you shall know, to your cost, how grievous it is to me to have taken a wife at your request, contrary to my own inclination." The honest men replied, that they were well satisfied, provided he would but make the trial. Now, he had taken a fancy some time before to the behaviour of a poor country girl, who lived in a village not far from his palace ; and thinking that he might live comfortably enough with her, he determined, without seeking any farther, to marry her. Accordingly, he sent for her father, who was a very poor man, and acquainted him with it. Afterwards he summoned all his subjects together, and said to them, " Gentlemen, it was and is your desire that I take a wife ; I do it rather to please you, than out of any liking I have to matrimony. You know that you promised me to be satisfied, and to pay her due honour, whoever she is that I shall make choice of. The time is now come when I shall fulfil my promise to you, and I expect you to do the like to me : I have found a young woman in the neighbourhood after my own heart, whom I intend to espouse and bring home in a very few days. Let it be your care, then, to do honour to my nuptials, and to respect her as your sovereign lady : so that I may be satisfied with the performance of your promise, even as you are with that of mine." The people all declared themselves pleased, and promised to regard her in all things as their mistress. Afterwards they made preparations for a most noble feast, and the like did the prince, inviting all his relations, and the great lords in all parts and provinces about him : he had also most rich and costly robes made, shaped by a person that seemed to be of the same size with his intended spouse ; and provided a girdle, ring, and fine coronet, with everything requisite for a bride. And when the day appointed was come, about the third hour he mounted his horse, attended by all his friends and vassals ; and having everything in readiness, he said, " My lords and gentlemen, it is now time to go for my new spouse." So on they rode to the village,

and when he was come near the father's house, he saw her carrying some water from the well, in great haste, to go afterwards with some of her acquaintance to see the new marchioness ; when he called her by name, which was Griselda, and inquired where her father was. She modestly replied, " My gracious lord, he is in the house." He then alighted from his horse, commanding them all to wait for him, and went alone into the cottage, where he found the father, who was called Giannucolo, and said to him, " Honest man, I am come to espouse thy daughter, but would first ask her some questions before thee." He then inquired, whether she would make it her study to please him, and not be uneasy at any time, whatever he should do or say ; and whether she would always be obedient ; with more to that purpose. To which she answered, " Yes." He then led her out by the hand, and made her strip before them all ; and, ordering the rich apparel to be brought which he had provided, he had her clothed completely, and a coronet set upon her head, all disordered as her hair was ; after which, every one being in amaze, he said, " Behold, this is the person whom I intend for my wife, provided she will accept of me for her husband." Then, turning towards her, who stood quite abashed, " Will you," said he, " have me for your husband ?" She replied, " Yes, if it so please your lordship."—" Well," he replied ; " and I take you for my wife." So he espoused her in that public manner, and, mounting her on a palfrey, conducted her honourably to his palace, celebrating the nuptials with as much pomp and grandeur as though he had been married to the daughter of the king of France ; and the young bride showed apparently that with her garments she had changed both her mind and behaviour. She had a most agreeable person, and was so amiable, and so good-natured withal, that she seemed rather a lord's daughter than that of a poor shepherd ; at which every one that knew her before was greatly surprised. She was, too, so obedient to her husband, and so obliging in all respects, that he thought himself the happiest man in the world ; and to her subjects likewise so gracious and condescending, that they all honoured and loved her as their own lives, praying for her

health and prosperity, and declaring, contrary to their former opinion, that Gualtieri was the most prudent and sharp-sighted prince in the whole world ; for that no one could have discerned such virtues under a mean habit, and a country disguise, but himself. In a very short time her discreet behaviour and good works were the common subject of discourse, not in the country only, but everywhere else ; and what had been objected to the prince, with regard to his marrying her, now took a contrary turn. They had not lived long together before she proved with child, and at length brought forth a daughter, for which he made great rejoicings. But soon afterwards a new fancy came into his head, and that was, to make trial of her patience by long and intolerable sufferings : so he began with harsh words, and an appearance of great uneasiness ; telling her, that his subjects were greatly displeased with her for her mean parentage, especially as they saw she bore children ; and that they did nothing but murmur at the daughter already born. Which, when she heard, without changing countenance, or her resolution, in any respect, she replied, “ My lord, pray dispose of me as you think most for your honour and happiness : I shall entirely acquiesce, knowing myself to be meaner than the meanest of the people, and that I was altogether unworthy of that dignity to which your favour was pleased to advance me.” This was very agreeable to the prince, seeing that she was no way elevated with the honour he had conferred upon her. Afterwards, having often told her, in general terms, that his subjects could not bear with the daughter that was born of her, he sent one of his servants, whom he had instructed what to do, who, with a very sorrowful countenance, said to her, “ Madam, I must either lose my own life, or obey my lord’s commands ; now he has ordered me take your daughter, and”—without saying anything more. She, hearing these words, and noting the fellow’s looks, remembering also what she had heard before from her lord, concluded that he had orders to destroy the child. So she took it out of the cradle, kissed it, and gave it her blessing ; when, without changing countenance, though her heart throbbed with maternal affection, she tenderly laid it in the ser-

vant's arms, and said, "Take it, and do what thy lord and mine has commanded ; but prythee leave it not to be devoured by the fowls, or wild beasts, unless that be his will." Taking the child, he acquainted the prince with what she said, who was greatly surprised at her constancy, and he sent the same person with it to a relation at Bologna, desiring her, without revealing whose child it was, to see it carefully brought up and educated. Afterwards the lady became with child a second time, and was delivered of a son, at which he was extremely pleased. But, not satisfied with what he had already done, he began to grieve and persecute her still more ; saying one day to her, seemingly much out of temper, "Since thou hast brought me this son, I am able to live no longer with my people ; for they mutiny to that degree, that, unless I would run the risk of being driven out of my dominions, I must be obliged to dispose of this child as I did the other ; and then to send thee away, in order to take a wife more suitable to me." She heard this with a great deal of resignation, making only this reply : "My lord, study only your own ease and happiness, without the least care for me ; for nothing is agreeable to me but what is pleasing to yourself." Not many days after, he sent for the son in the same manner as he had done for the daughter ; and, seeming also as if he had procured him to be destroyed, had him conveyed to Bologna, to be taken care of with the daughter. This she bore with the same resolution as before, at which the prince wondered greatly, declaring to himself, that no other woman was capable of doing the like. And, were it not that he had observed her extremely fond of her children, whilst that was agreeable to him, he should have thought it want of affection in her : but he saw it was only her entire obedience and condescension. The people, imagining the children were both put to death, blamed him to the last degree, thinking him the most cruel and worst of men, and showing great compassion for the lady ; who, whenever she was in company with the ladies of her acquaintance, and they condoled with her for her loss, she would only say, "It was not my will, but his who begot them." But more years being now passed, and he resolv-

ing to make the last trial of her patience, declared, before many people, that he could no longer bear to keep Griselda as his wife, owning that he had done very foolishly and like a young man in marrying her, and that he meant to solicit the Pope for a dispensation to take another, and send her away ; for which he was much blamed by many worthy persons : but he said nothing in return, only that it should be so. She, hearing this, and expecting to go home to her father, and possibly tend the cattle as she had done before, whilst she saw some other lady possessed of him whom she dearly loved and honoured, was perhaps secretly grieved ; but, as she had withstood other strokes of fortune, so she determined resolutely to do now. Soon afterwards Gualtieri had counterfeit letters come to him, as from Rome, acquainting all his people that his holiness thereby dispensed with his marrying another, and turning away Griselda. He had her brought before them, when he said, “Woman, by the Pope’s leave I may dispose of thee, and take another wife. As my ancestors, then, have been all sovereign princes of this country, and thine only peasants, I intend to keep thee no longer, but to send thee back to thy father’s cottage, with the same portion that thou broughtest me, and afterwards to make choice of one more suitable in quality to myself.” It was with the utmost difficulty she could now refrain from tears ; and she replied, “My lord, I was always sensible that my servile condition would no way accord with your high rank and descent. For what I have been I own myself indebted to Providence and you ; I considered it as a favour lent me : you are now pleased to demand it back ; I therefore willingly restore it. Behold the ring with which you espoused me : I deliver it to you. You bid me take the dowry back which I brought you : you will have no need for a teller to count it, nor I for a purse to put it in, much less a sumpter-horse to carry it away ; for I have not forgotten that you took me naked : and if you think it decent to expose that body, which has borne you two children, in that manner, I am contented ; but I would entreat you, as a recompense for my virginity, which I brought you and do not carry away, that you would please to let me have one

shift over and above my dowry." He, though ready to weep, yet put on a stern countenance, and said, "Thou shalt have one only then." And, notwithstanding the people all desired that she might have an old gown, to keep her body from shame who had been his wife thirteen years and upwards, yet it was all in vain ; so she left his palace in that manner, and returned weeping to her father's, to the great grief of all who saw her. The poor man, never supposing that the prince would keep her long as his wife, and expecting this thing to happen every day, had safely laid up the garments of which she had been despoiled the day he espoused her. He now brought them to her, and she put them on, and went as usual about her father's little household affairs, bearing this fierce trial of adverse fortune with the greatest courage imaginable. The prince then gave it out that he was to espouse a daughter of one of the counts of Panago ; and, seeming as if he had made great preparations for his nuptials, he sent for Griselda to come to him, and said to her, "I am going to bring this lady home whom I have just married, and intend to show her all possible respect at her first coming : thou knowest that I have no women with me able to set out the rooms, and do many things which are requisite on so solemn an occasion. As, therefore, thou art best acquainted with the state of the house, I would have thee make such provision as thou shalt judge proper, and invite what ladies thou wilt, even as though thou wert mistress of the house, and, when the marriage is ended, return thee home to thy father's again." Though these words pierced like daggers to the heart of Griselda, who was unable to part with her love for the prince so easily as she had done her great fortune, yet she replied, "My lord, I am ready to fulfil all your commands." She then went into the palace, in her coarse attire, from whence she had just before departed in her shift, and with her own hands did she begin to sweep, and set all the rooms to rights, cleaning the stools and benches in the hall like the meanest servant, and directing what was to be done in the kitchen, never giving over till everything was in order and as it ought to be. After this was done, she invited, in the prince's

name, all the ladies in the country to come to the feast. And on the day appointed for the marriage, meanly clad as she was, she received them in the most genteel and cheerful manner imaginable. Now Gualtieri, who had his children carefully brought up at Bologna, (the girl being about twelve years old, and one of the prettiest creatures that ever was seen, and the boy six,) had sent to his kinswoman there, to desire she would bring them, with an honourable retinue, to Saluzzo, giving it out, all the way she came, that she was bringing the young lady to be married to him, without letting any one know to the contrary. Accordingly they all three set forwards, attended by a goodly train of gentry, and, after some days' travelling, reached Saluzzo about dinner-time, when they found the whole country assembled, waiting to see their new lady. The young lady was most graciously received by all the women present, and being come into the hall where the tables were all covered, Griselda, meanly dressed as she was, went cheerfully to meet her, saying, "Your ladyship is most kindly welcome." The ladies, who had greatly importuned the prince, though to no purpose, to let Griselda be in a room by herself, or else that she might have some of her own clothes, and not appear before strangers in that manner, were now seated, and going to be served round, whilst the young lady was universally admired, and every one said that the prince had made a good change ; but Griselda in particular highly commended both her and her brother. The marquis now thinking that he had seen enough with regard to his wife's patience, and perceiving that in all her trials she was still the same, being persuaded likewise that this proceeded from no want of understanding in her, because he knew her to be singularly prudent, he thought it time to take her from that anguish which he supposed she might conceal under her firm and constant deportment. So, making her come before all the company, he said, with a smile, "What thinkest thou, Griselda, of my bride?"—"My lord," she replied, "I like her extremely well ; and if she be as prudent as she is fair, you may be the happiest man in the world with her : but I most humbly beg you would not take those heart-breaking

measures with this lady as you did with your last wife, because she is young, and has been tenderly educated, whereas the other was inured to hardships from a child."

Gualtieri perceiving, that though Griselda thought that person was to be his wife, that she nevertheless answered him with great humility and sweetness of temper, he made her sit down by him, and said, "Griselda, it is now time for you to reap the fruit of your long patience, and that they who have reputed me to be cruel, unjust, and a monster in nature, may know that what I have done has been all along with a view to teach you how to behave as a wife; and, lastly, to secure my own ease and quiet as long as we live together, which I was apprehensive might have been endangered by my marrying. Therefore I had a mind to prove you by harsh and injurious treatment; and not being sensible that you have ever transgressed my will, either in word or deed, I now seem to have met with that happiness I desired. I intend, then, to restore in one hour what I have taken away from you in many, and to make you the sweetest recompense for the many bitter pangs I have caused you to suffer. Accept, therefore, this young lady, whom you thought my spouse, and her brother, as your children and mine. They are the same which you and many others believed that I had been the means of cruelly murdering: and I am your husband, who love and value you above all things; assuring myself that no person in the world can be happier in a wife than I am." With this he embraced her most affectionately, when, rising up together, she weeping for joy, they went where their daughter was sitting, quite astonished with these things, and tenderly saluted both her and her brother, undeceiving them and the whole company. At this the women all arose, overjoyed, from the tables, and taking Griselda into the chamber, they clothed her with her own noble apparel, and as a marchioness, resembling such an one even in rags, and brought her into the hall. And being extremely rejoiced with her son and daughter, and every one expressing the utmost satisfaction at what had come to pass, the feasting was prolonged many days. The marquis was judged a very wise man, though abundantly too severe, and

the trial of his lady most intolerable ; but as for Griselda, she was beyond compare. In a few days the Count de Panago returned to Bologna, and the marquis took Giannucolo from his drudgery and maintained him as his father-in-law, and so he lived very comfortably to a good old age. Gualtieri afterwards married his daughter to one of equal nobility, continuing the rest of his life with Griselda, and showing her all the respect and honour that was possible. What can we say, then, but that divine spirits may descend from heaven into the meanest cottages, whilst royal palaces shall produce such as seem rather adapted to have the care of hogs than the government of men ?

129.—It will neber do to be Idle.

ANONYMOUS.

[THE following paper is extracted from a very remarkable book, published in 1837, entitled "Self-Formation ; or, the History of an Individual Mind. By a Fellow of a College." The name of the author was communicated, in professional confidence, to the Editor of "Half-Hours." That circumstance rendered it necessary that, in the first edition of this work, the extract should appear as taken from an anonymous writer. Since the publication of the first edition of "Half-Hours" the author of "Self-Formation" has died. It may not be improper now to state that he was the son of Mr Capel Lofft, who had the merit, in 1800, of introducing Robert Bloomfield to the public as the author of "The Farmer's Boy." The father of the writer of "Self-Formation" acquired historical notoriety by having, as a barrister, moved the Court of King's Bench to issue a writ of Habeas Corpus to bring up the body of Napoleon Bonaparte, then detained on board the "Northumberland" in Plymouth harbour. The writ was granted, but the ship had sailed for St Helena before it was served. "Self-Formation" did not attract much notice from the periodical dispensers of literary fame ; but it has produced a strong impression upon competent judges of the singular ability, not unmixed with eccentricity, and the frank earnestness, with which the progress of "an individual mind," from childhood to maturity, is related. Such revelations are of inestimable value, when we can depend upon them, as we must do in this instance, as accurate pencillings of the intellect in its weakness as well as its strength.]

There is a village called Cherry-Hinton, lying wide of any

highway, and within two or three miles of Cambridge. The footpath to it is crossed midway, or thereabouts, by a little brook, and that brook itself, accompanied by a pathway, winds its unambitious way onward to the village, through certain rich cornfields and solitary meadows. This was my usual walk, my path of contemplation. From some unaccountable neglect it was very little frequented, though in itself as pretty as any out of Cambridge. Scarcely was it trodden, save by a few late and early market-goers, and, haply, now and then a milkwoman. *Vilia delectant vulgus*; the dusty footpath, with the chance of an occasional gossip, was more to the taste of the commonalty than the modest half-worn track, the verdure, the coolness, the sequestration—in a word, the poetry of my own choice. I was in no danger of interruption by my sporting friends, who would have stared at me in such a spot as if they had seen a ghost, and regarded me ever afterwards as a man under a cloud—as one addicted to strange solitary habits.

I remember one day I had racked myself out of all patience in my attempts to overthink a subject, to master it by the sheer force of thought. In a state of exhaustion and discomfiture I leant against a gate-post, and suffered my sight to rest upon the surface of the stream, and amuse itself by the objects carried down by it. There was an angle of the bank close by, and I indulged myself some time in the idle speculation whether or not the sticks and straws that I saw floating along might chance to double it. My mind was martyred with its distractions, and it occurred to me, by sudden thought, that here was a way to put an end to them. I marked a particular straw in its descent, and made an earnest vow, that, according as it should pass the promontory or fail to do so, I would persist or not in my thoughtfulness—that, as the straw might rule me, I would strive onwards through a host of pains and penalties, or else retire at once from the contest, and, as the negroes say, “sit down softly,” content to be a common man—one of the mere vulgar.

My determination was strong at the moment, so strong that I am by no means sure that it was not decisive—that it has not

governed my destinies ever since. Well, I watched my pilot-boat as it came down. *Fortunam vehis*—so I might have apostrophised it in all Cæsarian dignity. It passed gently on. Here and there it met with an obstruction, but it was only for a moment; it doubled the cape—the Cape of Good Hope, as it really was for me. I received the augury with all acceptance, and returned with a light heart.

Somehow or other, after this incident, whether by force of it, or from whatever cause, I got into a better vein. I abandoned once for all the part of the self-tormentor. I forbore to force myself. I suffered my mind, like a froward child, to fall asleep, and so recover itself from the excitement of its frowardness. Instead of hallooing on when I had overrun the scent, I drew back quietly and cannily to the point where I was last sure of it—*relegens errata retrorsum*—and endeavour to hit it off afresh. I returned from thought to literature, from my late hard taskmaster to my former gentle mistress. I read at large. I roved about at my free will in the wide and varied common of our college library, with no other condition than that of commenting in my own mind, as I went along, upon every book that I might be reading, and every chapter of that book. This was the best restorative process imaginable. I soon got heart of grace upon it, and recruited the exhaustion of my spirits. I found it was but lost pains to attempt to add a cubit to my intellectual stature by force of thinking. I took better counsel, and resigned all care of my growth to time, patience, and steady but gentle perseverance. "*Chi va piano*," say the Italians, "*va lontano*," and I soon found, that, instead of racking myself to no purpose, as I had done heretofore, I was gradually making way and widening my circle.

My wayfarings to this village of fruitful, though, for anything that I could ever learn, fallacious entitlement—this village with a name that waters on one's tongue, though it keeps not the word of promise to one's palate—my pilgrimages, I say, thither were of good account to me through another mere accident. One day, on my return, I was driven to take shelter from a rain-storm

in a little hovel by the road-side—a sort of cobbler's stall. The tenant and his son were upon their work, and, after the customary use of greetings, I entered familiarly into talk with them, as indeed I always do, seeing that your cobbler is often a man of contemplative faculty—that there is really something of mystery in his craft. Before I had been with them long, the old man found that there lacked something for his work, and in order to provide it he sent his son out on a job of some five minutes. The interval was a short one, but it was too long for his active impatience ; he became uneasy, shuffled about the room, and at last took up a scrap or two of leather and fell to work upon them ; “for,” said he, “it will never do, you know, sir, to be idle—not at any rate—I should faint away.”

I happened just then to be in an impressible mood, without occupation myself, and weighed somewhat down by the want of it ; accordingly the phrase, the oddness of it in the first place, and still more the sense, made a deep and lasting impression upon me. As soon as the rain had spent itself, I went my way homeward, ruminating and revolving what I had heard, like a curious man over a riddle. I could not have bestowed my thoughts better ; the subject concerned me nearly, it went to the very heart of my happiness. Some people are perpetual martyrs to idleness, others have only their turns and returns of it ; I was of the latter class—a reluctant impatient idler ; nevertheless I was so much within the mischief as to feel that the words came home to me. They stung my conscience severely, they were gall and wormwood for me. Nevertheless, I dwelt so long, albeit perhaps unwillingly, upon the expression, that I became as it were privy to it ; I was in a condition to feel and revere its efficacy ; I determined to make much of it, to realise it in use, to act it out.

I had heard and read repeatedly that idleness is a very great evil ; but the censure did not appear to me to come up to the real truth. I began to think that it was not only a very great evil, but the greatest evil ; and not only the greatest one, but in fact the only one—the only mental one, I mean ; for, of course,

as to morality, a man may be very active, and very viciously active too. But the one great sensible and conceivable evil is that of idleness. No man is wretched in his energy. There can be no pain in a fit; a soldier at the full height of his spirit, and in the heat of contest, is unconscious even of a wound; the orator in the full flow of rhetoric is altogether exempt from the pitifulness of gout and rheumatism. To be occupied, in its first meaning, is to be possessed as by a tenant—and see the significancy, the reality, of first meanings. When the occupation is once complete, when the tendency is full, there can be no entry for any evil spirit: but idleness is emptiness; where it is, there the doors are thrown open, and the devils troop in.

The words of the old cobbler were oracular to me. They were constantly in my thoughts, like the last voice of his victim in those of the murderer; my mind was pregnant with them; the seed was good, and sown in a good soil—it brought forth the fruit of satisfaction.

It is the odds and ends of our time, its orts and offals, laid up, as they usually are, in corners, to rot and stink there, instead of being used out as they should be—these, I say, are the occasions of our moral unsoundness and corruption; a dead fly, little thing as it is, will spoil a whole box of the most precious ointment; and idleness, if it be once suffered, though but for a brief while, is sure, by the communication of its listless quality, to clog and cumber the clockwork of the whole day. It is the ancient enemy—the old man of the Arabian Tales. Once take him upon your shoulders, and he is not to be shaken off so easily.

I had a notion of these truths, and I framed my plan after their rules. I resolved that every minute should be occupied by thought, word, or act, or, if none of these, by intention; vacancy was my only outcast, the scapegoat of my proscription. For this my purpose I required a certain energy of will, as indeed this same energy is requisite for every other good thing of every sort and kind; without it we are as powerless as grubs, noisome as ditch water, vague, loose, and unpredestinate as the clouds above our heads. However, I had sufficient of this energy to

serve me for that turn ; I felt the excellence of the practice, I was penetrated with it through all my being, I clung to it, I cherished it, I made a point of everything ; I was active, brisk, and animated (oh ! how true is that word) in all things that I did, even to the picking up of a glove, or asking the time of day. If I ever felt the approach, the first approach, of the insidious languor, I said once within myself, in the next quarter of an hour I will do such a thing, and, *presto*, it was done, and much more than that into the bargain : my mind was set in motion, my spirits stirred and quickened, and raised to their proper height. I watched the cloud, and dissipated it at its first gathering, as well knowing that, if it could grow but to the largeness of a man's hand, it would spread out everywhere, and darken my whole horizon.

Oh, that this example might be as profitable to others as the practice has been to myself ! How rich would be the reward of this book, if its readers would but take it to heart in this one article ; if the simple truths that it here speaks could prompt them to take their happiness into their own hands, and learn the value of industry, not from what they may have heard of it, but because they have themselves tried and felt it ! In the first place, its direct and immediate value, inasmuch as it quickens, and cheers, and gladdens every moment that it occupies, and keeps off the evil one by repelling him at the outposts, instead of admitting him to a doubtful, perhaps a deadly struggle, in the citadel ; and again its more remote, but no less certain, value, as the mother of many virtues, when it has once grown into the temper of the mind ; and the nursing mother of many more. And if we gain so much by its entertainment, how much more must we not lose by its neglect ! Our vexations are annoying to us, the disappointments of life are grievous, its calamities deplorable, its indulgences and lusts sinful ; but our idleness is worse than all these, and more painful, and more hateful, and, in the amount of its consequences, if not in its very essence, more sinful than even sin itself—just as the stock is more fruitful than any branch that springs from it. In fine, do what you will, only do

something, and that actively and energetically. Read, converse, sport, think, or study—the whole range is open to you—only let your mind be full, and then you will want little or nothing to fulfil your happiness.

130.—*Of Improving by Good Examples.*

O. FELTHAM.

[OWEN FELTHAM was one of the most popular writers of the seventeenth century. In the present day he is well-nigh forgotten. His principal work, the tenth impression of which, dated 1677, a small folio, is before us, is entitled “Resolves.” It is a collection of essays, distinguished by acute thought and playful fancy—great knowledge of the world, and genial kindness of heart—sincere piety, and a cheerful temper. Of the personal history of Owen Feltham very little is known. He appears, from his own account, to have possessed a moderate independence, for he says: “I have necessities, and what is decent, and, when I desire it, something for pleasure.” He is supposed to have been born about the last year of the reign of Elizabeth, and to have lived till 1680.]

There is no man, but, for his own interest, hath an obligation to be honest. There may be sometimes temptations to be otherwise; but, all cards cast up, he shall find it the greatest ease, the highest profit, the best pleasure, the most safety, and the noblest fame, to hold the horns of this altar, which, in all assays, can in himself protect him. And though in the march of human life, over the stage of this world, a man shall find presented sometimes examples of thriving vice, and several opportunities to invite him upon a seeming advantage to close with unhandsome practices; yet, every man ought so to improve his progress in what is just and right, as to be able to discern the fraud and feigned pleasureableness of the bad, and to choose and follow what is good and warrantable. If any man shall object that the world is far more bad than good, so that the good man shall be sure to be overpowered by the evil; the case is long since resolved by Antisthenes, that 'tis better with a few good men to fight against

an army of bad, than with swarms and shoals of bad men to have a few good men his enemies. And surely this was it which raised up David to that bravery of spirit which made him profess *that though an host were pitched against him, yet should not his heart be afraid*. He that is entirely and genuinely honest, is the figure and representation of the Deity, that will draw down a protection upon it against all the injuries of any that shall dare to abuse it. There is a kind of talismanical influence in the soul of such. A more immediate impress of the Divinity is printed on the spirits of these, than all the scattered herd of looser minds are capable of. The rays of heaven do more perpendicularly strike upon the minds of these, whereby they have both assimilation to God, propensity to good, and defence against injury. And it not only obligeth men not to do wrong, but to make amends if wrong be done; and to dispense with benefits to ourselves, if in the least they shall bring detriment to others. So that a man ought not only to restore what is unduly gotten, or unawares let slip by others, but to seek out how we may do right. Thus if I find a treasure, and know not him that lost it, I owe my endeavour to search and find him out, that it may be again restored. It is truly said by St Augustine, "*Quoad invenisti et non reddidisti, rapuisti*." He steals the thing he finds, that labours not to restore it." If he does not restore it, 'tis enough that he does not do it, only because he cannot.

And although no man be privileged to swerve from what is honest; yet some men have by much more obligation to be so than others. They have tasted of higher dispensations, been more deterred by judgments, more gained upon by mercies, or are illuminated with more radiant knowledge, whereby they better understand than others wherein to be so. And indeed without knowledge it is impossible to understand wherein to do right. Though the best knowledge a man hath, be a light so dimly burning that it hardly shows him to see clearly all the cobwebs and foul corners in his affairs; yet ignorance is an opacious thing, and if not a total darkness, yet such an eclipse as makes us apt to stumble, and puts us to grope out our way.

And besides all these, there are some that have more reason to be honest than others, as having found dealings from others, that, like fire brought nearer, warms their conscience more ; and not only would be evidence and conviction against them if they did wrong, but stirs them up to do right.

And truly I shall not blush to tell my reader, that in the number of these, I look upon myself as concerned. Should I fail of being honest when advantage should be in my hand, I should not only be upbraided, but condemned by two especial passages that happened to myself, which, for the rarity, may beget my pardon that here I set them down to be known. One was :

An unknown porter brings to me, at my lodgings, a box sealed up, and on the outside directed to myself. I inquired from whom he had it ; he told me, *a gentleman that was a stranger to him, and whose name or residence he knew not, gave it him in the street, and gave him sixpence to deliver it safely*; which now he had done, and, having discharged his part, he could give me no further account. I opened the box, where the first thing I met with was a note written in a hand I knew not, without any name subscribed, in these very following words :—

“ Mr Owen Feltham,—It was my hap in some dealing with you to wrong you of five pounds, which I do now repay double, humbly intreating you to forgive me that great wrong, and to pray the Lord to forgive me this, and the rest of my sins.”

And under this note, folded in another paper in the same box, were ten twenty-shilling pieces in gold. I cannot call to mind that ever I was deceived of such a sum as five pounds in any kind of dealing, nor to this hour can I so much as guess at the person from whom it came. But I believe he did it to disburthen a conscience. And surely, if I knew him, I should return him an esteem suitable to the merit of so pious an action. And since he would not let me know his name to value him as he deserved, I have presumed to recite the thing, that others from the sense of it may learn to be honest, and himself reap the benefit that may happen by so good an example.

This perhaps might be from some one that not only professed

but practised piety and the rules of honest living. And though I could not expect so much should be found among those that pretend not so high in religion ; yet to show that even in looser callings, and as well now as in our Saviour's time, some (reckoned among publicans and sinners) may go to heaven before the captious and critical censurist, (if we shall judge by exterior demeanour, as the rule that is given us;) I shall beg leave to give my reader this second story, which was thus :

Going with some gentlewomen to a play at Salisbury Court, I cast into the woman's box who sat at the door to receive the pay (as I thought) so many shillings as we were persons in number ; so we passed away, went in, and sat out the play, returning out the same way. The woman that held the box as we went in was there again as we went out ; neither I, nor any of my company, knew her, nor she us ; but, as she had observed us going in, she addresses me, and says, *Sir, do you remember what money you gave me when you went in ?* Sure (said I) *as I take it, I gave you twelve pence apiece for myself, and these of my company.* Ay, sir, (replies she,) *that you did, and something more, for here is an eleven-shilling piece of gold that you gave me instead of a shilling ; and if you please to give me twelve pence for it 'tis as much as I can demand.* Here had been, if the woman had been so minded, (though a little) yet a secure prize. But, as many do probably conjecture, that Zaccheus, that made restitution to the shame of the obdurate Jews, was a Gentile as well as a publican ; so this, from one of a calling in disrepute, and suspected, may not only instruct the more precise of garb, and form of honesty, but show us that, in any vocation, a man may take occasion to be just and faithful. And let no man wonder, that a person thus dealt withal, and lessoned into his duty by the practice of others to him, joined with his other obligations to goodness, be hereby prevailed upon to a greater care of his own uprightness and integrity, than perhaps without finding these might have been. I will not have the vanity to say these passages have rendered me better ; nor am I ashamed to confess, that I have sometimes remembered them with profit. Sure I am, they ought not to lose

their influence, nor to pass unheeded, when they shall reflect on ourselves. He that means to be a good limner, will be sure to draw after the most excellent copies, and guide every stroke of his pencil by the better pattern that lays before him : so, he that desires that the table of his life may be fair, will be careful to propose the best examples, and will never be content till he equals, or excels them.

131.—Rural Life in Sweden.

LONGFELLOW.

[HENRY W. LONGFELLOW is a living poet—one of that Anglo-Saxon race who appear destined to spread the English language and literature over the vast extent of what we call the New World. He was born in 1807 ; has travelled much in Europe ; and is now a distinguished Professor in Harvard College. As a poet, he is remarkable for the careful finish and the stainless purity of his productions, rather than for the luxuriance of his imagination, or the profundity of his thoughts. The following charming piece of prose description is from a preface which accompanies his translation of a Swedish Idyl, entitled, “The Children of the Lord’s Supper.”]

There is something patriarchal still lingering about rural life in Sweden, which renders it a fit theme for song. Almost primeval simplicity reigns over that northern land—almost primeval solitude and stillness. You pass out from the gate of the city, and, as if by magic, the scene changes to a wild woodland landscape. Around you are forests of fir. Overhead hang the long fan-like branches, trailing with moss, and heavy with red and blue cones. Underfoot is a carpet of yellow leaves ; and the air is warm and balmy. On a wooden bridge you cross a little silver stream ; and anon come forth into a pleasant and sunny land of farms. Wooden fences divide the adjoining fields. Across the road are gates, which are opened by troops of children. The peasants take off their hats as you pass ; you sneeze, and they cry, “ God bless you ! ” The houses in the villages and smaller towns are all built of hewn timber, and for the most part painted red. The

floors of the taverns are strewn with the fragrant tips of fir-boughs. In many villages there are no taverns, and the peasants take turns in receiving travellers. The thrifty housewife shows you into the best chamber, the walls of which are hung round with rude pictures from the Bible ; and brings you her heavy silver spoons—an heirloom—to dip the curdled milk from the pan. You have oaten cakes baked some months before, or bread with anise-seed and coriander in it, or perhaps a little pine bark.

Meanwhile the sturdy husband has brought his horses from the plough, and harnessed them to your carriage. Solitary travellers come and go in uncouth one-horse chaises. Most of them have pipes in their mouths, and hanging around their necks in front a leather wallet, in which they carry tobacco, and the great bank-notes of the country, as large as your two hands. You meet also groups of Dalekarian peasant women, travelling homeward, or townward in pursuit of work. They walk barefoot, carrying in their hands their shoes, which have high heels under the hollow of the foot, and soles of birch bark.

Frequent, too, are the village churches standing by the roadsides, each in its own little garden of Gethsemane. In the parish register great events are doubtless recorded. Some old king was christened or buried in that church ; and a little sexton, with a rusty key, shows you the baptismal font, or the coffin. In the churchyard are a few flowers, and much green grass ; and daily the shadow of the church spire, with its long tapering finger, counts the tombs, representing a dial-plate of human life, on which the hours and minutes are the graves of men. The stones are flat, and large, and low, and perhaps sunken, like the roofs of old houses. On some are armorial bearings ; on others only the initials of the poor tenants, with a date, as on the roofs of Dutch cottages. They all sleep with their heads to the westward. Each held a lighted taper in his hand when he died ; and in his coffin were placed his little heart-treasures, and a piece of money for his last journey. Babies that came lifeless into the world were carried in the arms of gray-haired old men to the only cradle they ever slept in ; and in the shroud of the dead mother

were laid the little garments of the child that lived and died in her bosom. And over this scene the village pastor looks from his window in the stillness of midnight, and says in his heart, "How quietly they rest, all the departed!"

Near the churchyard-gate stands a poor-box, fastened to a post by iron bands, and secured by a padlock with a sloping wooden roof to keep off the rain. If it be Sunday, the peasants sit on the church steps and con their psalm-books. Others are coming down the road with their beloved pastor, who talks to them of holy things from beneath his broad-brimmed hat. He speaks of fields and harvests, and of the parable of the sower, that went forth to sow. He leads them to the Good Shepherd, and to the pleasant pastures of the Spirit-land. He is their patriarch, and, like Melchizedek, both priest and king, though he has no other throne than the church pulpit. The women carry psalm-books in their hands, wrapped in silk handkerchiefs, and listen devoutly to the good man's words; but the young men, like Gallio, care for none of these things. They are busy counting the plaits in the kirtles of the peasant girls, their number being an indication of the wearer's wealth. It may end in a wedding.

I will endeavour to describe a village wedding in Sweden. It shall be in summer time, that there may be flowers, and in a southern province, that the bride may be fair. The early song of the lark and of chanticleer are mingling in the clear morning air, and the sun, the heavenly bridegroom with golden locks, arises in the east, just as our earthly bridegroom, with yellow hair, arises in the south. In the yard there is a sound of voices and trampling of hoofs, and horses are led forth and saddled. The steed that is to bear the bridegroom has a bunch of flowers upon his forehead, and a garland of corn-flowers around his neck. Friends from the neighbouring farms come riding in, their blue cloaks streaming to the wind; and finally the happy bridegroom, with a whip in his hand, and a monstrous nosegay in the breast of his black jacket, comes forth from his chamber; and then to horse and away towards the village, where the bride already sits and waits.

Foremost rides the spokesman, followed by some half-dozen village musicians. Next comes the bridegroom between his two groomsmen, and then forty or fifty friends and wedding guests, half of them perhaps with pistols and guns in their hands. A kind of baggage-waggon brings up the rear, laden with food and drink for these merry pilgrims. At the entrance of every village stands a triumphal arch, adorned with flowers, and ribands, and evergreens; and, as they pass beneath it, the wedding guests fire a salute, and the whole procession stops; and straight from every pocket flies a black-jack, filled with punch or brandy. It is passed from hand to hand among the crowd; provisions are brought from the waggon, and, after eating and drinking and hurrahing, the procession moves forward again, and at length draws near the house of the bride. Four heralds ride forward to announce that a knight and his attendants are in the neighbouring forest, and pray for hospitality. "How many are you?" asks the bride's father. "At least three hundred," is the answer; and to this the last replies, "Yes; were you seven times as many, you should all be welcome; and in token thereof receive this cup." Whereupon each herald receives a can of ale; and soon after the whole jovial company comes storming into the farmer's yard, and, riding round the maypole, which stands in the centre, alight amid a grand salute and flourish of music.

In the hall sits the bride, with a crown upon her head and a tear in her eye, like the Virgin Mary in old church paintings. She is dressed in a red bodice and kirtle, with loose linen sleeves. There is a gilded belt around her waist; and around her neck strings of golden beads, and a golden chain. On the crown rests a wreath of wild roses, and below it another of cypress. Loose over her shoulders falls her flaxen hair; and her blue innocent eyes are fixed upon the ground. O thou good soul! thou hast hard hands, but a soft heart. Thou art poor. The very ornaments thou wearest are not thine. They have been hired for this great day. Yet thou art rich, rich in health, rich in hope, rich in thy first, young, fervent love. The blessing of Heaven be upon thee! So thinks the parish priest, as he joins

together the hands of bride and bridegroom, saying in deep solemn tones, "I give thee in marriage this damsel, to be thy wedded wife in all honour, and to share the half of thy bed, thy lock and key, and every third penny which you two may possess, or may inherit, and all the rights which Upland's laws provide, and the holy King Erik gave."

The dinner is now served, and the bride sits between the bridegroom and the priest. The spokesman delivers an oration after the ancient custom of his fathers. He interlards it well with quotations from the Bible, and invites the Saviour to be present at this marriage-feast, as He was at the marriage-feast of Cana of Galilee. The table is not sparingly set forth. Each makes a long arm, and the feast goes cheerly on. Punch and brandy pass round between the courses, and here and there a pipe is smoked, while waiting for the next dish. They sit long at table ; but, as all things must have an end, so must a Swedish dinner. Then the dance begins. It is led off by the bride and the priest, who perform a solemn minuet together. Not till after midnight comes the last dance. The girls form a ring around the bride, to keep her from the hands of the married women, who endeavour to break through the magic circle, and seize their new sister. After long struggling they succeed ; and the crown is taken from her head and the jewels from her neck, and her bodice is unlaced, and her kirtle taken off, and, like a vestal virgin, clad all in white, she goes,—but it is to her marriage-chamber, not to her grave ; and the wedding guests follow her with lighted candles in their hands. And this is a village-bridal.

Nor must I forget the suddenly changing seasons of the northern clime. There is no long and lingering spring, unfolding leaf and blossom one by one ; no long and lingering autumn, pompous with many-coloured leaves and the glow of Indian summers. But winter and summer are wonderful, and pass into each other. The quail has hardly ceased piping in the corn, when winter, from the folds of trailing clouds, sows broadcast over the land snow, icicles, and rattling hail. The days wane apace. Ere long the sun hardly rises above the horizon, or does

not rise at all. The moon and the stars shine through the day ; only, at noon, they are pale and wan, and in the southern sky a red, fiery glow, as of sunset, burns along the horizon, and then goes out. And pleasantly under the silver moon, and under the silent solemn stars, ring the steel shoes of the skaters on the frozen sea, and voices, and the sound of bells.

And now the northern lights begin to burn, faintly at first, like sunbeams playing on the waters of the blue sea. Then a soft crimson glow tinges the heavens. There is a blush on the cheek of night. The colours come and go, and change from crimson to gold, from gold to crimson. The snow is stained with rosy light. Twofold from the zenith, east and west, flames a fiery sword ; and a broad band passes athwart the heavens like a summer sunset. Soft purple clouds come sailing over the sky, and through their vapoury folds the winking stars shine white as silver. With such pomp as this is merry Christmas ushered in—though only a single star heralded the first Christmas. And in memory of that day the Swedish peasants dance on straw, and the peasant girls throw straws at the timbered roof of the hall, and for every one that sticks in a crack shall a groomsmen come to their wedding. Merry Christmas, indeed ! For pious souls there shall be church-songs and sermons, but for Swedish peasants brandy and nut-brown ale in wooden bowls ; and the great Yulecake, crowned with a cheese, and garlanded with apples, and upholding a three-armed candlestick over the Christmas feast. They may tell tales, too, of Jons Lundsbracka, and Lunkenfus, and the great Riddar-Finke of Pingsdaga.*

And now the glad leafy midsummer, full of blossoms and the song of nightingales, is come ! Saint John has taken the flowers and festival of heathen Balder ; and in every village there is a maypole fifty feet high, with wreaths and roses, and ribands streaming in the wind, and a noisy weathercock on the top, to tell the village whence the wind cometh and whither it goeth. The sun does not set till ten o'clock at night, and the children are at play in the streets an hour later. The windows and doors

* These are names of popular stories.

are all open, and you may sit and read till midnight without a candle. Oh how beautiful is the summer night, which is not night, but a sunless yet unclouded day, descending upon earth with dews, and shadows, and refreshing coolness! How beautiful the long mild twilight, which, like a silver clasp, unites to-day with yesterday! How beautiful the silent hour, when morning and evening thus sit together, hand in hand, beneath the starless sky of midnight! From the church tower in the public square the bell tolls the hour with a soft musical chime; and the watchman, whose watch-tower is the belfry, blows a blast on his horn for each stroke of the hammer, and four times, to the four corners of the heavens, in a sonorous voice, he chants,—

“Ho! watchman, ho!
Twelve is the clock!
God keep our town
From fire and brand,
And hostile hand!
Twelve is the clock!”

From his swallow's nest in the belfry he can see the sun all night long; and farther north the priest stands at his door in the warm midnight, and lights his pipe with a common burning-glass.

132.—*The Character of Polybius the Historian.*

DRYDEN.

[JOHN DRYDEN is one of the most familiar names in English literature: but how many readers of the present day can be said to make a study of his works? His plays, with one or two exceptions, are forgotten and neglected. His tragedies are formed upon the mock-heroic French model, which has no claim to be a reflection of nature, and which therefore can have no endurance. His comedies are revolting in their gross licentiousness. But we turn to his Satires and his Translations, and we find many of the characteristics of a great poet; not the highest invention, but vigour almost unrivalled, and a mastery of the real power of the English language, which shows us how much that language has been vitiated by the patchwork of a century and a half. Dryden's prose is necessarily less read than his poetry, for it consists chiefly of critical prefaces to his plays, and to works, principally translations, in which he was from time to time engaged in the course of a long literary life.

Careless readers have a sort of dread of a preface. Yet of these prefaces Johnson has truly said, "None of his prefaces were ever thought tedious. They have not the formality of a settled style, in which the first half of the sentence betrays the other. The clauses are never balanced, nor the periods modelled; every word seems to drop by chance, though it falls into its proper place. Nothing is cold or languid; the whole is airy, animated, and vigorous: what is little, is gay; what is great, is splendid." Burke (according to Malone, who collected Dryden's prose works in four volumes) used to expatiate with admiration upon Dryden's language, upon which, as Malone thinks, he formed his own style. Dryden was born in 1631 or 1632; was educated at Westminster School, and at Trinity College, Cambridge; wrote his verses on Cromwell in 1655, and his first play in 1663. He continued his literary labours, under the impulse of straitened circumstances, until the end of his career. He died, after a short illness, in 1700.]

Beneficent as he was, the greatest obligation which he could lay on human kind was the writing of this present history, wherein he has left a perpetual monument of his public love to all the world, in every succeeding age of it, by giving us such precepts as are most conducing to our common safety and our benefit. This philanthropy (which we have not a proper word in English to express) is everywhere manifest in our author: and from hence proceeded that divine rule which he gave to Scipio,—that whensoever he went abroad, he should take care not to return to his own house before he had acquired a friend by some new obligation. To this excellency of nature we owe the treasure which is contained in this most useful work; this is the standard by which all good and prudent princes ought to regulate their actions. None have more need of friends than monarchs; and though ingratitude is too frequent in the most of those who are obliged, yet encouragement will work on generous minds; and, if the experiment be lost on thousands, yet it never fails on all; and one virtuous man in a whole nation is worth the buying, as one diamond is worth the search in a heap of rubbish. But a narrow-hearted prince, who thinks that mankind is made for him alone, puts his subjects in a way of deserting him on the first occasion; and teaches them to be as sparing of their duty as he is of his bounty. He is sure of making enemies who will not be at the

cost. of rewarding his friends and servants ; and, by letting his people see he loves them not, instructs them to live upon the square with him, and to make him sensible, in his turn, that prerogatives are given, but privileges are inherent. As for tricking, cunning, and that which in sovereigns they call kingcraft, and reason of state in commonwealths, to them and their proceedings Polybius is an open enemy. He severely reproves all faithless practices, and that *κακοπραγμοσύνη*, or vicious policy, which is too frequent in the management of the public. He commends nothing but plainness, sincerity, and the common good, undisguised, and set in a true light before the people. Not but that there may be a necessity of saving a nation by going beyond the letter of the law, or even sometimes by superseding it ; but then that necessity must not be artificial,—it must be visible, it must be strong enough to make the remedy not only pardoned, but desired, to the major part of the people ; not for the interest only of some few men, but for the public safety ; for, otherwise, one infringement of a law draws after it the practice of subverting all the liberties of a nation, which are only intrusted with any government, but can never be given up to it. The best way to distinguish betwixt a pretended necessity and a true, is to observe if the remedy be rarely applied, or frequently, in times of peace, or times of war and public distractions, which are the most usual causes of sudden necessities. From hence Casaubon infers, that this our author, who preaches virtue and probity and plain dealing, ought to be studied principally by kings and ministers of state ; and that youth, which are bred up to succeed in the management of business, should read him carefully, and imbibe him thoroughly, detesting the maxims that are given by Machiavel and others, which are only the instruments of tyranny. Furthermore, (continues he,) the study of truth is perpetually joined with the love of virtue ; for there is no virtue which derives not its original from truth ; as, on the contrary, there is no vice that has not its beginning from a lie. Truth is the foundation of all knowledge, and the cement of all societies ; and this is one of the most shining qualities in our author.

I was so strongly persuaded of this myself, in the perusal of the present history, that I confess, amongst all the ancients, I never found any who had the air of it so much ; and, amongst the moderns, none but Philip de Commynes. They had this common to them, that they both changed their masters. But Polybius changed not his side, as Philip did ; he was not bought off to another party, but pursued the true interest of his country even when he served the Romans. Yet since truth, as one of the philosophers has told me, lies in the bottom of a well, so it is difficult to draw it up ; much pains, much diligence, much judgment is necessary to hand it us ; even cost is oftentimes required : and Polybius was wanting in none of these.

We find but few historians, of all ages, who have been diligent enough in their search for truth : it is their common method to take on trust what they distribute to the public ; by which means a falsehood once received from a famed writer becomes traditional to posterity. But Polybius weighed the authors from whom he was forced to borrow the history of the times immediately preceding his, and oftentimes corrected them, either by comparing them each with other, or by the lights which he had received from ancient men of known integrity amongst the Romans, who had been conversant in those affairs which were then managed, and were yet living to instruct them. He also learned the Roman tongue, and attained to that knowledge of their laws, their rights, their customs, and antiquities, that few of their own citizens understood them better ; having gained permission from the senate to search the Capitol, he made himself familiar with their records, and afterwards translated them into his mother tongue. So that he taught the noblemen of Rome their own municipal laws, and was accounted more skilful in them than Fabius Pictor, a man of the senatorian order, who wrote the transactions of the Punic wars. He who neglected none of the laws of his history was so careful of truth, (which is the principal,) that he made it his whole business to deliver nothing to posterity which might deceive them ; and by that diligence and exactness may easily be known to be studious of truth, and a lover of it. What, there-

fore, Brutus himself thought worthy to transcribe with his own hand out of him, I need not be ashamed to copy after him. "I believe (says Polybius) that nature herself has constituted truth as the supreme deity which is to be adored by mankind, and that she has given it greater force than any of the rest: for being opposed as she is on all sides, and appearances of truth so often passing for the thing itself in behalf of plausible falsehoods, yet by her wonderful operation she insinuates herself into the minds of men; sometimes exerting her strength immediately, and sometimes lying hid in darkness for a length of time; but at last she struggles through it, and appears triumphant over falsehood." This sincerity Polybius preferred to all his friends, and even to his father. "In all other offices of life (says he) I praise a lover of his friends, and of his native country; but, in writing history, I am obliged to divest myself of all other obligations, and sacrifice them all to truth."

Aratus, the Sicyonian, in the childhood of our author, was the chief of the Achaian commonwealth; a man in principal esteem both in his own country, and all the provinces of Greece; admired universally for his probity, his wisdom, his just administration, and his conduct; in remembrance of all which his grateful countrymen, after his decease, ordained him those honours which are only due to heroes. Him our Polybius had in veneration, and formed himself by imitation of his virtues, and is never wanting in his commendations through the course of his history. Yet even this man, when the cause of truth required it, is many times reproved by him for his slowness in council, his tardiness in the beginning of his enterprises, his tedious and more than Spanish deliberations; and his heavy and cowardly proceedings are as freely blamed by our Polybius, as they were afterwards by Plutarch, who questionless drew his character from this history. In plain terms, that wise general scarce ever performed any great action but by night. The glittering of a sword before his face was offensive to his eyes. Our author, therefore, boldly accuses him of his faint-heartedness; attributes the defeat at Caphiæ wholly to him; and is not sparing to affirm that all Peloponnesus was filled

with trophies which were set up as the monuments of his losses. He sometimes praises, and at other times condemns, the proceedings of Philip, king of Macedon, the son of Demetrius, according to the occasions which he gave him by the variety and inequality of his conduct ; and this most exquisite on either side. He more than once arraigns him for the inconstancy of his judgment, and chapters even his own Aratus on the same head ; showing by many examples, produced from their actions, how many miseries they had both occasioned to the Grecians ; and attributing it to the weakness of human nature, which can make nothing perfect. But some men are brave in battle who are weak in council, which daily experience sets before our eyes ; others deliberate wisely, but are weak in the performing part ; and even no man is the same to-day which he was yesterday, or may be to-morrow. On this account, says our author, “ a good man is sometimes liable to blame, and a bad man, though not often, may possibly deserve to be commended.” And for this very reason, he severely taxes Timæus, a malicious historian, who will allow no kind of virtue to Agathocles, the tyrant of Sicily, but detracts from all his actions, even the most glorious, because, in general, he was a vicious man. “ Is it to be thought (says Casaubon) that Polybius loved the memory of Agathocles, the tyrant, or hated that of the virtuous Aratus ?” But it is one thing to commend a tyrant, and another thing to overpass in silence those laudable actions which are performed by him ; because it argues an author of the same falsehood, to pretermit what has actually been done, as to feign those actions which have never been.

133.—*Summer.*

VARIOUS.

THEN came the jolly Sommer, being dight
In a thin silken cassock coloured greene,
That was unlyned all, to be more light :
And on his head a girlond well beseene

He wore, from which as he had chauffed been
 The sweat did drop ; and in his hand he bore
 A bowe and shaftes, as he in forest greene
 Had hunted late the Libbard or the Bore,
 And now would bathe his limbs with labor heated sore.

Such is Spenser's description of "the jolly Sommer." The same vigorous pencil has personified the summer months of June and July :—

And after her came jolly June, array'd
 All in greene leaves, as he a Player were ;
 Yet in his time he wrought as well as play'd,
 That by his plough-yrons mote right well appeare.
 Upon a Crab he rode, that him did beare
 With crooked crawling steps an uncouth pace,
 And backward yode, as Bargemen wont to fare,
 Bending their force contrary to their face ;
 Like that ungracious crew which faines demurest grace.

Then came hot July boyling like to fire,
 That all his garments he had cast away ;
 Upon a Lyon raging yet with ire
 He boldly rode, and made him to obay :
 (It was the beast that whylome did forray
 The Nemæan forrest, till the *Amphytrionide*
 Him slew, and with his hide did him array.)
 Behinde his backe a sithe, and by his side,
 Under his belt, he bore a sickle circling wide.

We will select two summer landscapes, whose scenes are laid in regions far apart. Scott gives us a charming picture of the mild graces of the season :—

The summer dawn's reflected hue	The doe awoke, and to the lawn,
To purple changed Loch Katrine blue ;	Begemm'd with dew-drops, led her
Mildly and soft the western breeze	fawn ;
Just kiss'd the lake, just stirr'd the trees,	The gray mist left the mountain-side,
And the pleased lake, like maiden coy,	The torrent show'd its glistening pride ;
Trembled but dimpled not for joy ;	Invisible in flecked sky
The mountain-shadows on her breast	The lark sent down her revelry ;
Were neither broken nor at rest ;	The blackbird and the speckled thrush
In bright uncertainty they lie,	Good-morrow gave from brake and
Like future joys to Fancy's eye.	bush ;
The water-lily to the light	In answer coo'd the cushat-dove
Her chalice rear'd of silver bright ;	Her notes of peace, and rest, and love.

The American poet, Bryant, draws his images from pine-forests and fields of maize, upon which a fiery sun looks down with "scorching heat and dazzling light:"—

It is a sultry day ; the sun has drunk
The dew that lay upon the morning grass ;
There is no rustling in the lofty elm
That canopies my dwelling, and its shade
Scarce cools me. All is silent, save the faint
And interrupted murmur of the bee,
Settling on the sick flowers, and then again
Instantly on the wing. The plants around
Feel the too potent fervours : the tall maize
Rolls up its long green leaves ; the clover droops
Its tender foliage, and declines its blooms.
But far in the fierce sunshine tower the hills,
With all their growth of woods, silent and stern,
As if the scorching heat and dazzling light
Were but an element they loved. Bright clouds,
Motionless pillars of the brazen heaven—
Their bases on the mountains, their white tops
Shining in the far ether—fire the air
With a reflected radiance, and make turn
The gazer's eye away. For me, I lie
Languidly in the shade, where the thick turf,
Yet virgin from the kisses of the sun,
Retains some freshness ; and I woo the wind
That still delays its coming. Why so slow,
Gentle and voluble spirit of the air ?
Oh come, and breathe upon the fainting earth
Coolness and life. Is it that in his caves
He hears me ? See, on yonder woody ridge,
The pine is bending his proud top, and now,
Among the nearer groves, chestnut and oak
Are tossing their green boughs about. He comes !
Lo, where the grassy meadow runs in waves !
The deep distressful silence of the scene
Breaks up with mingling of unnumber'd sounds
And universal motion. He is come,
Shaking a shower of blossoms from the shrubs,
And bearing on their fragrance ; and he brings
Music of birds, and rustling of young boughs,
And sound of swaying branches, and the voice
Of distant waterfalls. All the green herbs

Are stirring on his breath : a thousand flowers,
 By the road-side and borders of the brook,
 Nod gaily to each other ; glossy leaves
 Are twinkling in the sun, as if the dew
 Were on them yet, and silver waters break
 Into small waves, and sparkle as he comes.

Contrasted with this picture how refreshing are the “hedge-row elms,”—“the furrow’d land,”—“the russet lawns,”—“the meadows trim,”—“the upland hamlets,” of Milton’s “L’Allegro.” His “sunshine holiday” is thoroughly English :—

To hear the lark begin his flight,
 And singing startle the dull night
 From his watchtower in the skies,
 Till the dappled dawn doth rise ;
 Then to come, in spite of sorrow,
 And at my window bid good morrow,
 Through the sweetbriar, or the vine,
 Or the twisted eglantine ;
 While the cock with lively din
 Scatters the rear of darkness thin,
 And to the stack, or the barn-door,
 Stoutly struts his dames before :
 Of list’ning how the hounds and horn
 Cheerly rouse the slumb’ring morn,
 From the side of some hoar hill,
 Through the high wood echoing shrill ;
 Sometime walking not unseen
 By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green,
 Right against the eastern gate,
 Where the great sun begins his state,
 Robed in flames, and amber light,
 The clouds in thousand liveries dight ;
 While the ploughman near at hand
 Whistles o’er the furrow’d land,
 And the milkmaid singeth blithe,
 And the mower whets his scythe,
 And every shepherd tells his tale
 Under the hawthorn in the dale.
 Straight mine eye hath caught new
 pleasures

Whilst the landscape round it mea-
 sures :
 Russet lawns, and fallows gray,
 Where the nibbling flocks do stray,
 Mountains on whose barren breast
 The lab’ring clouds do often rest,
 Meadows trim with daisies pied,
 Shallow brooks, and rivers wide,
 Towers and battlements it sees
 Bosom’d high in tufted trees,
 Where perhaps some beauty lies,
 The cynosure of neighb’ring eyes.
 Hard by, a cottage chimney smokes
 From betwixt two aged oaks,
 Where Corydon and Thyrsis met,
 Are at their savoury dinner set,
 Of herbs, and other country messes,
 Which the neat-handed Phillis dresses ;
 And then in haste her bower she leaves
 With Thestylis to bind the sheaves,
 Or, if the earlier season lead,
 To the tann’d haycock in the mead.
 Sometimes with secure delight
 The upland hamlets will invite,
 When the merry bells ring round,
 And the jocund rebecks sound
 To many a youth, and many a maid
 Dancing in the chequer’d shade ;
 And young and old come forth to play
 On a sunshine holiday.

Hay-making—the half-sportive labour of the early summer—has been charmingly described by Joanna Baillie :—

Upon the grass no longer hangs the dew ;
Forth hies the mower, with his glittering scythe,
In snowy shirt bedight, and all unbraced,
He moves athwart the mead with sidling bend,
And lays the grass in many a swathey line :
In every field, in every lawn and meadow,
The rousing voice of industry is heard ;
The haycock rises, and the frequent rake
Sweeps on the fragrant hay in heavy wreaths.
The old and young, the weak and strong, are there,
And, as they can, help on the cheerful work.
The father jeers his awkward half-grown lad,
Who trails his tawdry armful o'er the field,
Nor does he fear the jeering to repay.
The village oracle, and simple maid,
Jest in their turns and raise the ready laugh ;
All are companions in the general glee ;
Authority, hard-favoured, frowns not there.
Some, more advanced, raise up the lofty rick,
Whilst on its top doth stand the parish toast,
In loose attire, and swelling ruddy cheek.
With taunts and harmless mockery she receives
The tossed-up heaps from fork of simple youth,
Who, staring on her, takes his arm away,
While half the load falls back upon himself.
Loud is her laugh, her voice is heard afar :
The mower busied on the distant lawn,
The carter trudging on his dusty way,
The shrill sound know, their bonnets toss in air,
And roar across the field to catch her notice :
She waves her arm to them, and shakes her head,
And then renews her work with double spirit.
Thus do they jest and laugh away their toil
Till the bright sun, now past his middle course,
Shoots down his fiercest beams which none may brave.
The stoutest arm feels listless, and the swart
And brawny-shouldered clown begins to fail.
But to the weary, lo ! there comes relief !
A troop of welcome children o'er the lawn
With slow and wary steps approach : some bear
In baskets oaten cakes or barley scones,

And gusty cheese and stoups of milk or whey.
 Beneath the branches of a spreading tree,
 Or by the shady side of the tall rick,
 They spread their homely fare, and, seated round,
 Taste every pleasure that a feast can give.

Old Allan Ramsay has caught the inspiration of one of his most charming songs from the same scene :—

The lass of Patie's mill,
 Sae bonnie, blithe, and gay,
 In spite of all my skill,
 She stole my heart away.
 When tedding out the hay,
 Bareheaded on the green,
 Love 'midst her locks did play,
 And wanton'd in her een.

Her arms white, round, and smooth;
 Breasts rising in their dawn;
 To age it would give youth,
 To press them with his han'.
 Through all my spirits ran
 An ecstasy of bliss,
 When I such sweetness fan'
 Wrapt in a balmy kiss.

Without the help of art,
 Like flow'rs which grace the wild,
 Her sweets she did impart,
 Whene'er she spoke or smiled:
 Her looks they were so mild,
 Free from affected pride,
 She me to love beguiled;—
 I wish'd her for my bride.

Oh! had I a' the wealth
 Hopetoun's high mountains fill,
 Insured long life and health,
 And pleasure at my will;
 I'd promise, and fulfil,
 That none but bonnie she,
 The lass of Patie's mill,
 Should share the same with me.

Burns invites his "bonnie lassie" to go forth to the "foaming stream" and "hoary cliffs," when "simmer blinks on flowery braes." He only echoes the general summons to the enjoyment of "the lightsome days" which Nature gives to all her children :—

Bonnie lassie, will ye go, will ye go, will ye go,
 Bonnie lassie, will ye go to the Birks of Aberfeldy?

Now simmer blinks on flowery braes, The braes ascend like lofty wa's,
 And o'er the crystal streamlet plays, The foaming stream deep roaring fa's,
 Come, let us spend the lightsome days O'erhung wi' fragrant spreading shaws,
 In the Birks of Aberfeldy. The Birks of Aberfeldy.

Bonnie lassie, &c.

Bonnie lassie, &c.

While o'er their heads the hazels hing, The hoary cliffs are crown'd wi' flowers,
 The little birdies blithely sing, White o'er the linns the burnie pours,
 Or lightly flit on wanton wing, And, rising, weets wi' misty showers
 In the Birks of Aberfeldy. The Birks of Aberfeldy.

Bonnie lassie, &c.

Bonnie lassie, &c.

Let fortune's gifts at random flee,
 They ne'er shall draw a wish frae me,
 Supremely blest wi' love and thee,
 In the Birks of Aberfeldy.
 Bonnie lassie, &c.

Leigh Hunt, who ever delights in rural happiness, pictures the season :

Bright Summer comes along the sky, And paints the glowing year ; Where'er we turn the raptured eye Her splendid tints appear.	When Noon averts his radiant face, And shoots his piercing eye ; And Eve, with modest, measured pace, Steps up the western sky :
When Morn, with rosy fingers fair, Her golden journey takes ; When freshening zephyrs fan the air, And animation wakes :	Thus when so fit to lift the song To gratitude and heaven, To whom her purple charms belong, By whom those charms are given ?

134.—Primitive Christians.

W. CAVE.

[WILLIAM CAVE, a distinguished divine and voluminous theological writer, was born in 1637. He was of St John's College, Cambridge, and received various preferments in the Church, without having reached any very important ecclesiastical dignity, during his long life. At his death he was Canon of Windsor, and Vicar of Isleworth. His "Lives of the Apostles," "Lives of the Fathers," and "Primitive Christianity," are works of standard value and authority.]

The Christian religion, at its first coming abroad into the world, was mainly charged with these two things, *Impiety* and *Novelty*. For the first, it was commonly cried out against as a grand piece of *Atheism* ; as an affront to their religion, and an undermining the very being and existence of their gods. This is the sum of the charge, as we find it in the ancient Apologists : more particularly Cæcilius, the heathen in Minucius Felix, accuses the Christians for a desperate, undone, and unlawful faction, who by way of contempt did snuff and spit at the mention of their gods, deride their worship, scoff at their priests, and despise their temples, as no better than charnel-houses, and heaps of bones

and ashes of the dead. For these, and such like reasons, the Christians were everywhere accounted a pack of *Atheists*, and their religion *the Atheism*; and seldom it is that Julian the emperor calls Christianity by any other name. Thus Lucian, bringing in Alexander the impostor, setting up for an oracle-monger, ranks the Christians with Atheists and Epicureans, as those that were especially to be banished from his mysterious rites. In answer to this charge the Christians plead especially these three things:—

First, That the Gentiles were, for the most part, incompetent judges of such cases as these, as being almost wholly ignorant of the true state of the Christian doctrine, and therefore unfit to pronounce sentence against it. Thus when Crescens the philosopher had traduced the Christians, as atheistical and irreligious, Justin Martyr answers, that he talked about things which he did not understand, feigning things of his own head, only to comply with the humour of his seduced disciples and followers; that in reproaching the doctrine of Christ, which he did not understand, he discovered a most wicked and malignant temper, and showed himself far worse than the most simple and unlearned, who are not wont rashly to bear witness and determine in things not sufficiently known to them; or, if he did understand its greatness and excellency, then he showed himself much more base and disingenuous, in charging upon it what he knew to be false, and concealing his inward sentiments and convictions, for fear lest he should be suspected to be a Christian. But Justin well knew that he was miserably unskilful in matters of Christianity, having formerly had conferences and disputations with him about these things; and therefore offered the senate of Rome, (to whom he then presented his Apology,) if they had not heard the sum of it, to hold another conference with him, even before the senate itself; which he thought would be a work worthy of so wise and grave a council. Or, if they had heard it, then he did not doubt but they clearly apprehended how little he understood these things; or, if he did understand them, he knowingly dissembled it to his auditors, not daring to own the truth, as Socrates did

in the face of danger—an evident argument that he was οὐ φιλόσοφος, ἀλλὰ φιλόδοξος, “not a philosopher, but a slave to popular applause and glory.”

Secondly, They did in some sort confess the charge, that, according to the vulgar notion which the heathens had of their deities, they were atheists, *i.e.*, strangers and enemies to them; that the gods of the Gentiles were at best but demons, impure and unclean spirits, who had long imposed upon mankind, and by their villanies, sophistries, and arts of terror, had so affrighted the common people, who knew not really what they were, and who judge of things more by appearance than by reason, that they called them gods, and gave to every one of them that name, which the demon was willing to take to himself. And that they really were nothing but devils, fallen and apostate spirits, the Christians evidently manifested at every turn, forcing them to the confessing it, while, by prayer and invoking the name of the true God, they drove them out of possessed persons, and therefore trembled to encounter with a Christian, as Octavius triumphantly tells Cæcilius. They entertained the most absurd and fabulous notions of their gods, and usually ascribed such things to them, as would be accounted a horrible shame and dishonour to any wise and good man, the worship and mysterious rites of many of them being so brutish and filthy, that the honester and severer Romans were ashamed of it, and therefore overturned their altars, and banished them out of the roll of their deities, though their degenerate posterity took them in again, as Tertullian observes. Their gods themselves were so impure and beastly, their worship so obscene and detestable, that Julius Firmicus advises them to turn their temples into theatres, where the secrets of their religion may be delivered in scenes; and to make their players priests, and that the common route might sing the amours, the sports and pastimes, the wantonness and impieties of their gods, no place being so fit for such a religion as theirs. Besides the attributing to them human bodies, with many blemishes and imperfections, and subjection to the miseries of human life, and to the laws of mortality, they could not deny them to

have been guilty of the most horrid and prodigious villanies and enormities, revenge and murder, incest and luxury, drunkenness and intemperance, theft, and unnatural rebellion against their parents, and such like ; of which their own writings were full almost in every page, which served only to corrupt and debauch the minds and manners of youth ; as Octavius tells his adversary, where he pursues this argument at large, with great eloquence and reason. Nay, those among them that were most inquisitive and serious, and that entertained more abstract and refined apprehensions of things than the common people, yet could not agree in any fit and rational notion of a Deity ; some ridiculously affirming one thing and some another, until they were divided into a hundred different opinions, and all of them further distant from the truth than they were from one another ; the vulgar in the meanwhile making gods of the most brutish objects, such as dogs, cats, wolves, goats, hawks, dragons, beetles, crocodiles, &c. This Origen against Celsus particularly charges upon the Egyptians.

“When you approach (says he) their sacred places, they have glorious groves and chapels, temples with goodly gates and stately porticos, and many mysterious and religious ceremonies ; but when once you are entered, and got within their temples, you shall see nothing but a cat, or an ape, or a crocodile, or a goat, or a dog, worshipped with the most solemn veneration !” Nay, they deified senseless and inanimate things, that had no life nor power to help themselves, much less their worshippers, as herbs, roots, and plants ; nay, unmanly and degenerate passions, fear, paleness, &c. They fell down before stumps and statues, which owed all their divinity to the cost and folly of their votaries ; despised and trampled on by the sorriest creatures, mice, swallows, &c., who were wont to build nests in the very mouths of their gods, and spiders to perriwig their heads with cobwebs ; being forced first to make them, and then make them clean, and to defend and protect them, that they might fear and worship them, as he in Minicius wittily derides them : “In whose worship there are (says he) many things that justly

deserve to be laughed at, and others that call for pity and compassion." And what wonder now, if the Christians were not in the least ashamed to be called atheists, with respect to such deities, and such a religion as this was!

Thirdly, in the strict and proper notion of atheism, they no less truly than confidently denied the charge, and appealed to their severest adversaries, whether those who owned such principles as they did could reasonably be styled atheists. None ever pleaded better and more irrefragable arguments for the existence of a supreme infinite Being, who made and governs all things by infinite wisdom and almighty power; none were ever more ready to produce a most clear and candid confession of their faith, as to this grand article of religion than they. "Although we profess ourselves atheists, with respect to those whom you esteem and repute to be gods, (so their apologist tells the senate,) yet not in respect of the true God, the parent and fountain of wisdom and righteousness, and all other excellences and perfections, who is infinitely free from the least contagion or spot of evil. Him, and His only-begotten Son, (who instructed us and the whole society of good angels in these divine mysteries,) and the spirit of prophecy, we worship and adore, honouring them in truth, and with the highest reason, and ready to communicate these things to any one that is willing to learn them, as we ourselves have received them. Can we then be atheists, who worship the great Creator of this world, not with blood, incense, and offerings, (which we are sufficiently taught He stands in no need of,) but exalt Him, according to our power with prayers and praises, in all the addresses we make to Him; believing this to be the only honour that is worthy of Him, not to consume the creatures which He has given us for our use, and the comforts of those that want, in the fire by sacrifice; but to approve ourselves thankful to Him, and to sing and celebrate rational hymns and sacrifices, pouring out our prayers to Him as a grateful return for those many good things which we have received, and do yet expect from Him, according to the faith and trust that we have in Him." To the same purpose Athenagoras,

in his return to this charge: "Diagorus indeed was guilty of the deepest atheism and impiety; but we who separate God from all material being, and affirm Him to be eternal and unbegotten, but all matter to be made and corruptible, how unjustly are we branded with impiety! It is true, did we side with Diagorus in denying a Divinity, when there are so many and such powerful arguments from the creation and government of the world to convince us of the existence of God and religion, then both the guilt and punishment of atheism might deservedly be put upon us. But when our religion acknowledges one God, the Maker of the universe, who, being uncreate Himself, created all things by His word, we are manifestly wronged both in word and deed: both in being charged with it, and in being punished for it." "We are accused," says Arnobius, "for introducing profane rites and an impious religion; but tell me, O ye men of reason, how dare ye make so rash a charge? To adore the mighty God, the Sovereign of the whole creation, the Governor of the highest powers, to pray to Him with the most obsequious reverence; under an afflicted state to lay hold of Him with all our powers, to love Him, and look up to Him: is this a dismal and detestable religion, a religion full of sacrilege and impiety, destroying and defiling all ancient rites? Is this that bold and prodigious crime for which your gods are so angry with us, and for which you yourselves do so rage against us, confiscating our estates, banishing our persons, burning, tearing, and racking us to death with such exquisite tortures? We Christians are nothing else but the worshippers of the supreme King and Governor of the world, according as we are taught by Christ our master. Search, and you will find nothing else in our religion. This is the sum of the whole affair; this is the end and design of our divine offices; before Him it is that we are wont to prostrate and bow ourselves, Him we worship with common and conjoined devotions, from Him we beg those things which are just and honest, and such as are not unworthy of Him to hear and grant." So little reason had the enemies of Christianity to brand it with the note of atheism and irreligion

135.—The Literature of the Age of Elizabeth.

HAZLITT.

[WILLIAM HAZLITT, one of the most voluminous writers of our times, was born in 1778: he died of cholera in 1830. His father was a Unitarian minister, and he was educated for his father's profession. But he had a determined predilection for the fine arts, and devoted himself for several years to the studies of a painter. There is little doubt that he would have attained considerable excellence in this walk, had his fastidiousness allowed him to have been satisfied with his growing mastery over the difficulties of art. He, however, became a writer, and for a quarter of a century he devoted himself to an unremitting course of literary exertion. His political feelings were strong and almost passionate. He became, therefore, an object of unceasing attack, and no man was pursued with more virulence by the party writers who supported the Government of the day. His reputation is now established as a vigorous thinker, and an eloquent critic, who in an age of imitation dared to be original.]

The age of Elizabeth was distinguished beyond, perhaps, any other in our history, by a number of great men, famous in different ways, and whose names have come down to us with unblemished honours,—statesmen, warriors, divines, scholars, poets, and philosophers: Raleigh, Drake, Coke, Hooker, and higher and more sounding still, and still more frequent in our mouths, Shakspeare, Spenser, Sydney, Bacon, Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher—men whom fame has eternised in her long and lasting scroll, and who, by their words and acts, were benefactors of their country, and ornaments of human nature. Their attainments of different kinds bore the same general stamp, and it was sterling: what they did had the mark of their age and country upon it. Perhaps the genius of Great Britain (if I may so speak without offence or flattery) never shone out fuller or brighter, or looked more like itself, than at this period.

For such an extraordinary combination and development of fancy and genius many causes may be assigned; and we may seek for the chief of them in religion, in politics, in the circumstances of the time, the recent diffusion of letters, in local situa-

tion, and in the character of the men who adorned that period, and availed themselves so nobly of the advantages placed within their reach.

I shall here attempt to give a general sketch of these causes, and of the manner in which they operated to mould and stamp the poetry of the country at the period of which I have to treat ; independently of incidental and fortuitous causes, for which there is no accounting, but which, after all, have often the greatest share in determining the most important results.

The first cause I shall mention, as contributing to this general effect, was the Reformation, which had just then taken place. This event gave a mighty impulse and increased activity to thought and inquiry, and agitated the inert mass of accumulated prejudices throughout Europe. The effect of the concussion was general ; but the shock was greatest in this country. It toppled down the full-grown intolerable abuses of centuries at a blow ; heaved the ground from under the feet of bigoted faith and slavish obedience ; and the roar and dashing of opinions, loosened from their accustomed hold, might be heard like the noise of an angry sea, and has never yet subsided. Germany first broke the spell of misbegotten fear, and gave the watchword ; but England joined the shout, and echoed it back, with her island voice, from her thousand cliffs and craggy shores, in a longer and a louder strain. With that cry, the genius of Great Britain rose, and threw down the gauntlet to the nations. There was a mighty fermentation : the waters were out ; public opinion was in a state of projection. Liberty was held out to all to think and speak the truth. Men's brains were busy ; their spirits stirring ; their hearts full ; and their hands not idle. Their eyes were opened to expect the greatest things, and their ears burned with curiosity and zeal to know the truth, that the truth might make them free. The death-blow which had been struck at scarlet vice and bloated hypocrisy, loosened their tongues, and made the talismans and love-tokens of Popish superstition, with which she had beguiled her followers and committed abominations with the people, fall harmless from their necks.

The translation of the Bible was the chief engine in the great work. It threw open, by a secret spring, the rich treasures of religion and morality, which had been there locked up as in a shrine. It revealed the visions of the prophets, and conveyed the lessons of inspired teachers to the meanest of the people. It gave them a common interest in a common cause. Their hearts burnt within them as they read. It gave a mind to the people, by giving them common subjects of thought and feeling. It cemented their union of character and sentiment ; it created endless diversity and collision of opinion. They found objects to employ their faculties, and a motive in the magnitude of the consequences attached to them, to exert the utmost eagerness in the pursuit of truth, and the most daring intrepidity in maintaining it. Religious controversy sharpens the understanding by the subtlety and remoteness of the topics it discusses, and embraces the will by their infinite importance. We perceive in the history of this period a nervous masculine intellect. No levity, no feebleness, no indifference ; or, if there were, it is a relaxation from the intense activity which gives a tone to its general character. But there is a gravity approaching to piety ; a seriousness of impression, a conscientious severity of argument, an habitual fervour and enthusiasm in their method of handling almost every subject. The debates of the schoolmen were sharp and subtle enough ; but they wanted interest and grandeur, and were besides confined to a few : they did not affect the general mass of the community. But the Bible was thrown open to all ranks and conditions "to run and read," with its wonderful table of contents from Genesis to the Revelations. Every village in England would present the scene so well described in Burns's "Cotter's Saturday Night." I cannot think that all this variety and weight of knowledge could be thrown in all at once upon the mind of the people, and not make some impression upon it, the traces of which might be discerned in the manners and literature of the age. For, to leave more disputable points, and take only the historical parts of the Old Testament, or the moral sentiments of the New, there is nothing like them in the power of exciting awe and admiration,

or of riveting sympathy. We see what Milton has made of the account of the Creation, from the manner in which he has treated it, imbued and impregnated with the spirit of the time of which we speak. Or what is there equal (in that romantic interest and patriarchal simplicity which goes to the heart of a country, and rouses it, as it were, from its lair in wastes and wildnesses) to the story of Joseph and his Brethren, of Rachel and Laban, of Jacob's Dream, of Ruth and Boaz, the descriptions in the book of Job, the deliverance of the Jews out of Egypt, or the account of their captivity and return from Babylon? There is, in all these parts of the Scripture, and numberless more of the same kind—to pass over the Orphic hymns of David, the prophetic denunciations of Isaiah, or the gorgeous visions of Ezekiel—an originality, a vastness of conception, a depth and tenderness of feeling, and a touching simplicity in the mode of narration, which he who does not feel need be made of no “penetrable stuff.” There is something in the character of Christ too (leaving religious faith quite out of the question) of more sweetness and majesty, and more likely to work a change in the mind of man, by the contemplation of its idea alone, than any to be found in history, whether actual or feigned. This character is that of a sublime humanity, such as was never seen on earth before nor since. This shone manifestly both in his words and actions. We see it in his washing the disciples' feet the night before his death, that unspeakable instance of humility and love, above all art, all meanness, and all pride; and in the leave he took of them on that occasion, “My peace I give unto you, that peace which the world cannot give, give I unto you;” and in his last commandment, that “they should love one another.” Who can read the account of his behaviour on the cross, when turning to his mother he said, “Woman, behold thy son,” and to the disciple John, “Behold thy mother,” and “from that hour that disciple took her to his own home,” without having his heart smote within him! We see it in his treatment of the woman taken in adultery, and in his excuse for the woman who poured precious ointment on his garment as an offering of devotion and love, which

is here all in all. His religion was the religion of the heart. We see it in his discourse with the disciples as they walked together towards Emmaus, when their hearts burned within them ; in his sermon from the Mount, in his parable of the Good Samaritan, and in that of the Prodigal Son—in every act and word of his life, a grace, a mildness, a dignity and love, a patience and wisdom, worthy of the Son of God. His whole life and being were imbued, steeped, in this word, *charity* : it was the spring, the well-head, from which every thought and feeling gushed into act ; and it was this that breathed a mild glory from his face in that last agony upon the cross, “when the meek Saviour bowed his head and died,” praying for his enemies. He was the first true teacher of morality : for he alone conceived the idea of a pure humanity. He redeemed man from the worship of that idol, self, and instructed him by precept and example to love his neighbour as himself, to forgive our enemies, to do good to those that curse us and despitefully use us. He taught the love of good for the sake of good, without regard to personal or sinister views, and made the affections of the heart the sole seat of morality, instead of the pride of the understanding or the sternness of the will. In answering the question, “who is our neighbour ?” as one who stands in need of our assistance, and whose wounds we can bind up, he has done more to humanise the thoughts, and tame the unruly passions, than all who have tried to reform and benefit mankind. The very idea of abstract benevolence, of the desire to do good because another wants our services, and of regarding the human race as one family, the offspring of one common parent, is hardly to be found in any other code or system. It was “to the Jews a stumblingblock, and to the Greeks foolishness.” The Greeks and Romans never thought of considering others, but as they were Greeks or Romans, as they were bound to them by certain positive ties, or, on the other hand, as separated from them by fiercer antipathies. Their virtues were the virtues of political machines, their vices were the vices of demons, ready to inflict or to endure pain with obdurate and remorseless inflexibility of purpose. But in the Christian

religion "we perceive a softness coming over the heart of a nation, and the iron scales that fence and harden it melt and drop off." It becomes malleable, capable of pity, of forgiveness, of relaxing in its claims, and remitting its power. We strike it and it does not hurt us : it is not steel or marble, but flesh and blood, clay tempered with tears, and "soft as sinews of the new-born babe." The gospel was first preached to the poor, for it consulted their wants and interests, not its own pride and arrogance. It first promulgated the equality of mankind in the community of duties and benefits. It denounced the iniquities of the chief-priests and Pharisees, and declared itself at variance with principalities and powers, for it sympathises not with the oppressor, but the oppressed. It first abolished slavery, for it did not consider the power of the will to inflict injury as clothing it with a right to do so. Its law is good, not power. It at the same time tended to wean the mind from the grossness of sense, and a particle of its divine flame was lent to brighten and purify the lamp of love !

There have been persons who, being sceptics as to the divine mission of Christ, have taken an unaccountable prejudice to his doctrines, and have been disposed to deny the merit of his character ; but this was not the feeling of the great men in the age of Elizabeth, (whatever might be their belief,) one of whom says of him, with a boldness equal to its piety,—

"The best of men

That e'er wore earth about him, was a sufferer ;
A soft, meek, patient, humble, tranquil spirit ;
The first true gentleman that ever breathed."

This was old honest Decker, and the lines ought to embalm his memory to every one who has a sense either of religion, or philosophy, or humanity, or true genius. Nor can I help thinking, that we may discern the traces of the influence exerted by religious faith in the spirit of the poetry of the age of Elizabeth, in the means of exciting terror and pity, in the delineations of the passions of grief, remorse, love, sympathy, the sense of shame, in the fond desires, the longings after immortality, in the heaven of hope and the abyss of despair it lays open to us.

The literature of this age, then, I would say, was strongly influenced, (among other causes,) first by the spirit of Christianity, and secondly, by the spirit of Protestantism.

The effects of the Reformation on politics and philosophy may be seen in the writings and history of the next and of the following ages. They are still at work, and will continue to be so. The effects on the poetry of the time were chiefly confined to the moulding of the character, and giving a powerful impulse to the intellect of the country. The immediate use or application that was made of religion to subjects of imagination and fiction was not (from an obvious ground of separation) so direct or frequent, as that which was made of the classical and romantic literature.

For, much about the same time, the rich and fascinating stores of the Greek and Roman mythology, and those of the romantic poetry of Spain and Italy, were eagerly explored by the curious, and thrown open in translations to the admiring gaze of the vulgar. This last circumstance could hardly have afforded so much advantage to the poets of that day, who were themselves, in fact, the translators, as it shows the general curiosity and increasing interest in such subjects as a prevailing feature of the times. There were translations of Tasso by Fairfax, and of Ariosto by Harrington, of Homer and Hesiod by Chapman, and of Virgil long before, and Ovid soon after ; there was Sir Thomas North's translation of Plutarch, of which Shakspeare has made such admirable use in his *Coriolanus* and *Julius Cæsar* ; and Ben Jonson's tragedies of *Catiline* and *Sejanus* may themselves be considered as almost literal translations into verse of Tacitus, Sallust, and Cicero's *Orations* in his consulship. Petrarch, Dante, the satirist Aretine, Machiavel, Castiglion, and others, were familiar to our writers, and they make occasional mention of some few French authors, as Ronsard and Du Bartas ; for the French literature had not at this stage arrived at its Augustan period, and it was the imitation of their literature a century afterwards, when it had arrived at its greatest height, (itself copied from the Greek and Latin,) that enfeebled and im-

poverished our own. But of the time that we are considering it might be said, without much extravagance, that every breath that blew, that every wave that rolled to our shores, brought with it some accession to our knowledge, which was engrafted on the national genius.

What also gave an unusual *impetus* to the mind of men at this period was the discovery of the New World, and the reading of voyages and travels. Green islands and golden sands seemed to arise, as by enchantment, out of the bosom of the watery waste, and invite the cupidity, or wing the imagination of the dreaming speculator. Fairyland was realised in new and unknown worlds. "Fortunate fields, and groves, and flowery vales, thrice happy isles," were found floating, "like those Hesperian gardens famed of old," beyond Atlantic seas, as dropt from the zenith. The people, the soil, the clime, everything gave unlimited scope to the curiosity of the traveller and reader. Other manners might be said to enlarge the bounds of knowledge, and new mines of wealth were tumbled at our feet. It is from a voyage to the Straits of Magellan that Shakspeare has taken the hint of Prospero's Enchanted Island, and of the savage Caliban with his god Setebos. Spenser seems to have had the same feeling in his mind in the production of his Faery Queen.

136.—Statesmanship.

MACHIAVELLI.

[NICOLÒ MACHIAVELLI was born at Florence in 1469. He died in 1527. We are accustomed to hear people talk and write of Machiavellian policy, by which they mean something most abominably tyrannical and dishonest, and hence infer that Machiavelli had the unenviable distinction of being the systematic propagator of such principles. His active life was wholly occupied with missions connected with the politics of the Florentine Republic. His numerous writings are chiefly upon subjects which we may describe as political philosophy. An eminent critic has said that, although it is "scarcely possible for any person not well acquainted with the history and literature of Italy to

read without horror and amazement the celebrated treatise, ('The Prince,') which has brought so much obloquy on the name of Machiavelli ;" yet "few writings exhibit so much elevation of sentiment, so pure and warm a zeal for the public good, or so just a view of the duties and rights of citizens as those of Machiavelli." The following specimen, which we give from the Discourses of this celebrated writer, is entitled, "How he that would succeed must accommodate to the times."

I have many times considered with myself that the occasion of every man's good or bad fortune consists in his correspondence and accommodation with the times. We see some people acting furiously, and with an *impetus*; others with more slowness and caution; and because both in the one and the other they are immoderate, and do not observe their just terms, therefore both of them do err; but his error and misfortune is least, whose customs suit and correspond with the times; and who comports himself in his designs according to the impulse of his own nature. Every one can tell how Fabius Maximus conducted his army, and with what carefulness and caution he proceeded, contrary to the ancient heat and boldness of the Romans, and it happened that grave way was more conformable to those times; for Hannibal, coming young and brisk into Italy, and being elated with his good fortune, as having twice defeated the armies of the Romans, that commonwealth having lost most of her best soldiers, and remaining in great fear and confusion, nothing could have happened more seasonably to them, than to have such a general who, by his caution and cunctation, could keep the enemy at bay. Nor could any times have been more fortunate to his way of proceeding; for that that slow and deliberate way was natural in Fabius, and not affected, appeared afterwards, when Scipio, being desirous to pass his army into Africa to give the finishing blow to the war, Fabius opposed it most earnestly, as one who could not force or dissemble his nature, which was rather to support wisely against the difficulties that were upon him, than to search out for new. So that had Fabius directed, Hannibal had continued in Italy, and the reason was because he did not consider the times were altered, and the method of the

war was to be changed with them. And if Fabius at that time had been king of Rome, he might well have been worsted in the war, as not knowing how to frame his counsels according to the variation of the times. But there being in that commonwealth so many brave men, and excellent commanders, of all sorts of tempers and humours, fortune would have it, that, as Fabius was ready, in hard and difficult times, to sustain the enemy and continue the war, so, afterwards, when affairs were in a better posture, Scipio was presented to finish and conclude it. And hence it is that an aristocracy or free state is longer lived, and generally more fortunate, than a principality, because in the first they are more flexible, and can frame themselves better to the diversity of the times: for a prince, being accustomed to one way, is hardly to be got out of it, though perhaps the variation of the times requires it very much. Piero Soderino (whom I have mentioned before) proceeded with great gentleness and humanity in all his actions; and he and his country prospered whilst the times were according; but when the times changed, and there was a necessity of laying aside that meekness and humility, Piero was at a loss, and he and his country were both ruined.

Pope Julius XI., during the whole time of his papacy, carried himself with great vigour and vehemence; and because the times were agreeable, he prospered in every thing; but had the times altered, and required other counsels, he had certainly been ruined, because he could never have complied. And the reason why we cannot change so easily with the times, is twofold; first, because we cannot readily oppose ourselves against what we naturally desire; and next, because when we have often tried one way, and have always been prosperous, we can never persuade ourselves we could do so well any other; and this is the true cause why a prince's fortune varies so strangely, because she varies the times, but he does not alter the way of his administration. And it is the same in a commonwealth; if the variation of the times be not observed, and their laws and customs altered accordingly, many mischiefs must follow, and the government

be ruined, as we have largely demonstrated before ; but those alterations of their laws are more slow in a commonwealth, because they are not so easily changed, and there is a necessity of such times as may shake the whole state, to which one man will not be sufficient, let him change his proceedings, and take new measures as he pleases.



137.—Happiness in Solitude.

J. J. ROUSSEAU.

[WHO can attempt, in a few lines, to give the least adequate notion of the character of Jean Jacques Rousseau, the watchmaker's son of Geneva, who, during the last thirty years of an unsettled, and, to all ordinary perceptions, an unhappy life, poured forth a stream of thought which, sometimes fertilising and sometimes destructive, produced greater changes in the European mind than the published opinions of any other man of his age ? Jean Jacques may be neglected, but he can never be forgotten. His follies, his meannesses, his insane vanity, his causeless jealousies, disqualify him for the respect of the generations who have succeeded him ; but these very circumstances perhaps add to the interest which we take in the individual man, and are utterly for-

gotten when we are under the enchantment of his impassioned eloquence. Jean Jacques was born in 1712; he died in 1778. The following description of his happiness in solitude, which we have translated from a letter addressed by him in 1762 to the President de Malesherbes, forms one of four letters in which he undertakes to present a true picture of his character, and the real motives of all his conduct.]

I can hardly tell you, sir, how concerned I have been to see that you consider me the most miserable of men. The world, no doubt, thinks as you do, and that also distresses me. Oh! why is not the existence I have enjoyed known to the whole universe! every one would wish to procure for himself a similar lot, peace would reign upon the earth, man would no longer think of injuring his fellows, and the wicked would no longer be found, for none would have an interest in being wicked. But what then did I enjoy when I was alone? Myself; the entire universe; all that is; all that can be; all that is beautiful in the world of sense; all that is imaginable in the world of intellect. I gathered around me all that could delight my heart; my desires were the limit of my pleasures. No, never have the most voluptuous known such enjoyments; and I have derived a hundred times more happiness from my chimeras than they from their realities.

When my sufferings make me measure sadly the length of the night, and the agitation of fever prevents me from enjoying a single instant of sleep, I often divert my mind from my present state, in thinking of the various events of my life; and repentance, sweet recollections, regrets, emotions, help to make me for some moments forget my sufferings. What period do you think, sir, I recall most frequently and most willingly in my dreams? Not the pleasures of my youth, they were too rare, too much mingled with bitterness, and are now too distant. I recall the period of my seclusion, of my solitary walks, of the fleeting but delicious days that I have passed entirely by myself, with my good and simple housekeeper, with my beloved dog, my old cat, with the birds of the field, the hinds of the forest, with all nature, and her inconceivable Author. In getting up before the sun to contemplate its rising from my garden, when a beautiful day was

commencing, my first wish was that no letters or visits might come to disturb the charm. After having devoted the morning to various duties, that I fulfilled with pleasure, because I could have put them off to another time, I hastened to dine, that I might escape from importunate people, and insure a longer afternoon. Before one o'clock, even on the hottest days, I started in the heat of the sun with my faithful Achates, hastening my steps in the fear that some one would take possession of me before I could escape ; but when once I could turn a certain corner, with what a beating heart, with what a flutter of joy, I began to breathe, as I felt that I was safe ; and I said, Here now am I my own master for the rest of the day ! I went on then at a more tranquil pace to seek some wild spot in the forest, some desert place, where nothing indicating the hand of man announced slavery and power—some refuge to which I could believe I was the first to penetrate, and where no wearying third could step in to interpose between Nature and me. It was there that she seemed to display before my eyes an ever new magnificence. The gold of the broom, and the purple of the heath, struck my sight with a splendour that touched my heart. The majesty of the trees that covered me with their shadow, the delicacy of the shrubs that flourished around me, the astonishing variety of the herbs and flowers that I crushed beneath my feet, kept my mind in a continued alternation of observing and of admiring. This assemblage of so many interesting objects contending for my attention, attracting me incessantly from one to the other, fostered my dreamy and idle humour, and often made me repeat to myself, No, “even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.”

The spot thus adorned could not long remain a desert to my imagination. I soon peopled it with beings after my own heart ; and dismissing opinion, prejudice, and all factitious passions, I brought to these sanctuaries of nature men worthy of inhabiting them. I formed with these a charming society, of which I did not feel myself unworthy. I made a golden age according to my fancy, and, filling up these bright days with all the scenes of my

life that had left the tenderest recollections, and with all that my heart still longed for, I affected myself to tears over the true pleasures of humanity—pleasures so delicious, so pure, and yet so far from men ! Oh, if in these moments any ideas of Paris, of the age, and of my little author vanity, disturbed my reveries, with what contempt I drove them instantly away, to give myself up entirely to the exquisite sentiments with which my soul was filled. Yet, in the midst of all this, I confess the nothingness of my chimeras would sometimes appear, and sadden me in a moment. If all my dreams had turned to reality, they would not have sufficed—I should still have imagined, dreamed, desired. I discovered in myself an inexplicable void that nothing could have filled—a certain yearning of my heart towards another kind of happiness, of which I had no definite idea, but of which I felt the want. Ah, sir, this even was an enjoyment, for I was filled with a lively sense of what it was, and with a delightful sadness of which I should not have wished to be deprived.

From the surface of the earth I soon raised my thoughts to all the beings of Nature, to the universal system of things, to the incomprehensible Being who enters into all. Then, as my mind was lost in this immensity, I did not think, I did not reason, I did not philosophise. I felt, with a kind of voluptuousness, as if bowed down by the weight of this universe ; I gave myself up with rapture to this confusion of grand ideas. I delighted in imagination to lose myself in space ; my heart, confined within the limits of the mortal, found not room : I was stifled in the universe ; I would have sprung into the infinite. I think that, could I have unveiled all the mysteries of Nature, my sensations would have been less delicious than was this bewildering ecstasy, to which my mind abandoned itself without control, and which, in the excitement of my transports, made me sometimes exclaim, “ Oh, Great Being ! oh, Great Being ! ” without being able to say or think more.

Thus glided on in a continued rapture the most charming days that ever human creature passed ; and when the setting sun made me think of returning, astonished at the flight of time, I thought

I had not taken sufficient advantage of my day ; I fancied I might have enjoyed it more ; and, to regain the lost time, I said, —I will come back to-morrow.

I returned slowly home, my head a little fatigued, but my heart content. I reposed agreeably on my return, abandoning myself to the impression of objects, but without thinking, without imagining, without doing anything beyond feeling the calm and the happiness of my situation. I found the cloth laid upon the terrace ; I supped with a good appetite, amidst my little household. No feeling of servitude or dependence disturbed the good will that united us all. My dog himself was my friend, not my slave. We had always the same wish ; but he never obeyed me. My gaiety during the whole evening testified to my having been alone the whole day. I was very different when I had seen company. Then I was rarely contented with others, and never with myself. In the evening I was cross and taciturn. This remark was made by my housekeeper ; and since she has told me so I have always found it true, when I watched myself. Lastly, after having again taken in the evening a few turns in my garden, or sung an air to my spinnet, I found in my bed repose of body and soul a hundred times sweeter than sleep itself. These were the days that have made the true happiness of my life—a happiness without bitterness, without weariness, without regret, and to which I would willingly have limited my existence. Yes, sir, let such days as these fill up my eternity ; I do not ask for others, nor imagine that I am much less happy in these exquisite contemplations than the heavenly spirits. But a suffering body deprives the mind of its liberty : henceforth I am not alone ; I have a guest who importunes me ; I must free myself of it to be myself. The trial that I have made of these sweet enjoyments serves only to make me with less alarm await the time when I shall taste them without interruption.

138.—*The Cotter's Saturday Night.*

INSCRIBED TO ROBERT AIKEN, ESQ., OF AYR.

BURNS.

[ROBERT BURNS was born on the 25th of January 1759, in the district of Kyle, within two miles of the town of Ayr. His father, William Burns, was a peasant—one of those strong, independent, pious minds that are especially the growth of Scotland. In the following poem Robert Burns has drawn a noble character of such a man. His brother Gilbert, in a letter dated 1800, says, "Although the Cotter, in the Saturday Night, is an exact copy of my father in his manners, his family devotion, and exhortations, yet the other parts of the description do not apply to our family. None of us were ever 'at service out among the neebors roun'.'" William Burns tried to mend his fortune by farming; but his life was one continued struggle, although he contrived to give his children a tolerable education. At fifteen, Robert was the principal labourer on the little farm. The father, bowed down by an accumulation of difficulties, died in 1784. In the meantime Robert had been cherishing his poetical faculty. In 1786 he printed a volume of his poems. The admiration which they excited was, in some degree, the ruin of his happiness. He became the wonder of the polite circles of Edinburgh; and the most eminent for station or acquirements gathered round the marvellous ploughman, whose conversation was as brilliant as his writings were original. A second edition of his poems made him the master of five hundred pounds. He took a farm in Ellisland, in Dumfries-shire. In an evil hour he obtained a situation in the excise, at Dumfries. He sought the excitement of festive companions, he yielded to habits of inebriety. Ill-health, habitual dejection, occasional bitterness of soul approaching to madness, came over him. He died on the 21st of July 1796. From the first publication of his poems, Scotland felt that a great spirit had arisen to shed a new lustre on the popular language and literature. It has been a reproach to the contemporaries of Burns that they were unworthy of his genius—that they offered him the unsubstantial incense of flattery, and left him to starve. The reproach appears to us signally unjust. It is difficult to imagine how, with the unfortunate habits which Burns had acquired, and with his high-spirited but repulsive independence, his fate could have been other than it was. With such examples of the unhappiness of genius, we still cannot regret that there are no asylums where poets may be watched over like caged nightingales.]

My loved, my honour'd, much-respected friend,
No mercenary bard his homage pays;
With honest pride I scorn each selfish end;
My dearest meed, a friend's esteem and praise.

To you I sing, in simple Scottish lays,
The lowly train in life's sequester'd scene ;
The native feelings strong, the guileless ways ;
What Aiken in a cottage would have been ;
Ah ! tho' his worth unknown, far happier there, I ween.

November chill blows loud wi' angry sigh ;¹
The short'ning winter-day is near a close ;
The miry beasts retreating frae the plough ;
The black'ning trains o' craws to their repose ;
The toil-worn Cotter frae his labour goes,
This night his weekly moil is at an end,
Collects his spades, his mattocks, and his hoes,
Hoping the morn in ease and rest to spend,
And weary, o'er the moor, his course does hameward bend.

At length his lonely cot appears in view,
Beneath the shelter of an aged tree ;
Th' expectant wee-things, toddlin, stacher² through
To meet their Dad wi' flichterin³ noise an' glee.
His wee bit ingle,⁴ blinkin' bonnily,
His clean hearth-stane, his thrifty wifie's smile,
The lisping infant prattling on his knee,
Does a' his weary carking cares beguile,
An' makes him quite forget his labour an' his toil.

Belyve,⁵ the elder bairns come drapping in,
At service out, among the farmers roun' :
Some ca' the plough, some herd, some tentie⁶ rin
A cannie errand to a neebor town !
Their eldest hope, their Jennie, woman grown,
In youthfu' bloom, love sparkling in her e'e,
Comes hame, perhaps, to show a braw⁷ new gown,
Or deposit her sair-⁸won penny-fee,
To help her parents dear, if they in hardship be.

¹ The continued rushing noise of wind or water.

² Stagger.

⁴ Fire.

³ Fluttering.

⁵ By and by.

⁶ Heedful, cautious.

⁷ Fine, handsome.

⁸ Sadly, sorely.

Wi' joy unfeign'd brothers and sisters meet,
 An' each for other's welfare kindly spiers?¹
 The social hours, swift-winged, unnoticed fleet;
 Each tells the uncos² that he sees or hears;
 The parents, partial, eye their hopeful years,
 Anticipation forward points the view;
 The mother, wi' her needle an' her shears,
 Gars³ auld claes⁴ look amais^t as weel's the new;
 The father mixes a' wi' admonition due.

Their master's an' their mistress's command,
 The yonkers a' are warn'd to obey;
 An' mind their labours wi' an eydent⁵ hand,
 An' ne'er, tho' out o' sight, to jauk⁶ or play:
 "An' oh! be sure to fear the Lord alway,
 An' mind your duty, duly, morn an' night!
 Lest in temptation's path ye gang astray,
 Implore His counsel and assisting might:
 They never sought in vain that sought the Lord aright!"

But hark; a rap comes gently to the door;
 Jenny, wha kens the meaning o' the same,
 Tells how a neebor lad cam o'er the moor,
 To do some errands, and convoy her hame.
 The wily mother sees the conscious flame
 Sparkle in Jenny's e'e, and flush her cheek;
 Wi' heart-struck anxious care inquires his name,
 While Jenny hafflins⁷ is afraid to speak;
 Weel pleased the mother hears it's nae wild, worthless rake.

Wi' kindly welcome Jenny brings him ben;⁸
 A strappan youth; he takes the mother's eye;
 Blythe Jenny sees the visit's no ill ta'en;
 The father cracks of horses, pleughs, and kye.⁹

¹ Inquires.⁴ Clothes.⁷ Partly.² News.⁵ Diligent.⁸ Into the spence, or parlour.³ Makes.⁶ Trifle.⁹ Cows.

The youngster's artless heart o'erflows wi' joy,
 But, blate¹ and laithfu'² scarce can weel behave ;
 The mother, wi' a woman's wiles, can spy
 What makes the youth so bashfu' an' sae grave ;
 Weel pleased to think her bairn's respected like the lave.³

Oh happy love ! where love like this is found !
 Oh heartfelt raptures ! bliss beyond compare !
 I've paced much this weary mortal round,
 And sage experience bids me this declare,—
 " If Heaven a draught of heav'nly pleasure spare,
 One cordial in this melancholy vale,
 'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest pair,
 In other's arms breathe out the tender tale,
 Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the ev'ning gale."

Is there in human form, that bears a heart—
 A wretch ! a villain ! lost to love and truth !
 That can, with studied, sly, ensnaring art,
 Betray sweet Jenny's unsuspecting youth ?
 Curse on his perjur'd arts ! dissembling smooth !
 Are honour, virtue, conscience, all exiled ?
 Is there no pity, no relenting ruth,
 Points to the parents fondling o'er their child ?
 Then paints the ruin'd maid, and their distraction wild ?

But now the supper crowns their simple board,
 The halesome⁴ parritch, chief o' Scotia's food :
 The soupe their only hawkie⁵ does afford,
 That 'yont the hallen⁶ snugly chows her cood⁷ ;
 The dame brings forth in complimentary mood
 To grace the lad, her weel-hain'd⁸ kebbuck,⁹ fell,
 An' aft he 's prest, an' aft he ca's it guid ;

¹ Bashful.² Sheepish.³ The rest, the remainder.⁴ Healthful, wholesome.⁵ Cow.⁶ A particular partition wall in a cottage.⁷ Cud.⁸ Spared.⁹ Cheese.

The frugal wife, garrulous, will tell
How 'twas a towmond¹ auld, sin' lint was i' the bell.²
The cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious face,
They round the ingle form a circle wide ;
The sire turns o'er wi' patriarchal grace,
The big ha' Bible,³ ance his father's pride :
His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside,
His lyart haffets,⁴ wearing thin an' bare ;
Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide,
He wales⁵ a portion with judicious care ;
And " Let us worship God ! " he says, with solemn air.

They chant their artless notes in simple guise,
They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim :
Perhaps Dundee's wild warbling measures rise,
Or plaintive Martyrs, worthy of the name ;
Or noble Elgin beets⁶ the heav'nward flame,
The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays :
Compared with these, Italian trills are tame :
The tickled ears no heartfelt raptures raise ;
Nae unison hae they with our Creator's praise.

The priest-like father reads the sacred page,
How Abram was the friend of God on high ;
Or Moses bade eternal warfare wage
With Amalek's ungracious progeny ;
Or how the royal Bard did groaning lie
Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avenging ire :
Or Job's pathetic plaint, and wailing cry,
Or rapt Isaiah's wild, seraphic fire ;
Or other holy seers that tune the sacred lyre.

Perhaps the Christian volume is the theme,
How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed ;

¹ Twelvemonth.

² The flax was in flower.

³ The great Bible that lies in the hall.

⁴ Gray temples.

⁵ Chooses.

⁶ Adds fuel to fire.

How He, who bore in Heaven the second name,
Had not on earth whereon to lay His head :
How His first followers and servants sped :
The precepts sage they wrote to many a land :
How he, who, lone in Patmos banish'd,
Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand ;
And heard great Babylon's doom pronounced by Heaven's
command.

Then, kneeling down, to Heaven's Eternal King
The saint, the father, and the husband prays :
Hope springs "exulting on triumphant wing,"
That thus they all shall meet in future days :
There ever bask in uncreated rays,
No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear,
Together hymning their Creator's praise,
In such society, yet still more dear ;
While circling time moves round in an eternal sphere.

Compared with this, how poor Religion's pride,
In all the pomp of method, and of art,
When men display to congregations wide
Devotion's every grace, except the heart !
The Power, incensed, the pageant will desert,
The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole ;
But, haply, in some cottage far apart,
May hear, well pleased, the language of the soul ;
And in His book of life the inmates poor enrol.

Then homeward all take off their several way ;
The youngling cottagers retire to rest ;
The parent pair their secret homage pay,
And proffer up to Heaven the warm request,
That He who stills the raven's clam'rous nest,
And decks the lily fair in flow'ry pride,
Would, in the way His wisdom sees the best,

For them and for their little ones provide ;
But chiefly, in their hearts, with grace divine preside.

From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs,
That makes her loved at home, revered abroad :
Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,

“ An honest man's the noblest work of God : ”
And certes, in fair virtue's heavenly road,
The cottage leaves the palace far behind ;
What is a lordling's pomp ? a cumbrous load,
Disguising oft the wretch of human kind,
Studied in arts of hell, in wickedness refined !

O Scotia ! my dear, my native soil !
For whom my warmest wish to Heaven is sent,
Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil
Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet content !
And, oh, may Heaven their simple lives prevent
From luxury's contagion, weak and vile !
Then howe'er crowns and coronets be rent,
A virtuous populace may rise the while,
And stand a wall of fire around their much-loved Isle.

O Thou ! who pour'd the patriotic tide
That stream'd through Wallace's undaunted heart
Who dared to nobly stem tyrannic pride,
Or nobly die,—the second glorious part ;
(The patriot's God peculiarly thou art,
His friend, inspirer, guardian, and reward !)
Oh never, never, Scotia's realm desert,
But still the patriot, and the patriot-bard,
In bright succession raise, her ornament and guard !

139.—Co-operation.

E. G. WAKEFIELD.

[THE following is extracted from a Note on the First Chapter of the First Book of Adam Smith's "Wealth of Nations," published in an edition of that celebrated work which appeared in 1840. The author of this note is well known as a political economist, whose plans of colonisation have attracted more attention than is usually bestowed by statesmen upon what they term theory. Edward Gibbon Wakefield died in 1862, at the age of sixty-six.]

All improvements in the productive powers of labour, including division of employments, depend upon co-operation.

Co-operation appears to be of two distinct kinds: first, such co-operation as takes place when several persons help each other in the same employment; secondly, such co-operation as takes place when several persons help each other in different employments. These may be termed simple co-operation and complex co-operation. It will be seen presently, that, until men help each other in simple operations, they cannot well help each other in operations which consist of several parts.

The advantage of simple co-operation is illustrated by the case of two greyhounds running together, which, it is said, will kill more hares than four greyhounds running separately. In a vast number of simple operations performed by human exertion, it is quite obvious that two men working together will do more than four, or four times four men, each of whom should work alone: in the lifting of heavy weights, for example, in the felling of trees, in the sawing of timber, in the gathering of much hay or corn during a short period of fine weather, in draining a large extent of land during the short season when such a work may be properly conducted, in the pulling of ropes on board ship, in the rowing of large boats, in some mining operations, in the erection of a scaffolding for building, and in the breaking of stones for the repair of a road, so that the whole of a road shall always be kept in good order,—in all these simple operations, and thousands more, it is absolutely necessary that many persons should work together, at the same time, in the same place, and in the same

way. The savages of New Holland never help each other, even in the most simple operations, and their condition is hardly superior—in some respects it is inferior—to that of the wild animals which they now and then catch. Let any one imagine that the labourers of England should suddenly desist from helping each other in simple employments, and he will see at once the prodigious advantages of simple co-operation. In a countless number of employments the produce of labour is, up to a certain point, in proportion to such mutual assistance amongst the workmen. This is the first step in social improvement. A single person, working entirely by himself, either in hunting or in cultivating the earth, will not, it seems plain, obtain more food than what he requires for his own subsistence: several persons combining their labour, in the most simple operations, either of the chase or of agriculture, will obtain more food than they require—they will obtain a surplus produce, which surplus produce may either be used as capital for the employment of more labourers, whereby the produce, in proportion to the hands at work, will be still further increased; or it may be given in exchange for some other kind of produce, provided always that some other body of workmen have combined their labour, and have so obtained of some other kind of produce more than they require for themselves. This possession of capital, and this power of exchanging, both of them being strictly dependent on the greater productiveness of labour arising from simple co-operation, constitute the second step in social improvement. One body of men having combined their labour to raise more food than they require, another body of men are induced to combine their labour for the purpose of producing more clothes than they require, and, with those surplus clothes, buying the surplus food of the other body of labourers; while, if both bodies together have produced more food and clothes than they both require, both bodies obtain, by means of exchange, a proper capital for setting more labourers to work in their respective occupations. What is true of two bodies of men applies to any number of bodies, however great the difference in their occupations; and thus we perceive that the divi-

sion of employments, the power of exchanging, and the possession of a capital as well, depend on the combination of labour in simple operations.

The use of capital, and not the power but the act of exchanging, and further, the division of employments, are still dependent on something else than simple co-operation ; they are all dependent also upon arrangements, agreements, concert, or combination, of a general kind, in which the whole society takes a part, and which, for want of a better expression, may be termed complex co-operation.

When a body of men raise more food than they want, and employ that surplus food as capital, paying it in wages to other labourers, those other labourers act in concert or combination with those capitalists : it is only by means of concert, or co-operation, that the body who raise more food than they want, can exchange with the body who raise more clothes than they want ; and if the two bodies were separated, either by distance or disinclination, unless the two bodies should virtually form themselves into one, for the common object of raising enough food and clothes for the whole, they could not divide into two distinct parts the whole operation of producing a sufficient quantity of food and clothes. The division of pursuits, then, into the management of capital and such occupations as are carried on by muscular exertion, all division of employments, and all exchanges, result from co-operation amongst men ; not only simple co-operation, which first raises capital and surplus produce for exchange, but also complex co-operation, which enables the rich man to employ his capital and the poor one to consume it, and which includes all the means, over and above surplus produce, for practising exchange, and division of employments amongst different bodies of men.

Before we proceed to the practical conclusions which may be drawn from this principle, it seems right to notice an important distinction between simple and complex co-operation. Of the former, one is always conscious at the time of practising it ; it is obvious to the most ignorant and vulgar eye. Of the latter, but

a few of the vast numbers who practise it are in any degree conscious. The cause of this distinction is easily seen. When several men are employed in lifting the same weight, or pulling the same rope, at the same time, and in the same place, there can be no sort of doubt that they co-operate with each other; the fact is impressed on the mind by the mere sense of sight; but when several men, or bodies of men, are employed at different times and places, and in different pursuits, their co-operation with each other, though it may be quite as certain, is not so readily perceived as in the other case. In order to perceive it, a complex operation of the mind is required. And here, perhaps, we may discover the occasion of Adam Smith's error in confounding division of labour with division of employments, which are really incompatible with one another. "The division of employments," he says, "is commonly supposed to be carried farthest in some very trifling manufactures, not, perhaps, that it really is carried farther in them than in others of more importance; but in those trifling manufactures which are destined to supply the small wants of but a small number of people, the whole number of workmen must necessarily be small; and those employed in every different branch of the work can often be collected in the same workhouse, and placed at once under the view of the spectator. In those great manufactures, on the contrary, which are destined to supply the great wants of the great body of the people, every different branch employs so great a number of workmen, that it is impossible to collect them all into the same workhouse. We can seldom see more, at one time, than those employed in one single branch. Though in such manufactures, therefore, the work may really be divided into a much greater number of parts than in those of a more trifling nature, the division is not near so obvious, and has accordingly been much less observed." If the division of employments had been equally plain under all circumstances, Adam Smith would never, probably, have called it division of labour; he would not have done so, assuredly, if the complex co-operation which, by the aid of exchange, gives rise to the division of employments, had been as obvious as simple co-opera-

tion, which originally provides surplus produce for exchange. But, be that as it may, there is this analogy between division of employments and complex co-operation, that both are most easily perceived when the labourers who practise them work in the same place, and are not to be perceived without more careful examination; when the labourers who practise them work in different places. In a pin-factory, where ten men produce forty-eight thousand pins in a day, the co-operation of those ten labourers is as evident as the division into separate parts of the whole business performed by their united labour. The co-operation, on the contrary, which takes place between those pin-makers and the labourers who provide them with metal, tools, fire, clothes, and food, is not to be discovered without reflection; and it would, moreover, be a hard task for the most enlightened philosopher to reckon the immense number of persons who co-operate before a single pin can be made and brought to market. "The woollen coat," says Adam Smith, "which covers the day-labourer, as coarse and rough as it may appear, is the produce of the joint labour of a great number of workmen." Joint or united labour is another word for co-operation. If "without the assistance and co-operation of many thousands, the very meanest person in a civilised country could not be provided, even according to what we very falsely imagine the very easy and simple manner in which he is commonly accommodated," who shall venture to form an estimate of the number of people who combine their labour before the inhabitants of a city of Europe, at the present time, are supplied with all the useful and agreeable objects which they enjoy? The degree of combination of labour, or co-operation, which is requisite for supplying a city with food alone, has been pointed out by Dr Whately, with his usual felicity. "Let any one," says he, "propose to himself the problem of supplying with daily provisions of all kinds such a city as our metropolis, containing above a million of inhabitants. . . . Now let any one consider the problem in all its bearings, reflecting on the enormous and fluctuating number of persons to be fed; the immense quantity and variety of provisions to be furnished; the importance

of a convenient distribution of them, and the necessity of husbanding them discreetly ; and then let him reflect on the anxious toil which such a task would impose on a board of the most experienced and intelligent commissioners, who, after all, would be able to discharge their office but very inadequately. Yet this object is accomplished far better than it could be by any effort of human wisdom, through the agency of men who think each of nothing but his more immediate interest ; who, with that object in view, perform their respective parts with cheerful zeal, and *combine unconsciously* to employ the wisest means for effecting an object, the vastness of which it would bewilder them even to contemplate." They are not more conscious of dividing into many distinct parts the whole employment of providing a city with provisions, than they are of co-operating for the purpose of such division ; but neither the combination of labour, nor the division of employments, is less certain for being hidden from ignorant and vulgar observers.

140.—Industry Essentially Social.

EVERETT.

[EDWARD EVERETT was a writer and politician of the United States. He died in 1865. In 1845 he was Minister Plenipotentiary to the Court of London, and while resident here won the esteem of all parties by the moderation of his views and his desire to maintain the friendly relations which ought ever to subsist between the two countries. Mr Everett was always a consistent labourer in the object of advancing the intelligence of the great body of the people, and delivered at various times some interesting lectures to Mechanics' Institutes, and similar associations. The following extract is from his "Lecture on the Working Men's Party," published in a collection of such discourses by the Boston Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge.]

Man is not only a working being, but he is a being formed to work in society ; and if the matter be carefully analysed, it will be found that civilisation, that is, the bringing men out of a

savage into a cultivated state, consists in multiplying the number of pursuits and occupations ; so that the most perfect society is one where the largest number of persons are prosperously employed in the greatest variety of ways. In such a society men help each other, instead of standing in each other's way. The further this division of labour is carried, the more persons must unite, harmoniously, to effect the common ends. The larger the number on which each depends, the larger the number to which each is useful.

This union of different kinds of workmen in one harmonious society seems to be laid in the very structure and organisation of man. Man is a being consisting of a body and a soul. These words are *soon* uttered, and they are so *often* uttered, that the mighty truth which is embraced in them scarce ever engages our attention. But man is composed of body and soul. What is body ? It is material substance ; it is clay, dust, ashes. Look at it as you tread it unorganised beneath your feet ; contemplate it when, after having been organised and animated, it is, by a process of corruption, returning to its original state. Matter, in its appearance to us, is an unorganised, inanimate, cold, dull, and barren thing. What it is in its essence, no one but the Being who created it knows. The human mind can conceive of it only as the absolute negation of qualities. And we say that the body of man is formed of the clay or dust, because these substances seem to us to make the nearest approach to the total privation of all the properties of intellect. Such is the *body* of man. What is his *soul* ? Its essence is as little known to us as that of the body ; but its qualities are angelic, divine. It is soul which thinks, reasons, invents, remembers, hopes, and loves. It is the soul which lives ; for, when the soul departs from the body, all its vital powers cease ; and it is dead—and what is the body then ?

Now the fact to which I wish to call your attention is, that these two elements, one of which is akin to the poorest dust on which we tread, and the other of which is of the nature of angelic and even of divine intelligence, are, in every human being without exception, brought into a most intimate and per-

fect union. We can conceive that it might have been different. God could have created matter by itself, and mind by itself. We believe in the existence of incorporeal beings, of a nature higher than man; and we behold beneath us, in brutes, plants, and stones, various orders of material nature, rising, one above another, in organisation; but none of them (as we suppose) possessing mind. We can imagine a world so constituted, that all the intellect would have been by itself, pure and disembodied; and all the material substance by itself, unmixed with mind, and acted upon by mind as inferior beings are supposed to be acted upon by angels. But in constituting our race it pleased the Creator to bring the two elements into the closest union; to take the body from the dust—the soul from the highest heaven—and mould them into one.

The consequence is, that the humblest labourer, who works with his hands, possesses within him a soul endowed with precisely the same faculties as those which in Franklin, in Newton, or Shakspeare, have been the light and the wonder of the world; and, on the other hand, the most gifted and ethereal genius, whose mind has fathomed the depths of the heavens, and comprehended the whole circle of truth, is enclosed in a body subject to the same passions, infirmities, and wants as the man whose life knows no alternation but labour and rest, appetite and indulgence.

Did it stop here, it would be merely an astonishing fact in the constitution of our natures—but it does not stop here. In consequence of the union of the two principles in the human frame, every act that a man performs requires the agency both of body and mind. His mind cannot see but through the optic eye-glass; nor hear, till the drum of his ear is affected by the vibrations of the air. If he would speak, he puts in action the complex machinery of the vocal organs; if he writes, he employs the muscular system of the hands; nor can he even perform the operations of pure thought except in a healthy state of the body. A fit of the toothache, proceeding from the irritation of a nerve about as big as a cambric thread, is enough to drive an understanding capable

of instructing the world to the verge of insanity. On the other hand, there is no operation of manual labour so simple, so mechanical, which does not require the exercise of perception, reflection, memory, and judgment ; the same intellectual powers by which the highest truths of science have been discovered and illustrated.

The degree to which any particular action (or series of actions united into a pursuit) shall exercise the intellectual powers on the one hand, or the mechanical powers on the other, of course depends on the nature of that action. The slave, whose life, from childhood to the grave, is passed in the field ; the New Zealander, who goes to war when he is hungry, devours his prisoners, and leads a life of cannibal debauch, till he has consumed them all, and then goes to war again ; the Greenlander, who warms himself with the fragments of wrecks and driftwood thrown upon the glaciers, and feeds himself with blubber ;—seem all to lead lives requiring but little intellectual action ; and yet, as I have remarked, a careful reflection would show that there is not one, even of them, who does not, every moment of his life, call into exercise, though in a humble degree, all the powers of the mind. In like manner, the philosopher who shuts himself up in his cell, and leads a contemplative existence among books or instruments of science, seems to have no occasion to employ, in their ordinary exercise, many of the capacities of his nature for physical action ;—although he also, as I have observed, cannot act, or even think, but with the aid of his body.

This is unquestionably true. The same Creator who made man a mixed being, composed of body and soul, having designed him for such a world as that in which we live, has so constituted the world, and man who inhabits it, as to afford scope for great variety of occupations, pursuits, and conditions, arising from the tastes, characters, habits, virtues, and even vices of men and communities. For the same reason, that, though all men are alike composed of body and soul, yet no two men probably are exactly the same in respect to either—*so* provision has been made by the Author of our being for an infinity of pursuits and employ-

ments calling out, in degrees as various, the peculiar powers of both principles.

But I have already endeavoured to show that there is no pursuit and no action that does not require the united operation of both; and this of itself is a broad natural foundation for the union into one interest of all, in the same community, who are employed in honest work of any kind: viz., that, however various their occupations, they are all working with the same instruments—the organs of the body and the powers of the mind.

But we may go a step further, to remark the beautiful process by which Providence has so interlaced and wrought up together the pursuits, interests, and wants of our nature, that the philosopher, whose home seems less on earth than among the stars, requires, for the prosecution of his studies, the aid of numerous artificers in various branches of mechanical industry, and in return furnishes the most important facilities to the humblest branches of manual labour. Let us take, as a single instance, that of astronomical science. It may be safely said, that the wonderful discoveries of modern astronomy, and the philosophical system depending upon them, could not have existed but for the *telescope*. The want of the telescope kept astronomical science in its infancy among the ancients. Although Pythagoras, one of the earliest Greek philosophers, by a fortunate exercise of sagacity, conceived the elements of the Copernican system, yet we find no general and practical improvement resulting from it. It was only from the period of the discoveries made by the telescope that the science advanced with sure and rapid progress. Now, the astronomer does not make telescopes. I presume it would be impossible for a person who is employed in the abstract study of astronomical science to find time enough to comprehend its profound investigations, and to learn and practise the trade of making glass. It is mentioned as a remarkable versatility of talent in one or two eminent observers, that they have superintended the cutting and polishing of the glasses of their own telescopes. But I presume, if there never had been a telescope till some scientific astronomer had learned to mix, melt, and mould

glass, such a thing would never have been heard of. It is not less true that those employed in making the glass could not, in the nature of things, be expected to acquire the scientific knowledge requisite for carrying on those arduous calculations, applied to bring into a system the discoveries made by the magnifying power of the telescope. I might extend the same remark to the other materials of which a telescope consists. It cannot be used for any purpose of nice observation without being very carefully mounted on a frame of strong metal, which demands the united labours of the mathematical instrument-maker and the brassfounder. Here, then, in taking but one single step out of the philosopher's observatory, we find he needs an instrument to be produced by the united labours of the mathematical instrument-maker, the brassfounder, the glass-polisher, and the maker of glass,—four trades. He must also have an astronomical clock, and it would be easy to count up half a dozen trades which directly or indirectly are connected in making a clock. But let us go back to the *object-glass* of the telescope. A glass-factory requires a building and furnaces. The man who makes the glass does not make the building. But the stone and brick mason, the carpenter and the blacksmith, must furnish the greater part of the labour and skill required to construct the building. When it is built, a large quantity of fuel, wood and wood-coal, or mineral coal of various kinds, or all together, must be provided ; and then the materials of which the glass is made, and with which it is coloured, some of which are furnished by commerce from different and distant regions, and must be brought in ships across the sea. We cannot take up any one of *these* trades without immediately finding that it connects itself with numerous others. Take, for instance, the mason who builds the furnace. He does not make his own bricks, nor burn his own lime ; in common cases the bricks come from one place, the lime from another, the sand from another. The brickmaker does not cut down his own wood. It is carted or brought in boats to his yard. The man who carts it does not make his own waggon ; nor does the person who brings it in boats build his own boat. The man who makes the waggon does

not make the tire. The blacksmith who makes the tire does not smelt the ore; and the forgerman who smelts the ore does not build his own furnace, (and there we get back to the point whence we started,) nor dig his own mine. The man who digs the mine does not make the pickaxe with which he digs it, nor the pump with which he keeps out the water. The man who makes the pump did not discover the principle of atmospheric pressure, which led to pump-making: that was done by a mathematician at Florence, experimenting in his chamber on a glass tube. And here we come back again to our glass, and to an instance of the close connexion of scientific research with practical art. It is plain that this enumeration might be pursued till every art and every science were shown to run into every other. No one can doubt this who will go over the subject in his own mind, beginning with any one of the processes of mining and working metals, of ship-building, and navigation, and the other branches of art and industry pursued in civilised communities.

If, then, on the one hand, the astronomer depends for his telescope on the ultimate product of so many arts; in return, his observations are the basis of an astronomical system, and of calculations of the movements of the heavenly bodies, which furnish the mariner with his best guide across the ocean. The prudent shipmaster would no more think of sailing for India without his Bowditch's "Practical Navigator" than he would without his compass; and this navigator contains tables drawn from the highest walks of astronomical science. Every first mate of a vessel, who works a lunar observation to ascertain the ship's longitude, employs tables in which the most wonderful discoveries and calculations of La Place, and Newton, and Bowditch are interwoven.

I mention this as but one of the cases in which astronomical science promotes the service and convenience of common life; and, perhaps, when we consider the degree to which the modern extension of navigation connects itself with industry in all its branches, this may be thought sufficient. I will only add, that the cheap convenience of an almanac, which enters into the

comforts of every fireside in the country, could not be enjoyed, but for the labours and studies of the profoundest philosophers. Not that great learning or talent is now required to execute the astronomical calculations of an almanac, although no inconsiderable share of each is needed for this purpose; but because even to perform these calculations requires the aid of tables which have been gradually formed on the basis of the profoundest investigations of the long line of philosophers, who have devoted themselves to this branch of science. For, as we observed on the mechanical side of the illustration, it was not one trade alone which was required to furnish the philosopher with his instrument, but a great variety; so, on the other hand, it is not the philosopher in one department who creates a science out of nothing. The observing astronomer furnishes materials to the calculating astronomer, and the calculator derives methods from the pure mathematician, and a long succession of each for ages must unite their labours in a great result. Without the geometry of the Greeks, and the algebra of the Arabs, the infinitesimal analyses of Newton and Leibnitz would never have been invented.

Examples and illustrations equally instructive might be found in every other branch of industry. The man who will go into a cotton-mill, and contemplate it from the great water-wheel that gives the first movement, (and still more from the steam-engine, should that be the moving power,) who will observe the parts of the machinery, and the various processes of the fabric, till he reaches the hydraulic press with which it is made into a bale, and the canal or railroad by which it is sent to market, may find every branch of trade, and every department of science, literally crossed, intertwined, interwoven, with every other, like the woof and the warp of the article manufactured. Not a little of the spinning machinery is constructed on principles drawn from the demonstrations of transcendental mathematics; and the processes of bleaching and dyeing now practised are the results of the most profound researches of modern chemistry. And, if this does not satisfy the inquirer, let him trace the cotton to the plantation where it grew, in Georgia or Alabama; the indigo to Bengal;

the oil to the olive-gardens of Italy, or the fishing-grounds of the Pacific Ocean; let him consider the cotton-gin, the carding-machine, the power-loom, and the spinning apparatus, and all the arts, trades, and sciences directly or indirectly connected with these, and I believe he will soon agree that one might start from a yard of coarse printed cotton, which costs ten cents, and prove out of it, as out of a text, that every art and science under heaven had been concerned in its fabric.

141.—God's Mercy.

JEREMY TAYLOR.

MAN having destroyed that which God delighted in, that is, the beauty of his soul, fell into an evil portion, and being seized on by the divine justice, grew miserable, and condemned to an incurable sorrow. Poor Adam, being banished and undone, went and lived a sad life in the mountains of India and turned his face and his prayers towards Paradise; thither he sent his sighs, to that place he directed his devotions, there was his heart now, where his felicity sometimes had been: but he knew not how to return thither, for God was his enemy, and by many of his attributes, opposed himself against him. God's power was armed against him; and poor man, whom a fly or a fish could kill, was assaulted and beaten with a sword of fire in the hand of a cherubim. God's eye watched him, His omniscience was man's accuser, His severity was his judge, His justice the executioner. It was a mighty calamity that man was to undergo, when He that made him armed Himself against His creature, which would have died or turned to nothing, if He had but withdrawn the miracles and the almightiness of His power; if God had taken His arm from under him, man had perished. But it was, therefore, a greater evil when God laid His arm on him, and against him, and seemed to support him that He might be longer killing him. In the midst of these sadnesses God remembered His own creature, and pitied it; and, by His mercy, rescued him from the hands of His power, and the sword of His justice, and the

guilt of his punishment, and the disorder of his sin ; and placed him in that order of good things where he ought to have stood. It was mercy that preserved the noblest of God's creatures here below ; he who stood condemned and undone under all the other attributes of God was saved and rescued by His mercy ; that it may be evident that God's mercy is above all His works, and above all ours, greater than the creation, and greater than our sins. As is His majesty, so is His mercy—that is, without measures and without rules, sitting in heaven and filling all the world, calling for a duty that He may give a blessing, making man that He may save him, punishing him that He may preserve him. And God's justice bowed down to His mercy, and all His power passed into mercy, and His omniscience converted into care and watchfulness, into providence and observation for man's avail ; and Heaven gave its influence for man, and rained showers for our food and drink ; and the attributes and acts of God sat at the foot of mercy, and all that mercy descended upon the head of man. For so the light of the world in the turning of the creation was spread abroad like a curtain, and dwelt nowhere, but filled the *expansum* with a dissemination great as the unfoldings of the air's looser garment, or the wilder fringes of the fire, without knots, or order, or combination ; but God gathered the beams in His hand, and united them into a globe of fire, and all the light of the world became the body of the sun ; and he lent some to his weaker sister that walks in the night, and guides a traveller, and teaches him to distinguish a house from a river, or a rock from a plain field. So is the mercy of God a vast *expansum* and a huge ocean ; from eternal ages it dwelt round about the throne of God, and it filled all that infinite distance and space, that hath no measures but the will of God ; until God, desiring to communicate that excellency and make it relative, created angels, that He might have persons capable of huge gifts : and man, who He knew would need forgiveness. For so the angels, our elder brothers, dwelt for ever in the house of their Father, and never brake His commandments ; but we, the younger, like prodigals, forsook our Father's house, and went

into a strange country, and followed stranger courses, and spent the portion of our nature, and forfeited all our title to the family, and came to need another portion. For ever since the fall of Adam, who, like an unfortunate man, spent all that a wretched man could need, or a happy man could have, our life is repentance, and forgiveness is all our portion; and though angels were objects of God's bounty, yet man only is, in proper speaking, the object of His mercy; and the mercy which dwelt in an infinite circle became confined to a little ring, and dwelt here below; and here shall dwell below, till it hath carried all God's portion up to heaven, where it shall reign and glory upon our crowned heads for ever and ever!

But for him that considers God's mercies, and dwells a while in that depth, it is hard not to talk widely, and without art and order of discoursings. St Peter talked he knew not what, when he entered into a cloud with Jesus on Mount Tabor, though it passed over him like the little curtains that ride upon the north wind, and pass between the sun and us. And when we converse with a light greater than the sun, and taste a sweetness more delicious than the dew of heaven, and in our thoughts entertain the ravishments and harmony of that atonement, which reconciles God to man, and man to felicity, it will be more easily pardoned, if we should be like persons that admire much, and say but little: and indeed we can but confess the glories of the Lord by dazzled eyes, and a stammering tongue, and a heart overcharged with the miracles of this infinity. For so those little drops that run over, though they be not much in themselves, yet they tell that the vessel was full, and could express the greatness of the shower no otherwise but by spilling, and in artificial expressions and runnings over. But because I have undertaken to tell the drops of the ocean, and to span the measures of eternity, I must do it by the great lines of revelation and experience, and tell concerning God's mercy as we do concerning God himself, that He is that great fountain of which we all drink, and the great rock of which we all eat, and on which we all dwell, and under whose shadow we all are refreshed. God's mercy is all this, and

we can only draw the great lines of it, and reckon the constellations of our hemisphere, instead of telling the number of the stars; we only can reckon what we feel and what we live by; and though there be, in every one of these lines of life, enough to engage us for ever to do God service, and to give Him praises, yet it is certain there are very many mercies of God on us, and towards us, and concerning us, which we neither feel, nor see, nor understand as yet; but yet we are blessed by them, and are preserved and secure, and we shall then know them, when we come to give God thanks in the festivities of an eternal sabbath.

142.—The Ducal Osbornes.

G. L. CRAIK.

[GEORGE LILLIE CRAIK, who, in 1849, was appointed Professor of History and English Literature in Queen's College, Belfast, most worthily earned that distinction by his previous career of valuable literary labour. Few men have worked more strenuously to advance the general education of the community. To this end was directed his first important book, published anonymously, under the superintendence of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge. "The Pursuit of Knowledge under Difficulties," which originally appeared in 1831, has gone through many editions. It quickly acquired for its author the reputation of being a sound thinker and an accomplished writer. The great characteristic of this book is the advocacy of the love of knowledge for its own sake, rather than as the means of worldly advancement. Mr Craik's subsequent literary labours manifested his unremitting industry and extensive acquirements. A very pleasing work, "The Romance of the Peerage," from which we give the following extract, was published in four volumes, from 1849 to 1852. His "History of the English Language, and of English Literature," of which an edition, in two octavo volumes, appeared in 1861, is one of the most valuable books for the student, alike distinguished for fulness of information and critical sagacity. Professor Craik was pursuing his distinguished career of academic duty, in full health of body and mind, when he was stricken in the midst of his class. A sudden attack of paralysis, combined perhaps with heart affection, cut him off from all future labours. He survived till the 25th of June. His death produced a deep feeling amongst all those who knew and appreciated his rare worth; and many who knew him only from his published works felt also that a friend was gone in the earnest and conscientious writer who had done much for mental culture. The Government could not render a better service to letters than that of granting a pension to the two daughters who survive him, one of whom has earned no common reputation as an agreeable novelist.]

It might seem to be only the natural course of things, or what we should expect to happen not unfrequently, that the man who has risen (otherwise than by succession) from being a commoner to be a peer, should afterwards make his way from the lowest to the highest rank in the peerage. The same impulse or buoyance, whatever it may have consisted in, or come of, whether extraordinary merit and services, or persevering ambition, or consummate dexterity and insinuation, or mere good fortune, which has carried him so far, ought, it may be thought, to carry him still farther. Having lifted him up to be a baron or a viscount, why should its action stop till it has elevated him to a marquise or a dukedom?

But the fact is, that to surmount the barrier which separates the peerage from the rest of the community is, generally speaking, easier than to pass from one rank of the peerage to another. The structure narrows faster than it rises. Of its three tiers or stages, (for the viscounts may be regarded as only a higher division of the barons, and the marquises as a subordinate kind of dukes,) the lowest is nearly twice as spacious as the one next above it, and the latter three times as spacious as the highest. At present the number of English barons and viscounts is about two hundred and twenty, that of the earls about one hundred and twenty, and that of the dukes and marquises about forty. Above two hundred and fifty English peerages were conferred in the reign of George the Third, but only three of them were dukedoms. From the accession of George the Second, indeed, to the present day, a period of more than a hundred and twenty years, (if we except the variation of the Newcastle patent in 1756,) only six hereditary dukedoms have been created, and of these, one (that of Montagu) is already extinct. Of nearly two hundred and seventy Irish peers made in the reign of George the Third, only one was a duke.

There are several examples of persons rising from the condition of commoners, without the direct aid of claims derived from birth, to the summit of the peerage; but in almost all such cases, at least in modern times, there has been either a basis of noble extraction to begin with, or some other kind of connexion

equally or still more potential. The Protector Somerset, who, from a private gentleman, was made first a viscount, then an earl, and finally a duke, was the brother-in-law of one king and the uncle of another. Villiers, who in the next century, being originally a commoner, was in like manner created successively a viscount, an earl, a marquis, and a duke, was the all-potent favourite of a third king.

If the General of the Restoration, George Monk, was at that extraordinary crisis all at once made a baron, an earl, and a duke, it was by one whom he may almost be said to have made a king. The great Marlborough was probably, in part at least, indebted for his first step in the peerage to the circumstances of his sister being the king's mistress. Sir Hugh Smithson, the founder of the dukedom of Northumberland, owed his elevation, first to an earldom and afterwards to his higher title, to his having married the heiress of the Percies. Even our own Wellington, all whose honours have been so well won, though he remained a commoner till he was past forty, to find himself a duke before he was five years older, was born the son of an Irish earl, and had an elder brother, who, preceding him in the acquisition of uninherited distinction, had already risen to be an English marquis.

One case stands by itself. When Sir Thomas Osborne was made Lord High Treasurer by Charles the Second's Cabal Ministry, in June 1673, he is described by Burnet as having been "a gentleman of Yorkshire, whose estate was much sunk." He was at this time about forty years of age, and had held the office of Treasurer of the Navy for the last two years, having also been a Privy Councillor for about a year. About two months after his appointment as Lord Treasurer, he was raised to the peerage as Viscount Latimer; within a year after he was created Earl of Danby; in April 1689 he was advanced to be Marquis of Carmarthen; and in May 1694 he was made Duke of Leeds. He enjoyed his dukedom for about eighteen years, dying in 1712, at the age of eighty. And his honours have descended ever since from father to son; the present duke, who is the seventh, is his great-great-great-grandson.

Sir Thomas Osborne achieved his elevation by very considerable ability and real merit as a statesman and financier, as well as by cleverly trimming his sails in accommodation to the unsettled and shifting politics of his day. Burnet's character of him is a strain of the bishop's usual jumble :—"He was a very plausible speaker, but too copious, and could not easily make an end of his discourse. He had been always among the high cavaliers, and, missing preferment, he had opposed the court much, and was one of Lord Clarendon's bitterest enemies. He gave himself great liberties in discourse, and did not seem to have any regard to truth, or so much as to the appearances of it, and was an implacable enemy ; but he had a peculiar way to make his friends depend on him, and to believe he was true to them. He was a positive and undertaking man ; so he gave the king great ease by assuring him all things would go according to his mind in the next session of parliament ; and when his hopes failed him, he had always some excuse ready to put the miscarriage upon. And by this means he got into the highest degree of confidence with the king, and maintained it the longest of all that ever served him." Lord Dartmouth, in a note on this passage, says, "I never knew a man that could express himself so clearly, or that seemed to carry his point so much by force of a superior understanding. In private conversation he had a particular art in making the company tell their opinions without discovering his own, which he would afterwards make use of very much to his advantage, by undertaking that people should be of an opinion that he knew was theirs before." The duke, however, though he might perhaps be called a cunning man, had more principle and honesty, as well as good sense and moderation, than most of his competitors in that game of politics which he played upon the whole with such remarkable success. He is said to have been happy in the application of his economical talent and skill to the improvement of his own wasted or encumbered estate, as well as of the national finances, and from a poor squire to have made himself a rich man as well as a duke. The Lady Sophia Osborne, sixth and youngest daughter of

the first Duke of Leeds, was the mother of the first Earl of Pomfret ; and the Duke died at his grandson's seat of Easton Hall. The Osbornes drew the beginning of their prosperity from commerce.

In the early part of the sixteenth century there lived a wealthy cloth-worker, or manufacturer of woollens, in one of the houses that then, and down to a much later date, stood upon London Bridge, forming continuous ranges all the way along, and giving it the appearance of an ordinary street. It seems to have been accounted rather a preferable, almost genteel, locality ; it was the grand entry to the metropolis, by which passed, of necessity, all those pomps and shows, and processions of state and ceremony, which made so important a part of the life of our forefathers ; nowhere was there more stir and activity of every kind, and at all hours ; and for good air, and plenty of it, there could have been no street comparable to the bridge anywhere else in London. The very sound of the river beneath was considered musical and soothing ; it is related that those who had been used to it could not easily fall asleep at night without having it in their ear. In front of the houses flowed from morning to night an unceasing current of the busiest and most various humanity ; and the back windows had another kind of cheerfulness of their own,—a spacious and open prospect over town, country, and sky, with a full share of both the sunshine and the breeze whenever there was any of either. Nor would the merry water below, glancing in the light, usually excite any feeling of fear ; any constant or familiar danger, however great, loses its power over the imagination ; Damocles himself would have come to look with indifference at the sword suspended over his head after a little while. But the glittering river did not the less for that ever and anon give proof of what a serpent it was in subtlety, as well as in brightness and beauty. One day, in the house of the rich cloth-merchant, a servant-maid leant out of one of those high back casements, holding an infant, her master's daughter and only child, in her arms, when, in one of its bounds of delight, it suddenly sprung from her grasp, and, dropping into the rushing tide, would have been lost, but for an apprentice of the

merchant's named Edward Osborne, who instantly leaping in after it, caught hold of it, and brought it safe ashore. Perhaps he was at the window along with the servant girl, and had not been without his share in occasioning the accident ; or he may have been below in a boat, or standing on the river bank, and his known face, when the infant was held out to him, may have been the attraction that fascinated the little infant. In fashioning the circumstances of the exploit, the imagination is left free to glide, like the river, "at its own sweet will ;" for only the main fact has been transmitted.

The incident is said to have happened about the year 1536. It may have been some sixteen or eighteen years after this, that the young lady thus miraculously preserved was given in marriage by her grateful and right-minded father, and, let us hope, not without her own willing acquiescence, to him to whose gallantry she owed her life. Her hand, we are told, was asked by several suitors of rank ; mention is made in particular of the Earl of Shrewsbury, who must have been George, the sixth Earl, afterwards married to Elizabeth Hardwick ; but the worthy cloth-worker kept steady to his maxim, "Osborne saved her, and Osborne shall enjoy her." Sir William Hewet, as he eventually became, who was Lord Mayor in 1559, and died in 1566, is said to have left an estate of six thousand a year. Edward Osborne, who in due time received the honour of knighthood, was elected Lord Mayor in 1582, and one of the members for the city three years later, and lived till 1591. He had lost Anne Hewet, and married again ; but this first wife was the mother of his son, Sir Hewet Osborne, who distinguished himself as a soldier, and was the father of Sir Edward Osborne, baronet, who was the father of the first Duke of Leeds. Strype, who first told the story in print, had it from a reverend John Hewet, or Hewyt, probably a connexion of the great cloth-worker, to whom it had been related by his grace.

Strype observes that the picture of Sir William in his robes of office as Lord Mayor was still preserved by the Leeds family at their seat of Kiveton House, in Yorkshire ; they value it, he

oddly adds, at two hundred pounds. Pennant describes the picture, which he had seen at Kiveton, as "a half-length on board." Hewet's dress, he says, is "a black gown furred, a red vest and sleeve, a gold chain, and a bonnet."

143.—Watt in his Garret.

SAMUEL SMILES.

[MR SMILES, a native of Scotland, born about 1812, has taken a high position as a writer, by the dedication of his pen chiefly to the records of the progress of the great industries of our country. Interesting especially to professional engineers and mechanical inventors, his biographical notices have a charm for all readers, in exhibiting the triumphs of the great principle of "Self Help." This is the title of Mr Smiles's most popular little volume. In 1852, Mr Smiles became secretary to the South Eastern Railway, a situation of great trust, and requiring no common energy and skill. "The Lives of the Engineers" is his most elaborate work. The "Lives of Boulton and Watt," from which our extract is taken, appeared in 1865.]

To the close of his life Watt continued to take great pleasure in inventing. It had been the pursuit of his life, and in old age it became his hobby. "Without a hobby-horse," said he, "what is life?" He proceeded to verify his old experiments, and to live over again the history of his inventions. When Mr Kennedy of Manchester asked him, at one of his last visits to Heathfield, if he had been able, since his retirement from business, to discover anything new in the steam-engine, he replied, "No; I am devoting the remainder of my life to perfect its details, and to ascertain whether in any respect I have been wrong."

But he did not merely confine himself to verifying his old inventions. He also contrived new ones. One of the machines that occupied his leisure hours for many years was his machine for copying statuary. We find him busy with it in 1810, and he was still working upon it in the year of his death, nearly ten years later. The principle of the machine was to make a cutting tool or drill travel over the work to be executed in like ratio with the motion of a guide-point placed upon the bust to be copied. It

worked, as it were, with two hands ; the one feeling the pattern, the other cutting the material into the required form. The object could be copied either of the full size, or reduced with the most perfect accuracy to any less size that might be required. In preparing the necessary tools, Watt had the able assistance of his friend Murdock, who was always ready with his kindly suggestions and criticisms. In January 1813 Watt wrote him—"I have done a little figure of a boy lying down and holding out one arm very successfully ; and another boy, about six inches high, naked, and holding out both his hands, his legs also being separate. But I have been principally employed in making drawings for a complete machine, all in iron, which has been a very serious job, as invention goes on very slowly with me now. When you come home, I shall thank you for your criticisms and assistance."

The materials in which Watt executed his copies of statuary were various—marble, jet, alabaster, ivory, plaster of Paris, and mahogany. Some of the specimens we have seen at Heathfield are of exquisite accuracy and finish, and show that he must have brought his copying-machine to a remarkable degree of perfection before he died. There are numerous copies of medallions of his friends—of Dr Black, De Luc, and Dr Priestley ; but the finest of all is a reduced bust of himself, being an exact copy of Chantrey's original plaster-cast. The head and neck are beautifully finished, but there the work has stopped, for the upper part of the chest is still in the rough. Another exquisite work, than which Watt never executed a finer, is a medallion of Locke in ivory, marked "January 1812." There are numerous other busts, statuettes, medallions—some finished, others half executed, and apparently thrown aside, as if the workman had been dissatisfied with his work, and waited, perhaps, until he had introduced some new improvement in his machine.

Watt took out no patent for the invention, which he pursued, as he said, merely as "a mental and bodily exercise." Neither did he publish it—but went on working at it for several years before his intentions to construct such a machine had become known. When he had made considerable progress with it, he

learned, to his surprise, that a Mr Hawkins, an ingenious person in his neighbourhood, had been long occupied in the same pursuit.

The proposal was then made to him that the two inventors should combine their talents and secure the invention by taking out a joint patent. But Watt had already been too much worried by patents to venture on taking out another at his advanced age. He preferred prosecuting the invention at his leisure, merely as an amusement; and the project of taking out a patent for it was accordingly abandoned. It may not be generally known that this ingenious invention of Watt has since been revived and applied, with sundry modifications, by our cousins across the Atlantic, in fashioning wood and iron in various forms; and powerful copying-machines are now in regular use in the Government works at Enfield, where they are employed in rapidly, accurately, and cheaply manufacturing gunstocks.

Watt carried on the operations connected with this invention for the most part in his garret, a room immediately under the roof at the kitchen end of the house at Heathfield and approached by a narrow staircase. It is a small room, low in the ceiling, and lighted by a low, broad window, looking into the shrubbery. The ceiling, though low, inclines with the slope of the roof on three sides of the room, and, being close to the slates, the place must necessarily have been very hot in summer, and very cold in winter. A stove was placed close to the door, for the purpose of warming the apartment, as well as enabling the occupant to pursue his experiments, being fitted with a sand-bath and other conveniences. But the stove must have been insufficient for heating the garret in very cold weather, and hence we find him occasionally informing his correspondents that he could not proceed further with his machine until the weather had become milder.

His foot-lathe was fixed close to the window, fitted with all the appliances for turning in wood and metal fifty years since; while a case of drawers fitted into the recess on the left-hand side of the room, contained a large assortment of screws, punches, cutters, taps, and dies. Here were neatly arranged and stowed

away many of the tools with which he worked in the early part of his life, one of the drawers being devoted to his old "flute tools." In other divisions were placed his compasses, dividers, scales, decimal weights, quadrant glasses, and a large assortment of instrument-making tools. A ladle for melting lead, and soldering iron, were hung ready for use near the stove.

Crucibles of metal and stone were ranged on the shelves along the opposite side of the room, which also contained a large assortment of bottles filled with chemicals, boxes of fossils and minerals, jars, gallipots, blowpipes, retorts, and the various articles used in chemical analysis. In one corner of the room was a potter's lathe. A writing-desk was placed as close to the window, for the sake of the light, as the turning-lathe would allow; and in the corner was the letter-copying machine, conveniently at hand.

In this garret Watt spent much of his time during the later period of his life, only retiring from it when it was too hot in summer, or too cold in winter to enable him to prosecute his work. For days together he would confine himself here, without even descending to his meals. He had accordingly provided himself, in addition to his various other tools, with sundry kitchen utensils,—amongst others, with a frying-pan and Dutch oven, with which he cooked his meals. For it must be explained that Mrs Watt was a thorough martinet in household affairs, and, above all things, detested "dirt." Mrs Schimmelpenninck says she taught her two pug dogs never to cross the hall without first wiping their feet on the mat. She hated the sight of her husband's leather apron and soiled hands while he was engaged in his garret-work, so he kept himself out of her sight at such times as much as possible. Some notion of the rigidity of her rule may be inferred from the fact of her having had a window made in the kitchen wall, through which she could watch the servants, and observe how they were getting on with their work. Her passion for cleanliness was carried to a pitch which often fretted those about her, by the restraints it imposed; but her husband, like a wise man, gently submitted to her rule. He was

fond of a pinch of snuff, which Mrs Watt detested, regarding it only as so much "dirt;" and Mr Muirhead says, she would seize and lock up the offending snuff-box whenever she could lay hands upon it. He adds that, at night, when she retired from the dining-room, if Mr Watt did not follow at the time fixed by her, a servant would enter and put out the lights, even when a friend was present, on which he would slowly rise and meekly say, "We must go." One can easily understand how, under such circumstances, Watt would enjoy the perfect liberty of his garret, where he was king, and could enjoy his pinch of snuff in peace, and make as much "dirt" with his turning-lathe, his crucibles, and his chemicals, as he chose, without dread of interruption.

144, 145.—John Elwes the Miser.

TOPHAM.

[THE life of a mere miser can afford so little general instruction, and excite so little general interest, that had Mr Elwes been one of that unhappy class his biography would, in all probability, so far as Mr Topham was concerned, have remained unwritten; but Mr Elwes was not a mere miser, he possessed qualities that might have entitled him to the love and reverence of his friends, and to the respect and admiration of his countrymen, had they but been freely developed: they were, however, during a considerable portion of his life, more or less checkered by the unfortunate desire of amassing money, and they may be said to have ultimately disappeared altogether beneath the hateful influence of that all-absorbing passion. "During the lifetime of Mr Elwes, I said to him more than once, I would write his life. His answer was, 'There is nothing in it, sir, worth mentioning.' That I have been of a different opinion, my labours will show." Thus speaks Mr Elwes's biographer, in the preface to his very interesting little work, which was at first published in portions in a periodical paper called the "World," and received by the public with so much approbation that the whole was afterwards issued in a collective form, and ran through several editions. As much of the interest of the publication results from the author's close personal intimacy with Mr Elwes, and from the easy agreeable style of the narration, the following account is given as nearly as possible in Mr Topham's own words.]

The family name of Mr Elwes was Meggot; and, as his Christian name was John, the conjunction of "Jack Meggot" made

strangers sometimes imagine that his intimates were addressing him by an assumed appellation. His father was a brewer of eminence, who died while Mr Elwes was only four years old ; little of the character of Mr Elwes was therefore to be attributed to him : but from the mother it may be traced at once : for, though she was left nearly one hundred thousand pounds by her husband, she starved herself to death. At an early period the boy was sent to Westminster School, where he remained ten or twelve years. During that time he certainly had not misapplied his talents, for he was a good classical scholar to the last ; and it is a circumstance not a little remarkable, though well authenticated, that he never read afterwards. His knowledge of accounts was very trifling, which may in some measure explain the total ignorance he was always in as to his affairs. From Westminster School he removed to Geneva, where he soon entered upon pursuits more agreeable to him than study. The riding master of the academy there had to boast of perhaps three of the best riders in Europe—Mr Worsley, Mr Elwes, and Sir Sidney Meadows. Of the three, Elwes was reckoned the most desperate ; the young horses were always put into his hands, and he was the rough rider to the other two. During this period he was introduced to Voltaire, whom he somewhat resembled in point of appearance ; but, though he has mentioned this circumstance, the genius, the fortune, the character of Voltaire, never seemed to strike him ; they were out of his contemplation and his way ; the horses in the riding-school he remembered much longer, and their respective qualities made a deeper impression on him. On his return to England he was introduced to his uncle, Sir Harvey Elwes, who was then living at Stoke, in Suffolk, perhaps the most perfect picture of human penury that ever existed. Mr Elwes, being at that time in the world, dressed like other people. This would not have done for Sir Harvey ; so the nephew used to stop at a little inn at Chelmsford, the expense of which he did not much like, and began to dress in character ; a pair of small iron buckles, worsted stockings darned, a worn-out old coat, and a tattered waistcoat were put on, and onwards he rode to visit his uncle,

who used to contemplate him with a miserable kind of satisfaction, and seemed pleased to find his heir attempting to come up with him in the race of avarice. There they would sit, saving pair ! with a single stick upon the fire, and with one glass of wine occasionally betwixt them, talking of the extravagance of the times ; and when evening shut in they would retire to rest, as “going to bed saved candle-light.” But the nephew had then, as at all other times, a very extraordinary appetite, and this would have been a monstrous offence in the eyes of the uncle, so Mr Elwes was obliged to pick up a dinner first with some neighbour in the country, and then return to Sir Harvey with a little diminutive appetite that was quite engaging. I trust, continues Mr Topham, a small digression, to give the picture of Sir Harvey, will not be thought unamusing or foreign to the subject. He was, as may be imagined, a most singular character. His seclusion from the world nearly reached that of a hermit, and, could the extremity of his avarice have been taken out of the question, a more blameless life was never led. His life shows that a man may, at length, so effectually retire into himself, that he may remain little else but vegetation in a human shape.

Providence perhaps has wisely ordered it that the possession of estates should change like the succession of seasons : the day of tillage and the seed-time, the harvest and the consumption of it, in due order follow each other, and, in the scale of events, are all alike necessary. This succession was exemplified in the character of Sir Harvey Elwes, who succeeded to Sir Jervoise, his grandfather, a very worthy gentleman, who had, however, involved, as far as they would go, all the estates. On his death, Sir Harvey found himself nominally possessed of some thousands a year, but really with an income of one hundred pounds per annum. He said on his arrival at Stoke, the family seat, “that never would he leave it till he had entirely cleared the paternal estate ;” and he lived to do that, and to realise above one hundred thousand pounds in addition. But he was formed of the very materials to make perfect the character of a miser. In his youth he had been given over for a consumption, (though such is the power of tem-

perance, he lived till betwixt eighty and ninety years of age,) so he had no constitution and no passion ; he was timid, shy, and diffident in the extreme, of a thin spare habit of body, and without a friend upon earth. Next to his greatest delight, the hoarding up and counting over his money, was that of partridge-setting, at which he was so great an adept, and game was then so plentiful, that he has been known to take five hundred brace of birds in one season. He lived upon partridges, he and his whole household, consisting of one man and two maids. When the day was not so fine as to tempt him abroad, he would walk backwards and forwards in his old hall, to save fire. His clothes cost him nothing, for he took them out of an old chest, where they had lain since the gay days of Sir Jervoise. One evening, after he had retired, some robbers, watching their opportunity, obtained admittance into the house ; having previously bound the servants, then going up to Sir Harvey, they presented their pistols, and demanded his money. At no part of his life did Sir Harvey behave so well as in this transaction. He would give them no answer, till they had assured him that his servant, whom they had left gagged in the stable, and who was a great favourite, was safe ; he then delivered them the key of a drawer, in which was fifty guineas. But they knew too well he had much more in the house, and again threatened his life. At length he showed them a large drawer, where were two thousand seven hundred guineas. This they packed up in two large baskets, and actually carried off,—a robbery which for quantity of specie had never been equalled. On quitting him, they said they should leave a man behind, who would murder him if he moved for assistance ; on which he very coolly and with some simplicity took out his watch, which they had not asked for, and said, “Gentlemen, I do not want to take any of you ; therefore, upon my honour, I will give you twenty minutes for your escape ; after that time, nothing shall prevent me from seeing how my servant does.” He was as good as his word ; when the time expired he went and untied the man. Some years afterwards the fellows were taken up for other offences, and known to be those who had robbed Sir Harvey ; he was accordingly

pressed to go and identify their persons ; "No, no," said he, "I have lost my money, and now you want me to lose my time also." When Sir Harvey died, the only tear that was dropped upon his grave fell from the eye of the servant here alluded to, who had long and faithfully attended him. To that servant he bequeathed a farm of fifty pounds per annum, "to him and to his heirs." Sir Harvey's property was estimated at two hundred and fifty thousand pounds, the whole of which was left to the nephew, Mr Meggot, whose own possessions at the time were, it was imagined, not much inferior, and who, by will, was ordered to assume the name and arms of Elwes. In conclusion of this part of the subject, it may be observed, that the popular view of Sir Harvey's character was well expressed in the almost proverbial saying, "that nobody would live with Sir Harvey Elwes if they could, nor could if they would."

To this property Mr Elwes succeeded when he had advanced beyond his fortieth year. For fifteen years previous to this period he was well known to the fashionable circles of the metropolis. Few men, even from his own acknowledgment, had played deeper than himself, and with success more various. I remember hearing him say he had once played two days and a night without intermission ; and, the room being a small one, the party were nearly up to their knees in cards. He lost some thousands at that sitting. Had Mr Elwes received all he won, he would have been the richer by some thousands for the mode in which he passed this part of his life ; but the vowels of I O U were then in use, and the sums that were owed him, even by very noble names, were not liquidated. On this account he was a very great loser by play. The theory which he professed, "that it was impossible to ask a gentleman for money," he perfectly confirmed by his practice. It is curious to remark how he at this period contrived to mingle small attempts at saving with unbounded dissipation of play. After sitting up a whole night, risking thousands with the most fashionable and profligate men of the time, amidst splendid rooms, gilt sofas, wax lights, and waiters attendant on his call, he would walk out about four in the morning, not towards home, but

into Smithfield, to meet his own cattle, which were coming to market from Haydon Hall, a farm of his in Essex. There would this same man, forgetful of the scenes he had just left, stand in the cold or rain, bartering with a carcase-butcher for a shilling! Sometimes, when the cattle did not arrive at the hour expected, he would walk on in the mire to meet them, and more than once has gone on foot the whole way to his farm, without stopping, which was seventeen miles from London, after sitting up the whole night. His chief country residence at this period was Marcham, in Berkshire, where he had two sons by his housekeeper, to whom he left the whole of his property, with the exception of that portion which was entailed upon Mr Elwes's nephew, Colonel Timms. Of the state of the house at Marcham, that gentleman used to give the following illustration. A few days after he had gone thither to visit his uncle, a great quantity of rain fell in the night. He had not been long in bed before he felt himself wet through, and, putting his hand out of the clothes, found the rain was dripping through the ceiling upon the bed. He got up and moved the bed, but he had not lain long before he found the same inconvenience. Again he got up, and again the rain came down. At length, after pushing the bed quite round the room, he got into a corner where the ceiling was better secured, and he slept till morning. When he met his uncle at breakfast, he told him what had happened: "Ay, ay," said Mr Elwes, "I didn't mind it myself, but to those who do that's a *nice corner* in the rain!"

On the death of Sir Harvey, Mr Elwes went to reside at Stoke, and began to keep fox-hounds, the only instance in his whole life of his ever sacrificing money to pleasure, and the only period when he forgot the cares, the perplexities, and the regret which his wealth occasioned. But even here everything was done in the most frugal manner. His huntsman might have fixed an epoch in the history of servants; for in a morning, getting up at four o'clock, he milked the cows; he then prepared breakfast for Mr Elwes, or any friends he might have with him; then, slipping on a green coat, he hurried into the stable, saddled the horses, got the hounds out of the kennel, and away they went into the

field. After the fatigues of hunting, he refreshed himself by rubbing down two or three horses as quickly as he could, then running into the house to lay the cloth and wait at dinner ; then hurrying again into the stable to feed the horses, diversified with an interlude of the cows again to milk, the dogs to feed, and eight hunters to litter down for the night. What may appear extraordinary, the man lived there for some years, though his master used often to call him "an idle dog," and say "he wanted to be paid for doing nothing!" No hounds were more killing ones than those of Mr Elwes. The wits of the country used to say, "It must be so, or they would get nothing to eat." His horses were also the admiration of everybody, yet the whole fox-hunting establishment did not cost him three hundred pounds a year.

From the parsimonious manner in which Mr Elwes now lived—for he was fast following the footsteps of Sir Harvey—and from the two large fortunes of which he was in possession, riches rolled in upon him like a torrent ; and had he been gifted with that clear and fertile head which, patient in accumulation, and fruitful in disposition, knows how to employ as well as accumulate—which, working from principal to interest, by compounding forms a principal again, and makes money generate itself—had he possessed such a head as this, his wealth would have exceeded all bounds. But nature, which sets limits to the ocean, forbade perhaps this monstrous inundation of property ; and as Mr Elwes knew almost nothing of accounts, and never reduced his affairs to writing, he was obliged, in the disposal of his property, to trust much to memory, to the suggestion of other people still more. Hence every person who had a want or a scheme, with an apparent high interest—adventurer or honest, it signified not—all was prey to him ; and he swam about, like the enormous pike, which, ever voracious and unsatisfied, catches at everything, till it is itself caught. I do not exaggerate when I say, I believe Mr Elwes lost in this manner during his life full one hundred and fifty thousand pounds. But perhaps in this ordination Providence was all-wise. In the life of Mr Elwes the luxuriant sources of

industry or enjoyment all stood still. He encouraged no art ; he bestowed nought on any improvement ; he diffused no blessings around him ; and the distressed received nothing from his hand. What was got from him was only obtained from his want of knowledge—by knowledge that was superior ; and knaves and sharpers might have lived upon him, while poverty and honesty might have starved. When, however, his inordinate passion for saving was not concerned, he would go far and long to serve those who applied to him. Such instances as the following are gratifying to select—it is plucking the sweet brier and the rose from the weeds that overspread the garden. When Mr Elwes was at Marcham, two very ancient maiden ladies had for some neglect incurred the displeasure of the ecclesiastical court, and were threatened with excommunication. The whole import of the word they did not perfectly understand, but they had heard something about standing in a church, and penance, and a white sheet. They concluded if they once got into that, it was all over with them ; and as the excommunication was to take place next day they hurried to Mr Elwes to know how they could make submission, and how the sentence might be prevented. No time was to be lost. Mr Elwes did that which, fairly speaking, not one man in five thousand would have done ; he had his horse saddled, and putting, according to usual custom, a couple of hard eggs in his pocket, he set out for London, a distance of sixty miles, that evening, and reached it early enough the next morning to notify the submission of the culprit damsels. The ladies were *so* overjoyed, so thankful : so much trouble and expense ! What returns could they make ? To ease their consciences on that head, an old Irish gentleman, their neighbour, who knew Mr Elwes's mode of travelling, wrote these words,—“ My dears, is it expense you are talking of ? Send him sixpence, and he gains twopence by the journey.”

Mr Elwes, from his father, Mr Meggot, had inherited some property in houses in London, particularly about the Haymarket. To this property he began now to add by building. Great part of Marylebone soon called him her founder. Portland Place,

and Portman Square, and other structures too numerous to name, rose out of his pocket ; and had not Lord North and his American war kindly put a stop to this rage of raising houses, much of the property he then possessed would have been laid out in bricks and mortar. As it was, he became, from *calculation*, his *own insurer*. In possessions so large, of course it would happen that some of the houses were without a tenant ; it was therefore Mr Elwes's custom, whenever he went to London, to occupy any of these premises which might happen to be vacant. He travelled in this manner from street to street, frequently an itinerant for a night's lodging. A couple of beds, a couple of chairs, a table, and an old woman, were all his furniture ; and with these, whenever a tenant offered, he was but too glad to move at a moment's warning. Of all these movables, the old woman was the only one that gave him any trouble, for she was afflicted with a lameness that made it difficult to get her about quite so fast as he chose, and then the colds she took were amazing. The scene which terminated her life is not the least singular among the anecdotes recorded of Mr Elwes. The circumstance was related to me, adds Mr Topham, by Colonel Timms himself. Mr Elwes had come to town in his usual way, and taken up his abode in one of the houses that were empty. Colonel Timms, who wished much to see him, by some accident was informed that his uncle was in London ; but then how to find him was the difficulty. He inquired at all the usual places where it was probable he might be heard of, in vain. Not many days afterwards, he learnt accidentally that Mr Elwes had been seen going into an uninhabited house in Great Marlborough Street. This was some clue to Colonel Timms, and he went thither. No *gentleman*, however, had been seen to enter ; but a pot-boy recollected that he had noticed a poor old man opening the stable door, and locking it after him. Colonel Timms went and knocked loudly at the door, but no one answered. Some of the neighbours said they had also seen such a man enter : so Colonel Timms resolved to have the stable-door opened ; a blacksmith was sent for, and they entered the house together. In the lower part of it all was shut

and silent ; but, on ascending the staircase, they heard the moans of a person seemingly in distress. They went to the chamber, and there, upon an old pallet-bed, lay stretched out, seemingly in death, the figure of Mr Elwes. For some time he seemed insensible that any one was near him ; but, on some cordials being administered by a neighbouring apothecary, who was sent for, he recovered enough to say, “ that he had, he believed, been ill for two or three days, and that there was an old woman in the house, but for some reason or other she had not been near him ; that she had been ill herself, but that she had got well, he supposed, and gone away.” Repairing to the garrets, they found the old woman stretched out *lifeless* upon the floor. To all appearance she had been dead about two days ! With all this penury, Mr Elwes was not a hard landlord,—a fact that redounds in no slight degree to the credit of *such a man*.

The character of an impartial and upright country magistrate is the best character which the country knows. What a lawgiver is to a state, an intelligent magistrate is in a less degree to the district where he resides. Such a magistrate was Mr Elwes while he resided in Berkshire ; and it was almost entirely owing to this best of recommendations that an offer was made to him afterwards, of bringing him in as a representative for the county. The prospect of a contested election betwixt two most respectable families in Berkshire first suggested the idea of proposing a third person, who might be unobjectionable to both. Mr Elwes was chosen. He agreed to the proposal, as it was further enhanced to him by the understanding that he was to be brought in by the freeholders for nothing. I believe all he did was dining at the ordinary at Abingdon ; and he got into Parliament for eighteenpence ! On being elected member for Berkshire, he left Suffolk and went again to his seat at Marcham. His fox-hounds he carried along with him ; but, finding his time would in all probability be much employed, he resolved to relinquish his hounds ; and they were shortly after given away to some farmers in that neighbourhood. Mr Elwes was sixty years old when he thus entered on public life. In three successive Parliaments he was chosen

for Berkshire ; and he sat as member of the House of Commons about twelve years. It is to his honour—an honour in those times indeed most rare!—that in every part of his conduct, and in every vote he gave, he proved himself to be what he professed, an independent country gentleman. Wishing for no post, desirous of no rank, wanting no emolument, and being most perfectly conscientious, he stood aloof from all those temptations which have led many good men astray from the paths of honour. He was once unhappy for some days on learning that Lord North intended to apply to the king to make him a peer. I really believe, had such an honour fallen unexpectedly upon his head, it would have been the death of him. He never would have survived the being obliged to keep a carriage and three or four servants—all perhaps better dressed than himself! For some years Mr Elwes supported the ministry, and I am convinced, adds his biographer, it was his fair and honest belief that the measures of Lord North were right. The support he gave was of the most disinterested kind, for no man was more materially a sufferer by Lord North's American war than he, in consequence of the depreciation in the value of his great property in houses which took place. At last, however, Mr Elwes's confidence gave way, and he entered into a regular and systematic opposition with the party of Mr Fox, which he continued till Lord North was driven from power in March 1782. When the famous coalition took place, it obtained the support of Mr Elwes, in consequence of which he was threatened with a contest at the ensuing dissolution of Parliament. The character he had long borne in Berkshire for integrity might have made a re-election not improbable, had he been willing to have submitted to the necessary expense. But that was out of the question—he would have died at the first election dinner! So, voluntarily and without offer of resistance, he retired from public life. During his parliamentary career, it was said of Mr Elwes, “that no man or party of men could be sure of him ;” in itself a decisive proof of his independence of character. I say, continues Mr Topham, what I ought—I write only that which I am in duty bound to write—when I

here set down, that a more faithful, a more industrious, or a more incorruptible representative of a county, never entered the doors of the House of Commons. He never asked or received a single favour, and I believe he never gave a vote but he could solemnly have laid his hand upon his breast and said, "So help me God ! I believe I am doing what is for the best !"

When Mr Elwes, on his first election, thought he had got into the House for nothing, he had not taken into account the inside of the House. In a short time, however, he found out that members of Parliament could want money, and he had the misfortune to be the one member who was inclined to lend to them. There existed after his death a pile of bad debts and uncanceled bonds, which, could they have been laid on the table of the House of Commons, would have struck dumb some orators on both sides of the House. Time, which conquers all things, conquered this passion of lending in Mr Elwes, and an unfortunate proposal which was made to him, of vesting £25,000 in some iron-works in America, gave at last a finishing blow to his various speculations. The plan had been so plausibly laid before him, that he had not a doubt of its success ; but he never heard any more either of his iron or his gold. From that time he vested his money in the funds. During his attendance in Parliament he invariably walked home at the close of the debates, however inclement the weather, unless some member took him up in his way. One very dark night, as he was hurrying along, he went with such violence against the pole of a sedan chair that he cut his legs very deeply. As usual, he thought not of any assistance ; but Colonel Timms, at whose house he then was in Orchard Street, insisted on some one being sent for. Old Elwes at length submitted, and an apothecary was called in, who immediately began to expatiate on the bad consequences of breaking the skin, the good fortune of his being sent for, and the peculiarly bad appearance of the wound. "Very probably," said the old man ; "but Mr —, I have one thing to say to you : in my opinion my legs are not much hurt ; now you think they are ; so I will make this agreement—I will take one leg, and you the other ;

you shall do what you please with yours, and I will do nothing to mine ; and I will wager your bill that *my* leg gets well first." I have frequently heard him mention, with great triumph, that he beat the apothecary by a fortnight. On the subject of the manners of Mr Elwes, gladly I speak of them with the praise that is their due. They were such—so gentle, so attentive, so gentlemanly, and so engaging—that rudeness could not ruffle them, nor strong ingratitude break their observance. He retained this peculiar feature of the old court to the last ; but he had a praise far beyond this, he had the most gallant disregard of his own person, and all care about himself, I ever witnessed in man. At the time he was seventy-three he went out shooting with me, to see whether a pointer I at that time valued much was as good a dog as some he had had in the time of Sir Harvey. After walking for some hours much unfatigued, he determined against the dog, but with all due ceremony. A gentleman who was out with us, and who was a very indifferent shot, by firing at random lodged two pellets in the cheek of Mr Elwes, who stood by me at the time. The blood appeared, and the shot certainly gave him pain ; but when the gentleman came to make his apology and profess his sorrow, "My dear sir," said the old man, "I give you joy on your improvement. I knew you would hit something by and by." When he retired from Parliament he was nearly seventy-five years of age. The expenditure of a few hundred pounds would probably have continued him in the situation he loved, where he was respected and had due honour, where he was amongst his friends, and where long habit had made everything congenial to him. All this he gave up for the love of money. That passion, consuming all before it, at length carried him untimely to the grave. When Dr Wall, his last physician, was called in, and viewed him extended on the squalid bed of poverty from which he would not be relieved, he said to one of his sons, "Sir, your father might have lived these twenty years ; but the irritations of his temper have made it impossible to hope for anything ; the body is yet strong, but the mind is gone entirely." The scenes that now wait upon my hand, for the few years before his death, will exhibit a

story of penurious denial that never has fallen to my share to find a parallel. In the wonder which they have yet left upon my mind, I can only say, "They are true!"

Mr Elwes had for some years been a member of a card club at the Mount Coffee-house, and here he for some time consoled himself, by constant attendance, for the loss of Parliament. He still retained some fondness for 'play, and imagined he had no small skill at picquet. It was his ill luck, however, to meet with a gentleman who thought the same, and on much better grounds; for, after a contest of two days and a night, Mr Elwes rose a loser of a sum which he always endeavoured to conceal, though I have some reason to think it was not less than £3000. This was the last folly of the kind of which he was ever guilty. At the close of the spring of 1785 he wished again to visit his seat at Stoke: but the famous old servant was dead, all the horses that remained with him were a couple of worn-out brood mares, and he himself was not in that vigour of body in which he could ride sixty or seventy miles on the sustenance of two boiled eggs. The mention of a post-chaise would have been a crime: "He afford a *post-chaise*, indeed! where was he to get the money?" would have been his exclamation. At length he was carried into the country, free of expense, by a gentleman. When he reached his seat at Stoke, the past scene of something resembling hospitality, and where his fox-hounds had spread vivacity around, he remarked he "had expended a great deal of money once very foolishly, but that a man grew wiser by time." Here, during the harvest, he would amuse himself with going into the fields to glean corn on the grounds of his own tenants; and they used to leave a little more than common to please the old gentleman, who was as eager after it as any pauper in the parish. That very strong appetite which Mr Elwes had in some measure restrained during the long sittings of parliament (where he had accustomed himself to fast sometimes for twenty-four hours in continuance) he now indulged most voraciously, and ate everything he could find. Game in the last stage of putrefaction, and meat that walked about his plate, would he continue to eat, rather than have new things killed

before the old provisions were finished. With this diet—the charnel-house of sustenance—his dress kept pace, equally in the last stage of dissolution. It is the lot of some men to outlive themselves ; such was now the case of Mr Elwes. When he first visited Suffolk, his peculiarities were but little known ; and when he came to reside there his fox-hounds “covered a multitude of sins.”

In leaving that county to become a member of Parliament, his public conduct could not but be praised, and in his private character that which was not seen could not be blamed. But on his return, when he exposed to continual observation all his penury, when his tenants saw in his appearance or style of living everything that was inferior to their own, when his neighbours at best could but smile at his infirmities, and his very servants grew ashamed of the meanness of their master, all that approached respect formerly was now gone ; and a gentleman, one day inquiring which was the house of Mr Elwes, was told somewhat facetiously by one of the tenants, “The poor-house of the parish!”

The spring of 1786 Mr Elwes passed alone, and, had it not been for some little daily schemes of avarice, would have passed it without one consolatory moment. His temper began to give way apace ; his thoughts unceasingly ran upon money ! money ! money ! and he saw no one but whom he imagined was deceiving and defrauding him. On removing from Stoke, he went to his farm-house at Thoydon Hall, a scene of more ruin and desolation, if possible, than either his houses in Suffolk or Berkshire. It stood alone on the borders of Epping Forest ; and an old man and woman, his tenants, were the only persons with whom he could hold any converse. Here he fell ill ; and as he would have no assistance, and had not even a servant, he lay unattended, and almost forgotten for nearly a fortnight. He now determined to make his will, which he did shortly afterwards in London, leaving the whole of his unentailed property to his sons, George Elwes, then living at Marcham, and John Elwes, “late a lieutenant in his Majesty’s second troop of horse-guards,” then

residing at Stoke. The property thus disposed of was judged to amount to about £500,000. Mr George Elwes, being now married, was naturally desirous that, in the assiduities of his wife, his father might at length find a comfortable home. The old man was induced to agree to the proposal, being offered a gratuitous conveyance. Mr Elwes carried with him into Berkshire five guineas and a half, and half-a-crown, which he had carefully wrapt up in various folds of paper. Mr George Elwes and his wife, whose good temper might well be expected to charm away the irritations of avarice and age, did everything they could to make the country a scene of quiet to him. But "he had that within" which baffled every effort of the kind. Of his heart it might be said that "there was no peace in Israel." His mind, cast away on the vast and troubled ocean of his property, extended beyond the bounds of calculation, returned to amuse itself with fetching and carrying about a few guineas! The first symptom of more immediate decay was his inability to enjoy his rest at night. Frequently would he be heard at midnight as if struggling with some one in his chamber, and crying out, "I will keep my money, I will; nobody shall rob me of my property."

Mr Partis, the gentleman who on this occasion took him down gratuitously into Berkshire, and was staying awhile in the house, was waked one morning about two o'clock by the noise of a naked foot, seemingly walking about his bedchamber with great caution. Somewhat alarmed, he naturally asked, "Who is there?" on which a person, coming up towards the bed, said with great civility, "Sir, my name is Elwes; I have been unfortunate enough to be robbed in this house, which I believe is mine, of all the money I have in the world—*of five guineas and a half, and half-a-crown.* The unfortunate money was found a few days after in a corner behind the window shutter. For some weeks previous to his death he had got a custom of going to rest in his clothes. He was one morning found fast asleep betwixt the sheets, with his shoes on his feet, his stick in his hand, and an old torn hat upon his head. On the 18th of November 1789, he discovered signs of that utter and total weakness which in eight days carried

him to the grave. On the evening of the first day he was conveyed to bed, from which he rose no more. His appetite was gone; he had but a faint recollection of anything about him; and his last coherent words were addressed to his son, Mr John Elwes, in hoping "he had left him what he wished." On the morning of the 26th of November, he expired without a sigh, with the ease with which an infant goes to sleep on the breast of its mother, worn out with "the rattles and the toys" of a long day.

We cannot better conclude this notice of Mr Elwes than with the following extract from Mr Topham's summary of his character. "In one word," he says, "his public conduct lives after him, pure and without a stain. In private life he was chiefly an enemy to himself. To others he lent much; to himself he denied everything. *But in the pursuit of his property, or in the recovery of it, I have not in my remembrance one unkind thing that ever was done by him.*"

146.—Martinus Scriblerus.

ARBUTHNOT.

[JOHN ARBUTHNOT was born near Montrose in 1675, was educated at the University of Aberdeen, and there took his degree as Doctor of Medicine. He came to London, where he gradually established his reputation as a man of science, and eventually became Physician in Ordinary to Queen Anne. Like many men of mere professional eminence, his reputation would have passed away had he not been the intimate friend of Pope and Swift, and won for himself the reputation of being their equal in wit. Of this triumvirate Warburton says, "Wit they had all in equal measure; and this so large, that no age, perhaps, ever produced three men to whom nature had more bountifully bestowed it, or art had brought it to higher perfection." The three engaged in a project—which was never completed—to write a satire upon all the abuses of human learning. To this project we owe the "Gulliver's Travels" of Swift, and the first book of the "Memoirs of Martinus Scriblerus" by Arbuthnot. Nothing can be more perfect than this fragment. Its very extravagance is the result of profound skill, contrasting and heightening the pungency of the more subtle wit with which the merely ludicrous is clothed. The passage which we select describes the christening of the great Martinus, and the wonderful doings

of his father Cornelius. Arbuthnot continued to practise as a physician almost till the time of his death in 1735. His integrity and benevolence were as conspicuous as his great talents.]

The day of the christening being come, and the house filled with gossips, the levity of whose conversation suited but ill with the gravity of Dr Cornelius, he cast about how to pass this day more agreeable to his character ; that is to say, not without some profitable conference, nor wholly without observance of some ancient custom.

He remembered to have read in Theocritus, that the cradle of Hercules was a shield : and being possessed of an antique buckler, which he held as a most inestimable relic, he determined to have the infant laid therein, and in that manner brought into the study, to be shown to certain learned men of his acquaintance.

The regard he had for this shield had caused him formerly to compile a dissertation concerning it, proving from the several properties, and particularly the colour of the rust, the exact chronology thereof.

With this treatise, and a moderate supper, he proposed to entertain his guests, though he had also another design, to have their assistance in the calculation of his son's nativity.

He therefore took the buckler out of a case, (in which he always kept it, lest it might contract any modern rust,) and intrusted it to his housemaid, with orders that when the company was come she should lay the child carefully in it, covered with a mantle of blue satin.

The guests were no sooner seated but they entered into a warm debate about the Triclinium, and the manner of Decubitus, of the ancients, which Cornelius broke off in this manner :—

“ This day, my friends, I purpose to exhibit my son before you ; a child not wholly unworthy of inspection, as he is descended from a race of virtuosi. Let the physiognomist examine his features ; let the chirographists behold his palm ; but, above all, let us consult for the calculation of his nativity. To this end,

as the child is not vulgar, I will not present him unto you in a vulgar manner. He shall be cradled in my ancient shield, so famous through the universities of Europe. You all know how I purchased that invaluable piece of antiquity, at the great (though indeed inadequate) expense of all the plate of our family, how happily I carried it off, and how triumphantly I transported it hither, to the inexpressible grief of all Germany. Happy in every circumstance, but that it broke the heart of the great Melchior Insipidus!"

Here he stopped his speech, upon sight of the maid, who entered the room with the child; he took it in his arms, and proceeded:—

"Behold then my child, but first behold the shield, behold this rust,—or rather let me call it this precious ærugo, behold this beautiful varnish of time, this venerable verdure of so many ages!" In speaking these words he slowly lifted up the mantle which covered it, inch by inch; but at every inch he uncovered his cheeks grew paler, his hand trembled, his nerves failed, till on sight of the whole the tremor became universal, the shield and the infant both dropped to the ground, and he had only strength enough to cry out, "O God! my shield, my shield!"

The truth was, the maid (extremely concerned for the reputation of her own cleanliness, and her young master's honour) had scoured it as her hand-irons.

Cornelius sunk back on a chair, the guests stood astonished, the infant squalled, the maid ran in, snatched it up again in her arms, flew into her mistress's room, and told what had happened. Down-stairs in an instant hurried all the gossips, where they found the doctor in a trance. Hungary-water, hartshorn, and the confused noise of shrill voices, at length awakened him, when, opening his eyes, he saw the shield in the hands of the housemaid. "O woman! woman!" he cried, (and snatched it violently from her,) "was it to thy ignorance that this relic owes its ruin? Where, where is the beautiful crust that covered thee so long? where those traces of time, and fingers as it were of antiquity? Where all those beautiful obscurities, the cause of much delight-

ful disputation, where doubt and uncertainty went hand in hand, and eternally exercised the speculations of the learned? And this the rude touch of an ignorant woman hath done away! The curious prominence at the belly of that figure, which some, taking for the cuspis of a sword, denominated a Roman soldier; others, accounting the *insignia virilia*, pronounced to be one of the *Dii Termini*; behold she hath cleaned it in like shameful sort, and shown to be the head of a nail. Oh my shield! my shield! well may I say with Horace, '*Non bene relictæ parmula!*'"

The gossips, not at all inquiring into the cause of his sorrow, only asked if the child had no hurt; and cried, "Come, come, all is well, what has the woman done but her duty? a tight cleanly wench, I warrant her! what a stir a man makes about a bason, that an hour ago, before her labour was bestowed upon it, a country barber would not have hung at his shop-door!"—"A bason! (cried another) no such matter; 'tis nothing but a paltry old sconce, with the nozzle broken off." The learned gentlemen, who till now had stood speechless, hereupon, looking on the shield, declared their assent to this latter opinion, and desired Cornelius to be comforted, assuring him it was a sconce, and no other. But this, instead of comforting, threw the doctor into such a violent fit of passion, that he was carried off groaning and speechless to bed, where, being quite spent, he fell into a kind of slumber.

The bare mention of music threw Cornelius into a passion. "How can you dignify (quoth he) this modern fiddling with the name of music? Will any of your best hautboys encounter a wolf now-a-days with no other arms but their instruments, as did that ancient piper Pithocaris? Have ever wild boars, elephants, deer, dolphins, whales, or turbot, showed the least emotion at the most elaborate strains of your modern scrapers; all which have been, as it were, tamed and humanised by ancient musicians? Does not Ælian tell us how the Lybian mares were excited to horsing by music? (which ought in truth to be a caution to modest women against frequenting operas,) and consider, brother, you are brought to this dilemma, either to give up the virtue of

the ladies, or the power of your music. Whence proceeds the degeneracy of our morals? Is it not from the loss of an ancient music, by which (says Aristotle) they taught all the virtues? else might we turn Newgate into a college of Dorian musicians, who should teach moral virtue to those people. Whence comes it that our present diseases are so stubborn? whence is it that I daily deplore my sciatical pains? Alas! because we have lost their true cure by the melody of the pipe. All this was well known to the ancients, as Theophrastus assures us, (whence Cœlius calls it *loca dolentia decantare*,) only indeed some small remains of this skill are preserved in the cure of the tarantula. Did not Pythagoras stop a company of drunken bullies from storming a civil house, by changing the strain of the pipe to the sober spondæus? and yet your modern musicians want art to defend their windows from common nickers. It is well known that when the Lacedæmonian mob were up, they commonly sent for a Lesbian musician to appease them, and they immediately grew calm as soon as they heard Terpander sing: yet I don't believe that the Pope's whole band of music, though the best of this age could keep his holiness's image from being burnt on the fifth of November."—"Nor would Terpander himself (replied Albertus) at Billingsgate, nor Timotheus at Hockley in the Hole, have any manner of effect; nor both of them together bring Horneck to common civility."—"That's a gross mistake (said Cornelius very warmly); and, to prove it so, I have here a small lyra of my own, framed, strung, and tuned after the ancient manner. I can play some fragments of Lesbian tunes, and I wish I were to try upon the most passionate creatures alive."—"You never had a better opportunity (says Albertus) for yonder are two apple-women scolding, and just ready to uncoif one another." With that Cornelius, undressed as he was, jumps out into his balcony, his lyra in hand, in his slippers, with his breeches hanging down to his ankles, a stocking upon his head, and waistcoat of murrey-coloured satin upon his body. He touched his lyra with a very unusual sort of harpegiatura, nor were his hopes frustrated. The odd equipage, the uncouth instrument, the

strangeness of the man, and of the music, drew the ears and eyes of the whole mob that were got about the two female champions, and at last of the combatants themselves. They all approached the balcony, in as close attention as Orpheus's first audience of cattle, or that of an Italian opera, when some favourite air is just awakened. This sudden effect of his music encouraged him mightily; and it was observed he never touched his lyre in such a truly chromatic and enharmonic manner as upon that occasion. The mob laughed, sung, jumped, danced, and used many odd gestures; all which he judged to be caused by the various strains and modulations. "Mark (quoth he) in this the power of the Ionian, in that you see the effect of the *Æolian*." But in a little time they began to grow riotous, and threw stones; Cornelius then withdrew, but with the greatest air of triumph in the world. "Brother," said he, "do you observe I have mixed unawares too much of the Phrygian; I might change it to the Lydian, and soften their riotous tempers. But it is enough; learn from this sample to speak with veneration of ancient music. If this lyra in my unskilful hands can perform such wonders, what must it not have done in those of a Timotheus or Terpander?" Having said this, he retired with the utmost exultation in himself, and contempt of his brother; and it is said behaved that night with such unusual haughtiness to his family, that they all had reason to wish for some ancient tibicen to calm his temper.

147.—*An Earthquake in London, 1750.*

HORACE WALPOLE.

[ALTHOUGH Horace Walpole wrote the "*Castle of Otranto*," which Byron has called the first romance in our language, and published incessantly various antiquarian and critical works, we doubt if he would take rank amongst "the best authors" but for his Letters, which have been given to the world from time to time during the last fifty years. These now form six considerable octavo volumes. These letters were as much authorship as if they had been written for the press. They have not the greatest of all charms in letter-

writing, a free outpouring of the thoughts in friendly confidence. They are the carefully-wrought observations of a clever, sarcastic, vain, and fastidious man of rank, upon the artificial tastes and habits of the society amongst which he lived. There is no heart in them, and therefore we care nothing for the writer. Upon the whole, they induce a feeling of dislike towards him. We see how much of insincerity there must have been in this clever embalmer of perishable scandals. His object was to amuse his correspondents for the price of their admiration. He now amuses a larger circle, who have very little esteem to give him in return. Horace Walpole was the youngest son of the famous minister, Sir Robert Walpole, and was born in 1717. Throughout his life he took a small part in public affairs, although his interest in the movements of party was always considerable. He succeeded to the title of Earl of Orford in 1791; and died in 1797.]

“Portents and prodigies are grown so frequent,
That they have lost their name.”

My text is not literally true; but, as far as earthquakes go towards lowering the price of wonderful commodities, to be sure we are overstocked. We have had a second, much more violent than the first; and you must not be surprised, if, by next post, you hear of a burning mountain sprung up in Smithfield. In the night between Wednesday and Thursday last, (exactly a month since the first shock,) the earth had a shivering fit between one and two; but so slight that, if no more had followed, I don't believe it would have been noticed. I had been awoke, and had scarce dozed again—on a sudden I felt my bolster lift up my head; I thought somebody was getting from under my bed, but soon found it was a strong earthquake, that lasted near half a minute, with a violent vibration and great roaring. I rang my bell; my servant came in, frightened out of his senses; in an instant we heard all the windows in the neighbourhood flung up. I got up and found people running into the streets, but saw no mischief done: there has been some; two old houses flung down, several chimneys, and much chinaware. The bells rung in several houses. Admiral Knowles, who had lived long in Jamaica, and felt seven there, says this was more violent than any of them; Francesco prefers it to the dreadful one at Leghorn. The wise say, that if we have not rain soon, we shall certainly have more.

Several people are going out of town, for it has nowhere reached above ten miles from London ; they say, they are not frightened, but that it is such fine weather, "Lord! one can't help going into the country!" The only visible effect it has had, was on the ridotto, at which, being the following night, there were but four hundred people. A parson, who came into White's the morning of earthquake the first, and heard bets laid whether it was an earthquake or blowing up of powder mills, went away exceedingly scandalised, and said, "I protest, they are such an impious set of people, I believe if the last trumpet was to sound, they would bet puppet-show against judgment." If we get any nearer still to the torrid zone, I shall pique myself on sending you a present of cedrati and orange-flower water: I am already planning a *terreno* for Strawberry Hill. . . .

You will not wonder so much at our earthquakes, as at the effects they have had. All the women in the town have taken them up upon the foot of *judgments*; and the clergy, who have had no windfalls of a long season, have driven horse and foot into this opinion. There has been a shower of sermons and exhortations. Secker, the Jesuitical Bishop of Oxford, began the mode. He heard the women were all going out of town to avoid the next shock; and so, for fear of losing his Easter-offerings, he set himself to advise them to await God's good pleasure in fear and trembling. But what is more astonishing, Sherlock, who has much better sense, and much less of the popish confessor, has been running a race with him for the old ladies, and has written a pastoral letter, of which ten thousand were sold in two days; and fifty thousand have been subscribed for since the two first editions.

I told you the women talked of going out of town; several families have literally gone, and many more going to-day and to-morrow; for what adds to the absurdity is, that the second shock having happened exactly a month after the former, it prevails that there will be a third on Thursday next, another month, which is to swallow up London. I am almost ready to burn my letter now I have begun it, lest you should think I am laughing

at you ; but it is so true, that Arthur of White's told me last night, that he should put off the last ridotto, which was to be on Thursday, because he hears nobody would come to it. I have advised several who are going to keep their next earthquake in the country, to take the bark for it, as it is so periodic. Dick Leveson and Mr Rigby, who had supped and stayed late at Bedford House the other night, knocked at several doors, and in a watchman's voice cried, "Past four o'clock, and a dreadful earthquake!" But I have done with this ridiculous panic: two pages were too much to talk of it.

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I had not time to finish my letter on Monday. I return to the earthquake, which I had mistaken; it is to be to-day. This frantic terror prevails so much, that within these three days seven hundred and thirty coaches have been counted passing Hyde Park corner, with whole parties removing into the country. Here is a good advertisement which I cut out of the papers to-day.

"On Monday next will be published (price 6d.) a true and exact list of all the nobility and gentry who have left, or shall leave, this place through fear of another earthquake."

Several women have made earthquake gowns, that is, warm gowns to sit out of doors all night. These are of the more courageous. One woman, still more heroic, is come to town on purpose: she says all her friends are in London, and she will not survive them. But what will you think of Lady Caroline Pelham, Lady Frances Arundel, and Lord and Lady Galway, who go this evening to an inn ten miles out of town, where they are to play at brag till five in the morning, and then come back—I suppose, to look for the bones of their husbands and families under the rubbish.

I did not doubt but you would be diverted with the detail of absurdities that were committed after the earthquake. I could have filled more paper with such relations, if I had not feared tiring you. We have swarmed with sermons, essays, relations, poems, and exhortations on that subject. One Stukely, a parson, has accounted for it, and I think prettily, by electricity—but that

is the fashionable cause, and everything is resolved into electrical appearances, as formerly everything was accounted for by Descartes's vortices and Sir Isaac's gravitation ; but they all take care, after accounting for the earthquake systematically, to assure you that still it was nothing less than a judgment. Dr Barton, the rector of St Andrews, was the only sensible, or at least honest, divine upon the occasion. When some women would have had him pray to them in his parish church against the intended shock, he excused himself on having a great cold. "And besides," said he, "you may go to St James's Church ; the Bishop of Oxford is to preach there all night about earthquakes." Turner, a great chinaman, at the corner of next street, had a jar cracked by the shock : he originally asked ten guineas for the pair ; he now asks twenty, "because it is the only jar in Europe that had been cracked by an earthquake."

148.—Introduction to the Night Thoughts.

YOUNG.

[AT the beginning of this century the "Night Thoughts" of Edward Young were amongst the most popular of poems, and in every collection which bore the name of "English Classics." There are some things in them which ought not to be forgotten. Their general tone is gloomy ; their satire is harsh ; there is much of meretricious ornament in their illustrations ; but they are strikingly impressive ; and we have few productions more calculated to arrest the career of levity—perhaps only for a passing moment—by presenting to its view "the vast concerns of an eternal scene." Young was born in 1684, according to the most correct accounts, and died in 1765.]

Tired Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep !
He, like the world, his ready visit pays
Where fortune smiles ; the wretched he forsakes ;
Swift on his downy pinion flies from woe,
And lights on lids unsullied with a tear.

From short, (as usual,) and disturb'd repose,
I wake : how happy they who wake no more !

Yet that were vain, if dreams infest the grave.
I wake, emerging from a sea of dreams
Tumultuous ; where my wreck'd desponding thought,
From wave to wave of fancied misery,
At random drove, her helm of reason lost.
Though now restored, 'tis only change of pain,
(A bitter change !) severer for severe.
The day too short for my distress ; and night,
Even in the zenith of her dark domain,
Is sunshine to the colour of my fate.

Night, sable goddess ! from her ebon throne,
In rayless majesty, now stretches forth
Her leaden sceptre o'er a slumbering world.
Silence, how dead ! and darkness how profound !
Nor nor listening ear, an object finds ;
Creation sleeps. 'Tis as the general pulse
Of life stood still, and Nature made a pause,
An awful pause, prophetic of her end.
And let her prophecy be soon fulfill'd :
Fate ! drop the curtain : I can lose no more.

Silence, and Darkness ! solemn sisters ! twins
From ancient Night, who nurse the tender thought
To reason, and on reason build resolve,
(That column of true majesty in man,)
Assist me : I will thank you in the grave—
The grave, your kingdom : there this frame shall fall
A victim sacred to your dreary shrine.
But what are ye ?—Thou who didst put to flight
Primæval Silence, when the morning stars,
Exulting, shouted on the rising ball ;
O Thou, whose word from solid darkness struck
That spark, the sun, strike wisdom from my soul ;
My soul, which flies to thee, her trust, her treasure,
As misers to their gold, while others rest.

Through this opaque of nature, and of soul,
This double night, transmit one pitying ray,

To lighten and to cheer. Oh, lead my mind ;
(A mind that fain would wander from its woe ;)
Lead it through various scenes of life and death ;
And from each scene the noblest truths inspire.
Nor less inspire my conduct than my song ;
Teach my best reason, reason ; my best will
Teach rectitude ; and fix my firm resolve
Wisdom to wed, and pay her long arrear ;
Nor let the phial of thy vengeance, pour'd
On this devoted head, be pour'd in vain.
The bell strikes one. We take no note of time,
But from its loss. To give it then a tongue
Is wise in man. As if an angel spoke,
I feel the solemn sound. If heard aright,
It is the knell of my departed hours :
Where are they ? With the years beyond the flood
It is the signal that demands despatch :
How much is to be done ! my hopes and fears
Start up alarm'd, and o'er life's narrow verge
Look down—On what ? A fathomless abyss ;
A dread eternity ! how surely mine !
And can eternity belong to me,
Poor pensioner on the bounties of an hour ?

How poor, how rich, how abject, how august,
How complicate, how wonderful, is man !
How passing wonder He who made him such !
Who centred in our make such strange extremes,
From different natures marvellously mix'd !
Connexion exquisite of distant worlds !
Distinguish'd link in being's endless chain !
Midway from nothing to the Deity !
A beam ethereal, sullied, and absorb'd !
Though sullied, and dishonour'd, still divine !
Dim miniature of greatness absolute !
An heir of glory ! a frail child of dust !
Helpless immortal ! insect infinite !

A worm ! a god !—I tremble at myself,
And in myself am lost ! at home a stranger ;
Thought wanders up and down, surprised, aghast,
And wondering at her own. How reason reels !
Oh, what a miracle to man is man !
Triumphantly distress'd ! what joy, what dread !
Alternately transported, and alarm'd !
What can preserve my life ! or what destroy !
An angel's arm can't snatch me from the grave ;
Legions of angels can't confine me there.

'Tis past conjecture ; all things rise in proof ;
While o'er my limbs sleep's soft dominion spreads,
What though my soul fantastic measures trod
O'er fairy fields ; or mourn'd along the gloom
Of pathless woods ; or down the craggy steep
Hurl'd headlong, swam with pain the mantled pool,
Or scaled the cliff ; or danced on hollow winds,
With antique shapes, wild natives of the brain !
Her ceaseless flight, though devious, speaks her nature
Of subtler essence than the trodden clod ;
Active, ærial, towering, unconfined,
Unfetter'd with her gross companion's fall.
Even silent night proclaims my soul immortal :
Even silent night proclaims eternal day.
For human weal, Heaven husbands all events ;
Dull sleep instructs, nor sport vain dreams in vain.

Why then their loss deplore, that are not lost ?
Why wanders wretched thought their tombs around
In infidel distress ? Are angels there ?
Slumbers, raked up in dust, ethereal fire ?

They live ! they greatly live a life on earth
Unkindled, unconceived ; and from an eye
Of tenderness let heavenly pity fall
On me, more justly number'd with the dead.
This is the desert, this the solitude ;
How populous, how vital, is the grave !

This is creation's melancholy vault,
The vale funereal, the sad cypress gloom ;
The land of apparitions, empty shades !
All, all on earth, is shadow ; all beyond
Is substance ; the reverse is Folly's creed :
How solid all, where change shall be no more !

149.—*The Savages of North America, 1784.*

DR FRANKLIN.

SAVAGES we call them, because their manners differ from ours, which we think the perfection of civility. They think the same of theirs. Perhaps if we could examine the manners of different nations with impartiality, we should find no people so rude as to be without any rules of politeness, nor any so polite as not to have some remains of rudeness.

The Indian men, when young, are hunters and warriors ; when old, counsellors ; for all their government is by counsel of the sages ; there is no force, there are no officers to compel obedience, or inflict punishment. Hence, they generally study oratory ; the best speaker having the most influence. The Indian women till the ground, dress the food, nurse and bring up the children, and preserve and hand down to posterity the memory of public transactions. The employments of men and women are accounted natural and honourable : having few artificial wants, they have abundance of leisure for improvement by conversation. Our laborious manner of life, compared with theirs, they esteem slavish and base ; and the learning on which we value ourselves they regard as frivolous and useless. An instance of this occurred at the treaty of Lancaster, in Pennsylvania, anno 1744, between the government of Virginia and the Six Nations. After the principal business was settled, the commissioners from Virginia acquainted the Indians by a speech, that there was at Williamsburg a college, with a fund for educating youth ; and that, if the Six Nations

would send half a dozen of their young lads to that college, the government would take care they should be well provided for, and instructed in all the learning of the white people. It is one of the Indian rules of politeness not to answer a public proposition on the same day that it is made ; they think it would be treating it as a light matter, and that they show it respect by taking time to consider it as of a matter important. They therefore deferred their answer till the day following ; when their speaker began by expressing their deep sense of the kindness of the Virginian government in making them that offer. " For we know," says he, " that you highly esteem the kind of learning taught in those colleges, and that the maintenance of our young men with you would be very expensive to you. We are convinced, therefore, that you mean to do us good by your proposal, and we thank you heartily. But you, who are wise, must know, that different nations have different conceptions of things, and you will therefore not take it amiss if our ideas of this kind of education happen not to be the same with yours. We have had some experience of it ; several of our young people were formerly brought up at the colleges of the northern provinces ; they were instructed in all your sciences ; but when they came back to us they were bad runners, ignorant of every means of living in the woods, unable to bear either cold or hunger, knew neither how to build a cabin, take a deer, or kill an enemy ; spoke our language imperfectly : were therefore neither fit for hunters, warriors, or counsellors ; they were totally good for nothing. We are, however, not the less obliged by your kind offer, though we decline accepting it ; and to show our grateful sense of it, if the gentlemen of Virginia will send us a dozen of their sons, we will take great care of their education, instruct them in all we know, and *make men of them.*"

Having frequent occasions to hold public councils, they have acquired great order and decency in conducting them. The old men sit in the foremost ranks, the warriors in the next, and the women and children in the hindmost. The business of the women is to take exact notice of what passes, imprint it in their

memories, (for they have no writing,) and communicate it to their children. They are the records of the council, and they preserve traditions of the stipulations in treaties one hundred years back, which, when we compare with our writings, we always find exact. He that would speak, rises : the rest observe a profound silence. When he has finished, and sits down, they leave him five or six minutes to recollect, that if he has omitted anything he intended to say, or has anything to add, he may rise again and deliver it. To interrupt another, even in common conversation, is reckoned highly indecent. How different this is from the conduct of a polite British House of Commons, where scarce a day passes without some confusion that makes the Speaker hoarse in calling to order ! and how different from the mode of conversation in the polite companies of Europe, where, if you do not deliver your sentence with great rapidity, you are cut off in the middle of it by the impatient loquacity of those you converse with, and never suffered to finish it !

The politeness of these savages in conversation is, indeed, carried to excess, since it does not permit them to contradict or deny the truth of what is asserted in their presence. By this means they indeed avoid disputes ; but then it becomes difficult to know their minds, or what impression you make upon them. The missionaries who have attempted to convert them to Christianity all complain of this as one of the greatest difficulties of their mission. The Indians hear with patience the truths of the gospel explained to them, and give their usual tokens of assent or approbation ; you would think they were convinced. No such matter—it is mere civility.

When any of them come into our towns, our people are apt to crowd round them, gaze upon them, and incommode them where they desire to be private ; this they esteem great rudeness, and the effect of want of instruction in the rules of civility and good manners. “We have,” say they, “as much curiosity as you, and when you come into our towns we wish for opportunities of looking at you ; but for this purpose we hide ourselves behind bushes where you are to pass, and never intrude ourselves into your company.”

Their manner of entering one another's villages has likewise its rules. It is reckoned uncivil in travelling for strangers to enter a village abruptly, without giving notice of their approach. Therefore, as soon as they arrive within hearing, they stop and halloo, remaining there till invited to enter. Two old men usually come out to them, and lead them in. There is, in every village, a vacant dwelling called the stranger's house. Here they are placed while the old men go round from hut to hut, acquainting the inhabitants that strangers are arrived, who are probably hungry and weary, and every one sends them what they can spare of victuals, and skins to repose on. When the strangers are refreshed, pipes and tobacco are brought; and then, not before, conversation begins, with inquiries who they are, whither bound, what news, &c.; and it usually ends with offers of service, if the strangers have occasion for guides, or any necessities for continuing their journey; and nothing is exacted for the entertainment.

The same hospitality, esteemed among them as a principal virtue, is practised by private persons, of which Conrad Weiser, our interpreter, gave me the following instance. He had been naturalised among the Six Nations, and spoke well the Mohock language. In going through the Indian country, to carry a message from our governor to the council at Onondaga, he called at the habitation of Canasetego, an old acquaintance, who embraced him, spread furs for him to sit on, placed before him some boiled beans and venison, and mixed some rum and water for his drink. When he was well refreshed, and had lit his pipe, Canasetego began to converse with him, asked him how he had fared the many years since they had seen each other, whence he then came, what occasioned the journey, &c., &c. Conrad answered all his questions; and, when the discourse began to flag, the Indian, to continue it, said:—"Conrad, you have lived long among the white people, and know something of their customs. I have been sometimes at Albany, and have observed that once in seven days they shut up their shops, and assemble all in the great house; tell me, what is it for?" "They meet there," said Conrad, "to hear and learn good things." "I do not doubt," said the Indian,

“that they tell you so; they have told me the same; but I doubt the truth of what they say; I will tell you my reasons. I went lately to Albany to sell my skins, and buy blankets, knives, powder, rum, &c. You know I used generally to deal with Hans Hanson, but I was a little inclined this time to try some other merchants: however, I called first upon Hans, and asked what he would give for beaver. He said he would not give more than four shillings a pound; ‘but,’ said he, ‘I cannot talk on business now; this is the day when we meet together to learn good things, and I am going to the meeting.’ So I thought to myself, since we cannot do any business to-day, I may as well go to the meeting too; and I went with him. There stood up a man in black, and began to talk to the people very angrily. I did not understand what he said; but, perceiving that he looked much at me and at Hanson, I imagined he was angry at seeing me there; so I went out, sat down near the house, struck fire, and lit my pipe, waiting till the meeting broke up. I thought, too, that the man had mentioned something of beaver, and I suspected it might be the subject of their meeting. So, when they came out, I accosted my merchant: ‘Well, Hans,’ said I, ‘I hope you have agreed to give more than four shillings a pound!’ ‘No,’ said he, ‘I cannot give so much; I cannot give more than three shillings and sixpence.’ I then spoke to several other dealers, but they all sung the same song—‘three and sixpence—three and sixpence.’ This made it clear to me that my suspicion was right; and that, whatever they pretend of meeting to learn good things, the real purpose is, to consult how to cheat Indians in the price of beaver. Consider but a little, Conrad, and you must be of my opinion. If they meet so often to learn good things, they would certainly have learnt some before this time; but they are still ignorant. You know our practice; if a white man, in travelling through our country, enters one of our cabins, we all treat him as I treat you; we dry him if he is wet, we warm him if he is cold, we give him meat and drink, that he may allay his thirst and hunger, and spread soft furs for him to rest and sleep on. We demand nothing in return. But, if I go into a white man’s house

at Albany, and ask for victuals and drink, they say, 'Where is your money?' and, if I have none, they say, 'Get out, you Indian dog!' You see they have not yet learnt those little good things that we need no meetings to be instructed in, because our mothers taught them to us when we were children; and, therefore, it is impossible their meeting should be, as they say, for any such purpose, or have any such effect: they are only to contrive *the cheating of Indians in the price of beaver.*"



150.—The Story of Fe Febre.

STERNE.

[WE find the following curious and amusing passage in Boswell's "Life of Johnson :"—"It having been observed that there was little hospitality in London : *Johnson*.—'Nay, sir, any man who has a name, or who has the power of pleasing, will be very generally invited in London. The man *Sterne*, I have been told, has had engagements for three months.' *Goldsmith*.—'And a very dull fellow.' *Johnson*.—'Why, no, sir.' Johnson had disliked 'the man *Sterne*;' and in truth his habits were not such as a rigid moralist could approve. But Johnson properly repressed the envious notion of Goldsmith, that he was 'a dull fellow.'"] Laurence Sterne was born in 1713, at Clonmel,

in Ireland. His father was the grandson of Dr Richard Sterne, Archbishop of York, and was a lieutenant in an English regiment at the time of the birth of his son. Although of English descent and parentage, the early years of Laurence Sterne were spent in Ireland. At ten years of age he was put to school at Halifax. His father died in 1731, and in 1733 he was admitted at Jesus' College, Cambridge. He subsequently took orders, and obtained the livings of Sutton and Stillington, in Yorkshire. In 1741 he married. He appears to have lived in contented obscurity for nearly twenty years, discharging his professional duties without blame: "Books, painting, fiddling, shooting, were my amusements," he says; and really, when we consider the indifference to religion which characterised the clergy of that age, we cannot say that his example had anything in it peculiarly unbecoming his calling. The publication of two volumes of "*Tristram Shandy*," in 1759, at once raised him to universal notoriety, and in 1760 Lord Falconbridge presented him to the perpetual curacy of Coxwold, whither he immediately removed. Seven other volumes of "*Tristram Shandy*" followed in subsequent years, as well as his "*Sermons*" and the "*Sentimental Journey*." He died in 1768. His celebrity threw him into society that ruined his moral sense, and made him unwelcome to those who justly thought that genius was no apology for licentiousness. The same fault has condemned his writings to comparative neglect. In many of the higher excellences there is no book in our language equal to "*Tristram Shandy*," and, if its prurientes could be weeded from it, there are few creations of original talent more capable of calling forth the highest and best feelings of our nature. Leigh Hunt, in his "*Essay on Wit and Humour*," says, "If I were requested to name the book of all others, which combined wit and humour under their highest appearance of levity with the profoundest wisdom, it would be "*Tristram Shandy*." The passage which we shall extract from this remarkable book has the disadvantage of being amongst the best known of Sterne's celebrated scenes, but it has the advantage at the same time of requiring no excisions to render it quotable in a work intended for general perusal.]

It was some time in the summer of that year in which Dendermond was taken by the allies—which was about seven years before my father came into the country—and about as many after the time that my uncle Toby and Trim had privately decamped from my father's house in town, in order to lay some of the finest sieges to some of the finest fortified cities in Europe—when my uncle Toby was one evening getting his supper, with Trim sitting behind him at a small sideboard, the landlord of a little inn in the village came into the parlour with an empty phial in his hand, to beg a glass or two of sack; "'Tis for a poor gentleman—I think,

of the army," said the landlord, "who has been taken ill at my house four days ago, and has never held up his head since, or had a desire to taste anything, till just now that he has a fancy for a glass of sack and a thin toast—"I think," says he, taking his hand from his forehead, "it would comfort me."

"If I could neither beg, borrow, nor buy such a thing," added the landlord, "I would almost steal it for the poor gentleman, he is so ill. I hope in God he will still mend," continued he; "we are all of us concerned for him."

"Thou art a good-natured soul, I will answer for thee," cried my uncle Toby; "thou shalt drink the poor gentleman's health in a glass of sack thyself,—and take a couple of bottles, with my service, and tell him he is heartily welcome to them, and to a dozen more if they will do him good."

"Though I am persuaded," said my uncle Toby, as the landlord shut the door, "he is a very compassionate fellow, Trim,—yet I cannot help entertaining a high opinion of his guest too; there must be something more than common in him, that in so short a time should win so much upon the affections of his host;"—

"And of his whole family," added the corporal, "for they are all concerned for him."—"Step after him," said my uncle Toby,—"do, Trim, and ask if he knows his name."

—"I have quite forgot it, truly," said the landlord, coming back into the parlour with the corporal, "but I can ask his son again."—"Has he a son with him then?" said my uncle Toby. "A boy," replied the landlord, "of about eleven or twelve years of age; but the poor creature has tasted almost as little as his father; he does nothing but mourn and lament for him night and day: he has not stirred from the bedside these two days."

My uncle Toby laid down his knife and fork, and thrust his plate from before him as the landlord gave him the account; and Trim, without being ordered, took away without saying one word, and in a few minutes after brought him his pipe and tobacco.

—"Stay in the room a little," says my uncle Toby.

"Trim!" said my uncle Toby, after he had lighted his pipe, and smoked about a dozen whiffs—Trim came in front of his

master and made his bow ;—my uncle Toby smoked on, and said no more. “Corporal !” said my uncle Toby—the corporal made his bow. My uncle Toby proceeded no farther, but finished his pipe.

“Trim !” said my uncle Toby, “I have a project in my head, as it is a bad night, of wrapping myself up warm in my roquelaure, and paying a visit to this poor gentleman.”—“Your honour’s roquelaure,” replied the corporal, “has not once been had on since the night before your honour received your wound, when we mounted guard in the trenches before the gate of St Nicholas ; and besides, it is so cold and rainy a night, that what with the roquelaure and what with the weather, ’twill be enough to give your honour your death, and bring on your honour’s torment in your groin.” “I fear so,” replied my uncle Toby ; “but I am not at rest in my mind, Trim, since the account the landlord has given me. I wish I had not known so much of this affair,” added my uncle Toby, “or that I had known more of it. How shall we manage it ?”—“Leave it, an’t please your honour, to me,” quoth the corporal ; “I’ll take my hat and stick, and go to the house and reconnoitre, and act accordingly ; and I will bring your honour a full account in an hour.”—“Thou shalt go, Trim,” said my uncle Toby, “and here’s a shilling for thee to drink with his servant.”—“I shall get it all out of him,” said the corporal, shutting the door.

My uncle Toby filled his second pipe ; and had it not been that he now and then wandered from the point, with considering whether it was not full as well to have the curtain of the tenaile a straight line as a crooked one, he might be said to have thought of nothing else but poor Le Fevre and his boy the whole time he smoked it.

It was not till my uncle Toby had knocked the ashes out of his third pipe that Corporal Trim returned from the inn, and gave him the following account :—

“I despaired at first,” said the corporal, “of being able to bring back your honour any kind of intelligence concerning the poor sick lieutenant.”—“Is he in the army then ?” said my uncle Toby.

"He is," said the corporal. "And in what regiment," said my uncle Toby. "I'll tell your honour," replied the corporal, "every thing straight forwards, as I learnt it."—"Then, Trim, I'll fill another pipe," said my uncle Toby, "and not interrupt thee till thou hast done; so sit down at thy ease, Trim, in the window-seat, and begin thy story again." The corporal made his old bow, which generally spoke as plain as a bow could speak it—"Your honour is good:"—and having done that, he sat down as he was ordered, and began the story to my uncle Toby over again in pretty near the same words.

"I despaired at first," said the corporal, "of being able to bring back any intelligence to your honour about the lieutenant and his son; for when I asked where his servant was, from whom I made myself sure of knowing everything which was proper to be asked."—"That's a right distinction, Trim," said my uncle Toby. "I was answered, an' please your honour, that he had no servant with him; that he had come to the inn with hired horses, which, upon finding himself unable to proceed, (to join, I suppose, the regiment,) he had dismissed the morning after he came. 'If I get better, my dear,' said he, as he gave his purse to his son to pay the man, 'we can hire horses from hence.'—'But, alas! the poor gentleman will never get from hence,' said the landlady to me, 'for I heard the death-watch all night long; and when he dies, the youth, his son, will certainly die with him, for he is broken-hearted already.'

"I was hearing this account," continued the corporal, "when the youth came into the kitchen to order the thin toast the landlord spoke of; 'but I will do it for my father myself,' said the youth. 'Pray let me save you the trouble, young gentleman,' said I, taking up a fork for the purpose, and offering him my chair to sit down upon by the fire whilst I did it. 'I believe, sir,' said he, very modestly, 'I can please him best myself.' 'I am sure,' said I, 'his honour will not like the toast the worse for being toasted by an old soldier.' The youth took hold of my hand and instantly burst into tears."—"Poor youth!" said my uncle Toby, "he has been bred up from an infant in the army,

and the name of a soldier, Trim, sounded in his ears like the name of a friend : I wish I had him here."

"I never, in the longest march," said the corporal, "had so great a mind to my dinner as I had to cry with him for company. What could be the matter with me, an't please your honour?"—"Nothing in the world, Trim," said my uncle Toby, blowing his nose; "but that thou art a good-natured fellow."

"When I gave him the toast," continued the corporal, "I thought it was proper to tell him I was Captain Shandy's servant, and that your honour (though a stranger) was extremely concerned for his father; and that if there was anything in your house or cellar, ('And thou mightest have added my purse too,' said my uncle Toby,) he was heartily welcome to it; he made a very low bow, (which was meant to your honour,) but no answer—for his heart was full—so he went up-stairs with the toast. 'I warrant you, my dear,' said I, as I opened the kitchen door, 'your father will be well again.' Mr Yorick's curate was smoking a pipe by the kitchen fire, but said not a word, good or bad, to comfort the youth. I thought it was wrong," added the corporal. "I think so too," said my uncle Toby.

"When the lieutenant had taken his glass of sack and toast he felt himself a little revived, and sent down into the kitchen to let me know, that in about ten minutes he should be glad if I would step up-stairs. 'I believe,' said the landlord, 'he is going to say his prayers, for there was a book laid upon the chair by his bedside; and as I shut the door I saw his son take up a cushion.'

"'I thought,' said the curate, 'that you gentlemen of the army, Mr Trim, never said your prayers at all.' 'I heard the poor gentleman say his prayers last night,' said the landlady, 'very devoutly, and with my own ears, or I could not have believed it.' 'Are you sure of it?' replied the curate. 'A soldier, an't please your reverence,' said I, 'prays as often (of his own accord) as a parson; and when he is fighting for his king and for his own life, and for his honour too, he has the most reason to pray to God of any one in the whole world.'" "'Twas well said of thee, Trim," said my uncle Toby. "'But when a soldier,' said I, 'an't please

your reverence, has been standing for twelve hours together in the trenches, up to his knees in cold water, or engaged,' said I, 'for months together in long and dangerous marches; harassed, perhaps, in his rear to-day; harassing others to-morrow; detached here; countermanded there; resting this night upon his arms; beat up in his shirt the next; benumbed in his joints; perhaps without straw in his tent to kneel on; he must say his prayers how and when he can. I believe,' said I, for I was piqued, quoth the corporal, for the reputation of the army, 'I believe, an't please your reverence,' said I, 'that when a soldier gets time to pray, he prays as heartily as a parson, though not with all his fuss and hypocrisy.' " 'Thou shouldst not have said that, Trim,' said my uncle Toby, "for God only knows who is a hypocrite, and who is not. At the great and general review of us all, corporal, at the day of judgment, (and not till then,) it will be seen who have done their duties in this world and who have not; and we shall be advanced, Trim, accordingly." "I hope we shall," said Trim. "It is in the Scripture," said my uncle Toby, "and I will show it thee to-morrow. In the meantime we may depend upon it, Trim, for our comfort," said my uncle Toby, "that God Almighty is so good and just a Governor of the world, that if we have but done our duties in it, it will never be inquired into whether we have done them in a red coat or a black one." "I hope not," said the corporal. "But go on, Trim," said my uncle Toby, "with thy story."

"When I went up," continued the corporal, "into the lieutenant's room, which I did not do till the expiration of the ten minutes,—he was lying in his bed with his head raised upon his hand, with his elbow upon the pillow, and a clean white cambric handkerchief beside it:—The youth was just stooping down to take up the cushion upon which I supposed he had been kneeling—the book was laid upon the bed, and as he rose in taking up the cushion with one hand, he reached out his other to take it away at the same time. 'Let it remain there, my dear,' said the lieutenant.

"He did not offer to speak to me, till I had walked up close

to his bedside :—‘ If you are Captain Shandy’s servant,’ said he, ‘ you must present my thanks to your master, with my little boy’s thanks along with them, for his courtesy to me. If he was of Leven’s,’—said the lieutenant.—‘ I told him you honour was.—’ ‘ Then,’ said he, ‘ I served three campaigns with him in Flanders, and remember him—but ’tis most likely, as I had not the honour of any acquaintance with him, that he knows nothing of me. You will tell him, however, that the person his good nature has laid under obligations to him, is one Le Fevre, a lieutenant in Angus’s—but he knows me not,’ said he, a second time, musing ; —‘ possibly he may my story ’—added he ; ‘ pray tell the captain, I was the ensign at Breda whose wife was most unfortunately killed with a musket-shot, as she lay in my arms in my tent.’—‘ I remember the story, an’t please your honour,’ said I, ‘ very well.’ —‘ Do you so ?’ said he, wiping his eyes with his handkerchief, —‘ then well may I.’—In saying this, he drew a little ring out of his bosom, which seemed tied with a black riband about his neck, and kissed it twice. ‘ Here, Billy,’ said he : the boy flew across the room to the bedside, and falling down upon his knee, took the ring in his hand, and kissed it too—then kissed his father, and sat down upon the bed, and wept.”

“ I wish,” said my uncle Toby with a deep sigh,—“ I wish, Trim, I was asleep.”

“ Your honour,” replied the corporal, “ is too much concerned ; —shall I pour your honour out a glass of sack to your pipe ?”—“ Do, Trim,” said my uncle Toby.

“ I remember,” said my uncle Toby, sighing again, “ the story of the ensign and his wife, with a circumstance his modesty omitted, and particularly well that he, as well as she, upon some account or other, (I forget what,) was universally pitied by the whole regiment ;—but finish the story thou art upon.”—“ ’Tis finished already,” said the corporal,—“ for I could stay no longer,—so wished his honour good night : young Le Fevre rose from off the bed, and saw me to the bottom of the stairs ; and as we went down together, told me, they had come from Ireland, and were on their route to join their regiment in Flanders. But

alas!" said the corporal, "the lieutenant's last day's march is over." "Then what is to become of his poor boy?" cried my uncle Toby.

It was to my uncle Toby's eternal honour, though I tell it only for the sake of those, who, when cooped in betwixt a natural and a positive law, know not for their souls which way in the world to turn themselves—that notwithstanding my uncle Toby was warmly engaged at that time in carrying on the siege of Dendermond, parallel with the allies, who pressed theirs on so vigorously that they scarce allowed him time to get his dinner—that nevertheless he gave up Dendermond, although he had already made a lodgment upon the counterscarp; and bent his whole thoughts towards the private distresses at the inn; and except that he ordered the garden-gate to be bolted up, by which he might be said to have turned the siege of Dendermond to a blockade—he left Dendermond to itself,—to be relieved or not by the French king as the French king thought good; and only considered how he himself should relieve the poor lieutenant and his son.

That kind Being, who is a friend to the friendless, shall recompense thee for this.

"Thou hast left this matter short," said my uncle Toby, to the corporal as he was putting him to bed,—“and I will tell thee in what, Trim. In the first place, when thou madest an offer of my services to Le Fevre,—as sickness and travelling are both expensive, and thou knewest he was but a poor lieutenant, with a son to subsist as well as himself out of his pay,—that thou didst not make an offer to him of my purse; because, had he stood in need, thou knowest, Trim, he had been as welcome to it as myself.”—“Your honour knows,” said the corporal, “I had no orders.”—“True,” quoth my uncle Toby, “thou didst very right, Trim, as a soldier,—but certainly very wrong as a man.”

“In the second place, for which, indeed, thou hast the same excuse,” continued my uncle Toby, “when thou offeredst him whatever was in my house, thou shouldst have offered him my house too. A sick brother officer should have the best quarters, Trim, and if we had him with us, we could tend and look to him

—thou art an excellent nurse thyself, Trim, and what with thy care of him, and the old woman's, and his boy's, and mine together, we might recruit him again at once, and set him upon his legs."

"In a fortnight or three weeks," added my uncle Toby, smiling, "he might march." "He will never march, an't please your honour, in this world," said the corporal.—"He will march," said my uncle Toby, rising up from the side of the bed, with one shoe off.—"An't please your honour," said the corporal, "he will never march but to his grave."—"He shall march," cried my uncle Toby, marching the foot which had a shoe on, though without advancing an inch,— "he shall march to his regiment."—"He cannot stand it," said the corporal.—"He shall be supported," said my uncle Toby.—"He'll drop at last," said the corporal, "and what will become of his boy?"—"He shall not drop," said my uncle Toby, firmly.—"Ah, well-a-day, do what we can for him," said Trim, maintaining his point, "the poor soul will die."—"He shall not die, by G—d," cried my uncle Toby.

The *accusing spirit*, which flew up to heaven's chancery with the oath, blushed as he gave it in—and the *recording angel*, as he wrote it down, dropped a tear upon the word, and blotted it out for ever.

My uncle Toby went to his bureau, put his purse into his breeches' pocket, and having ordered the corporal to go early in the morning for a physician,—he went to bed and fell asleep.

The sun looked bright the morning after to every eye in the village but Le Fevre's and his afflicted son's; the hand of death pressed heavy upon his eyelids,—and hardly could the wheel at the cistern turn round its circle,—when my uncle Toby, who had rose up an hour before his wonted time, entered the lieutenant's room, and, without preface or apology, sat himself down upon the chair by the bedside, and independently of all modes and customs, opened the curtain in the manner an old friend and brother officer would have done it, and asked him how he did,—how he had rested in the night,—what was his complaint,—where was his pain,—and what he could do to help him;—and without giving

him time to answer any one of the inquiries, went on and told him of the little plan which he had been concerting with the corporal, the night before, for him.

"You shall go home directly, Le Fevre," said my uncle Toby, "to my house, and we'll send for a doctor to see what's the matter, and we'll have an apothecary,—and the corporal shall be your nurse; and I'll be your servant, Le Fevre."

There was a frankness in my uncle Toby—not the effect of familiarity, but the cause of it—which let you at once into his soul and showed you the goodness of his nature; to this, there was something in his looks, and voice, and manner, superadded, which eternally beckoned to the unfortunate to come and take shelter under him; so that before my uncle Toby had half finished the kind offers he was making to the father, he had the son insensibly pressed up close to his knees, and had taken hold of the breast of his coat, and was pulling it towards him. The blood and spirits of Le Fevre, which were waxing cold and slow within him, and were retreating to their last citadel, the heart,—rallied back,—the film forsook his eyes for a moment,—he looked up wishfully in my uncle Toby's face,—then cast a look upon his boy, and that ligament, fine as it was, was never broken.

Nature instantly ebbed again,—the film returned to its place,—the pulse fluttered—stopped—went on—throbbed—stopped again—moved—stopped—Shall I go on?—No.

151.—Origin of Duelling.

BASSOMPIERRE.

[FRANÇOIS DE BASSOMPIERRE, Marshal of France, was born in Lorraine, in 1579. He was of a noble family, accomplished in martial exercises, and handsome in his person; and it was a natural consequence of these advantages that he was received with the highest favour at the Court of France, which he first visited in 1598. For some thirty years his career was that of a gallant soldier, a successful diplomatist, and a "chartered libertine." But he found time to write accounts of his embassies, which are curious, though somewhat dull. The most interesting of these productions is a narrative of his embassy

to England, in 1626, which has been ably translated, with notes, by a living writer of eminence. The last twelve years of Bassompierre's life present a dreary contrast to his early adventures. They were spent in prison, at the absolute bidding of the powerful minister of France, Richelieu, whom he had thwarted and offended. His prison hours were employed in the composition of his *Memoirs*. He was released on the death of the Cardinal, who died three years afterwards, in 1646.]

The origin of the execrable and accursed practice of duelling, which has cost France more noble blood than the loss of twenty battles, is to be traced no farther back than the reign of King Henry the Second ; for, before that time, if any difference arose between gentlemen, it was amicably arranged or decided by the decree of the constable and marshals of France, the natural judges of the honour of the nobility ; the satisfaction from the aggressor to the offended party being apportioned to the outrage which had been given or received : and if the offence was so great that it could not be atoned for by words, apologies, or imprisonment, or if the disagreement was of so aggravated a nature that the parties could not be reconciled, and no sufficient proofs were to be had of the facts, very rarely, and with great difficulty, they permitted single combat in the lists, with the customary formalities and ceremonies ; and if it happened that they discovered malice or insolence in either party, they never failed to adjudge the penalty or chastisement which the crime deserved. No man, therefore, took justice into his own hands, since complaints were sure to receive the most equitable compensation possible ; and everybody put such restraint upon himself and observed such moderation in his deportment, fearing the punishment of any excesses, that it very rarely happened that any such appeal was necessary. Two or three words, inconsiderately uttered at different times by Henry II., first opened the door and gave rise to duels ; and the devil has since fomented their continuation and progress. One was, "that he did not esteem a man a gentleman who suffered another to give him the lie, without resenting it ;" upon which, all to whom that happened came to demand combat in the lists ; and the king, finding him-

self importuned on this point by a multitude of persons, one day asked a man who pressed him, why he came to ask him to do him justice for an offence he had received, when he wore that at his side with which he could do justice to himself? This gentleman, who knew very well what the king meant, immediately wrote a note to the person by whom he thought himself offended, in which he told him that he should expect him in a meadow, in his doublet, armed with a sword and dagger, to give satisfaction for the injury he had done him, and invited him to come similarly armed and equipped, which the other did; and the offended party having killed his enemy, his frank and generous conduct was highly esteemed by all the court; and several nobles having entreated the king to grant him a pardon, his majesty could not in justice refuse it, since he had instigated him to the commission of the crime.

The applause which this first offender received for his offence, and the impunity he enjoyed, inspired others with the desire of imitating him, and in a short time rendered duels so frequent, that the king, who now perceived the importance of the words he had so lightly uttered, was constrained to remedy the evil by severe and rigorous edicts against duelling. These were effectual in checking the spread of them during his reign, that of his eldest son, Francis XI., and part of that of Charles IX. But, as the minorities of the kings and the civil wars opened the door to every kind of disorder and contempt of law-authority, and as the laws of France seldom continue long in force, the edict against duelling was violated, together with many others, though not to any great excess; for public dissensions occupied the nobility so fully, that they had no time to bestow on private ones. Then followed the reign of Henry III., during which duels were not only fought with perfect impunity, but seconds, thirds, and even fourths, were added, in order to make the bloodshed more copious, and the massacres more extensive and complete. The wars of the League, which happened towards the end of this reign, and lasted through the former part of the following, checked or rather diverted the course of this sanguinary mania,

until the peace of Vervins, when it broke out with redoubled violence and fury, as King Henry IV. did not apply the necessary remedies for the cure of the evil, either from negligence, or because his attention was diverted by the number of pressing affairs upon his hands. It was even thought that he was not sorry to see his nobility occupied with their own quarrels, which prevented their turning their thoughts against him. At length, however, he wisely took into consideration the number of brave men who were continually lost to the service of his person and his kingdom, and that he was chargeable with their death, which he might have prevented by the abolition of this fatal and tragical custom. Admonished by preachers, and pressed by the parliaments, he applied himself, although late, to correct it by very severe laws ; and in the beginning of the year 1609, having assembled the constable, marshals of France, and the principal lords of his council, he issued that very harsh edict against duelling, which he swore, in their presence, to observe religiously, and not to pardon any man soever who might violate it. He made the constable and marshals swear to the like observance of it, giving them fresh and more ample jurisdiction in the affair ; and expressly forbade the chancellors and secretaries of state, under pain of answering it in their own names and persons, to seal or sign any pardon or reprieve in cases of this nature, whatever orders they might receive from him : and, lastly, to add to the terror and infamy of the punishment, he ordered that all who were killed in a duel should be not only deprived of burial, but hung by the feet to a gibbet. This vigorous edict, supported as it was by circumstances, was effectual ; and, for the last year of the reign of the late king, and the first two of the present, there was but one instance of a violation of it.

[Marshal Bassompierre goes on to say that the practice of duelling gradually revived as the law against it was mitigated or enforced, according to the caprice of those in power. At last, the edict came to be outraged and despised, and men were again left to assert their honour after the barbarian fashion that has so long prevailed in Christian Europe.]

152.—Death of Pliny the Elder.

PLINY THE YOUNGER.

[CAIUS PLINIUS SECUNDUS, commonly called Pliny the Elder, is supposed to have been born A.D. 23. The manner of his death, A.D. 79, is recorded in a letter to Tacitus, by his nephew Caius Plinius Cæcilius Secundus, commonly called Pliny the Younger. Of the writings of the elder Pliny, his "Natural History" has come down to us, which was justly called by his nephew "a work of great compass and erudition, and as varied as Nature herself." The younger Pliny was born A.D. 61, and was in his eighteenth year when the great eruption of Vesuvius occurred, which he describes. Of his writings, there remain to us his "Panegyric upon Trajan," and his "Epistles," in ten books. Of these curious and interesting letters there is an English translation by Melmoth. He is supposed to have died about the end of Trajan's reign.]

Your request that I would send you an account of my uncle's death, in order to transmit a more exact relation of it to posterity, deserves my acknowledgments ; for, if this accident shall be celebrated by your pen, the glory of it, I am well assured, will be rendered for ever illustrious. And notwithstanding he perished by a misfortune, which, as it involved at the same time a most beautiful country in ruins, and destroyed so many populous cities, seems to promise him an everlasting remembrance ; notwithstanding he has himself composed many and lasting works ; yet I am persuaded the mentioning of him in your immortal writings will greatly contribute to eternalise his name. Happy I esteem those to be whom Providence has distinguished with the abilities either of doing such actions as are worthy of being related, or of relating them in a manner worthy of being read ; but doubly happy are they who are blessed with both these uncommon talents ; in the number of which my uncle—as his own writings and your history will evidently prove—may justly be ranked. It is with extreme willingness, therefore, I execute your commands, and should indeed have claimed the task if you had not enjoined it. He was at that time with the fleet under his command at Misenum. On the 23d of August, about one in the afternoon, my mother desired him to observe a

cloud which appeared of a very unusual size and shape. He had just returned from taking the benefit of the sun, and after bathing himself in cold water, and taking a slight repast, was retired to his study: he immediately rose, and went out upon an eminence from whence he might more distinctly view this very uncommon appearance. It was not at that distance discernible from what mountain this cloud issued, but it was found afterwards to ascend from Mount Vesuvius. I cannot give a more exact description of its figure than by resembling it to a pine-tree, for it shot up to a great height in the form of a trunk, which extended itself at the top into a sort of branches; occasioned, I imagine, either by a sudden gust of air that impelled it, the force of which decreased as it advanced upwards, or the cloud itself, being pressed back again by its own weight, expanded in this manner; it appeared sometimes bright and sometimes dark and spotted, as it was either more or less impregnated with earth and cinders. This extraordinary phenomenon excited my uncle's philosophical curiosity to take a nearer view of it. He ordered a light vessel to be got ready, and gave me the liberty, if I thought proper, to attend him. I rather chose to continue my studies, for, as it happened, he had given me an employment of that kind. As he was coming out of the house he received a note from Rectina, the wife of Bassus, who was in the utmost alarm at the imminent danger which threatened her; for, her villa being situated at the foot of Mount Vesuvius, there was no way to escape but by sea; she earnestly entreated him, therefore, to come to her assistance. He accordingly changed his first design, and what he began with a philosophical, he pursued with an heroic, turn of mind. He ordered the galleys to put to sea, and went himself on board with an intention of assisting not only Rectina but several others, for the villas stand extremely thick upon that beautiful coast. When hastening to the place whence others fled with the utmost terror, he steered his direct course to the point of danger, and with so much calmness and presence of mind as to be able to make and dictate his observations upon the motion and figure of that dreadful scene. He was now so nigh

the mountain that the cinders, which grew thicker and hotter the nearer he approached, fell into the ships, together with pumice-stones and pieces of burning rock ; they were likewise in danger not only of being aground by the sudden retreat of the sea, but also from the vast fragments which rolled down from the mountain and obstructed all the shore. Here he stopped to consider whether he should return back again, to which the pilot advising him, "Fortune," said he, "befriends the brave ; carry me to Pomponianus." Pomponianus was then at Stabiae, separated by a gulf which the sea, after several insensible windings, forms upon that shore. He had already sent his baggage on board ; for though he was not at that time in actual danger, yet being within the view of it, and indeed extremely near, if it should in the least increase, he was determined to put to sea as soon as the wind should change. It was favourable, however, for carrying my uncle to Pomponianus, whom he found in the greatest consternation : he embraced him with tenderness, encouraging and exhorting him to keep up his spirits, and, the more to dissipate his fears, he ordered, with an air of unconcern, the baths to be got ready ; when, after having bathed, he sat down to supper with great cheerfulness, or at least (what is equally heroic) with all the appearance of it. In the meanwhile the eruption from Mount Vesuvius flamed out in several places with much violence, which the darkness of the night contributed to render still more visible and dreadful. But my uncle, in order to soothe the apprehensions of his friend, assured him it was only the burning of the villages which the country people had abandoned to the flames ; after this he retired to rest, and it is most certain he was so little discomposed as to fall into a deep sleep ; for, being pretty fat and breathing hard, those who attended without actually heard him snore. The court which led to his apartment being now almost filled with stones and ashes, if he had continued there any time longer it would have been impossible for him to have made his way out ; it was thought proper, therefore, to awaken him. He got up and went to Pomponianus and the rest of his company, who were not unconcerned enough to think of going to

bed. They consulted together whether it would be most prudent to trust to the houses, which now shook from side to side with frequent and violent concussions ; or fly to the open fields, where the calcined stones and cinders, though light indeed, yet fell in large showers, and threatened destruction. In this distress they resolved for the fields as the less dangerous situation of the two ; a resolution which, while the rest of the company were hurried into it by their fears, my uncle embraced upon cool and deliberate consideration. They went out then, having pillows tied upon their heads with napkins ; and this was their whole defence against the storm of stones that fell around them. Though it was now day everywhere else, with them it was darker than the most obscure night, excepting only what light proceeded from the fire and flames. They thought proper to go down farther upon the shore to observe if they might safely put out to sea, but they found the waves still run extremely high and boisterous. There my uncle, having drunk a draught or two of cold water, threw himself down upon a cloth which was spread for him, when immediately the flames and a strong smell of sulphur which was the forerunner of them, dispersed the rest of the company, and obliged him to rise. He raised himself up with the assistance of two of his servants, and instantly fell down dead ; suffocated, as I conjecture, by some gross and noxious vapour, having always had weak lungs, and frequently subjected to a difficulty of breathing. As soon as it was light again, which was not till the third day after this melancholy accident, his body was found entire, and without any marks of violence upon it, exactly in the same posture that he fell, and looking more like a man asleep than dead. During all this time my mother and I, who were at Misenum——. But as this has no connexion with your history, so your inquiry went no further than concerning my uncle's death ; with that, therefore, I will put an end to my letter : suffer me only to add, that I have faithfully related to you what I was either an eyewitness of myself or received immediately after the accident happened, and before there was time to vary the truth. You will choose out of this narrative such circumstances as shall

be most suitable to your purpose ; for there is a great difference between what is proper for a letter and a history, between writing to a friend and writing to the public.—Farewell.

153.—The Old Oak-Tree at Hatfield, Broadoak.

FREDERICK LOCKER.

[Mr FREDERICK LOCKER is the eldest son of the late Mr Edward Hawke Locker, whose Half Hour of the “Old English Admiral” appears in Vol. I. Mr Frederick Locker nine years ago published a collection of *vers de société* entitled “London Lyrics,” and of these and other productions of his pen a selection has been made in a charming little volume of “Moxon’s Miniature Poets.”]

A mighty growth! The country side
Lamented when the giant died,
For England loves her trees:
What misty legends round him cling!
How lavishly he once did fling
His acorns to the breeze!

To strike a thousand roots in fame,
To give the district half its name,
The fiat could not hinder;
Last spring he put forth one green bough,—
The red leaves hang there still,—but now
His very props are tinder.

Elate, the thunderbolt he braved,
Long centuries his branches waved
A welcome to the blast;
An oak of broadest girth he grew,
And woodman never dared to do
What Time has done at last.

The monarch wore a leafy crown,
And wolves, ere wolves were hunted down,
Found shelter at his foot;
Unnumbered squirrels gambolled free,
Glad music filled the gallant tree
From stem to topmost shoot.

And it were hard to fix the tale
Of when he first peered forth a frail
Petitioner for dew;
No Saxon spade disturbed his root,
The rabbit spared the tender shoot,
And valiantly he grew.

And showed some inches from the ground
When Saint Augustine came and found
Us very proper Vandals ;
When nymphs owned bluer eyes than hose,
When England measured men by blows,
And measured time by candles.

Worn pilgrims blessed his grateful shade
Ere Richard led the first crusade,
And maidens led the dance
Where, boy and man, in summer-time,
Sweet Chaucer pondered o'er his rhyme ;
And Robin Hood, perchance,

Stole hither to maid Marian,
(And if they did not come, one can
At any rate suppose it) ;
They met beneath the mistletoe,—
We did the same, and ought to know
The reason why they chose it.

And this was called the traitor's branch,—
Stern Warwick hung six yeomen stanch
Along its mighty fork ;
Uncivil wars for them ! The fair
Red rose and white still bloom,—but where
Are Lancaster and York ?

Right mournfully his leaves he shed
To shroud the graves of England's dead,
By English falchion slain ;
And cheerfully, for England's sake.
He sent his kin to sea with Drake,
When Tudor humbled Spain.

A time-worn tree, he could not bring
His heart to screen the merry king,
Or countenance his scandals ;—
Then men were measured by their wit,—
And then the mimic statesmen lit
At either end their candles !

While Blake was busy with the Dutch
They gave his poor old arms a crutch :
And thrice four maids and men ate
A meal within his rugged bark,
When Coventry bewitched the park,
And Chatham swayed the senate.

His few remaining boughs were green,
And dappled sunbeams danced between,
Upon the dappled deer,
When, clad in black, a pair were met
To read the Waterloo Gazette,—
They mourned their darling here,

They joined their boy. The tree at last
 Lies prone—discoursing of the past,
 Some fancy-dreams awaking;
 Resigned, through headlong changes come,—
 Though nations arm to tuck of drum,
 And dynasties are quaking.

Romantic spot ! By honest pride
 Of eld tradition sanctified ;
 My pensive vigil keeping,
 I feel thy beauty like a spell,
 And thoughts, and tender thoughts, upwell,
 That fill my heart to weeping.

* * * *

The Squire affirms, with gravest look,
 His oak goes up to Domesday Book !—
 And some say even higher !
 We rodé last week to see the ruin,
 We love the fair domain it grew in,
 And well we love the Squire.

A nature loyally controlled
 And fashioned in that righteous mould
 Of English gentleman ;—
 My child may some day read these rhymes,—
 She loved her “godpapa” betimes,—
 The little Christian !

I love the Past, its ripe pleasance,
 Its lusty thought, and dim romance,
 And heart-compelling ditties ;
 But more, these ties, in mercy sent,
 With faith and true affection blent,
 And, wanting them, I were content
 To murmur, “*Nunc dimittis.*”

HALLINGBURY, April 1859.

154.—The Royal Household in 1780.

BURKE.

[It has been said by Mr Craik, in his admirable “Sketches of Literature and Learning in England,” that “Burke was our first, and is still our greatest, writer on the philosophy of practical politics. The writings of Burke are, indeed, the only English political writings of a past age that continue to be read in the present. And they are now, perhaps, more studied, and their value, both philosophical and oratorical, better and more highly appre-

ciated, than even when they were first produced." Of the justness of these remarks, the extract which we give will furnish an example. It is a part of a celebrated speech on the economical reformation of the civil and other establishments—a subject which in itself now possesses only an historical interest, for the abuses of which it complains have been long ago swept away. But see how, in the hands of this great philosophical orator, what was temporary and partial becomes permanent and universal. We may add, in the words of the judicious critic just quoted, "If it was objected to him in his own day, that, 'too deep for his hearers,' he

‘still went on refining,
And thought of convincing while they thought of dining;’

that searching philosophy which pervades his speeches and writings, and is there wedded in such happy union to glowing words and poetic imagery, has rescued them alone from the neglect and oblivion that have overtaken all the other oratory and political pamphleteering of that day, however more loudly lauded at the time, and has secured to them an existence as extended as that of the language." The public life of Edmund Burke belongs to history. He was born in Dublin in 1730, came to London in 1750, became a member of the House of Commons in 1766, and died in 1797.

I come next to the great supreme body of the civil government itself. I approach it with that awe and reverence with which a young physician approaches to the case of the disorders of his patient. Disorders, sir, and infirmities there are—such disorders, that all attempts towards method, prudence, and frugality will be perfectly vain, whilst a system of confusion remains, which is not only alien, but adverse to all economy; a system, which is not only prodigal in its very essence, but causes everything else which belongs to it to be prodigally conducted.

It is impossible, sir, for any person to be an economist where no order in payments is established; it is impossible for a man to be an economist who is not able to take a comparative view of his means, and of his expenses, for the year which lies before him; it is impossible for a man to be an economist under whom various officers, in their several departments, may spend,—even just what they please,—and often with an emulation of expense, as contributing to the importance, if not profit, of their several departments. Thus much is certain, that neither the present nor any other first lord of the treasury, has been ever able to take a

survey, or to make even a tolerable guess, of the expenses of government for any one year, so as to enable him with the least degree of certainty, or even probability, to bring his affairs within compass. Whatever scheme may be formed upon them must be made on a calculation of chances. As things are circumstanced, the first lord of the treasury cannot make an estimate. I am sure I serve the king, and I am sure I assist administration, by putting economy at least in their power. We must *class services*; we must (as far as their nature admits) *appropriate* funds; or everything, however reformed, will fall again into the old confusion.

Coming upon this ground of the civil list, the first thing in dignity and charge that attracts our notice is the *royal household*. This establishment, in my opinion, is exceedingly abusive in its constitution. It is formed upon manners and customs that have long since expired. In the first place, it is formed, in many respects, upon *feudal principles*. In the feudal times it was not uncommon, even among subjects, for the lowest offices to be held by considerable persons,—persons as unfit by their incapacity, as improper from their rank, to occupy such employments. They were held by patent, sometimes for life, and sometimes by inheritance. If my memory does not deceive me, a person of no slight consideration held the office of patent hereditary cook to an Earl of Warwick. The Earl of Warwick's soups, I fear, were not the better for the dignity of his kitchen. I think it was an Earl of Gloucester who officiated as steward of the household to the Archbishops of Canterbury. Instances of the same kind may, in some degree, be found in the Northumberland house-book and other family records. There was some reason, in ancient necessities, for these ancient customs. Protection was wanted; and the domestic tie, though not the highest, was the closest.

The king's household has not only several strong traces of this *feudality*, but it is formed also upon the principles of a *body corporate*; it has its own magistrates, courts, and by-laws. This might be necessary in the ancient times, in order to have a

government within itself, capable of regulating the vast and unruly multitude which composed and attended it. This was the origin of the ancient court called the *Green Cloth*, composed of the marshal, treasurer, and other great officers of the household, with certain clerks. The rich subjects of the kingdom (only on a reduced scale) have since altered their economy; and turned the course of their expense from the maintenance of vast establishments within their walls to the employment of a great variety of independent trades abroad. Their influence is lessened; but a mode of accommodation, and a style of splendour, suited to the manners of the times, has been increased. Royalty itself has insensibly followed; and the royal household has been carried away by the restless tide of manners, but with this very material difference—private men have got rid of the establishments along with the reasons of them; whereas the royal household has lost all that was stately and venerable in the antique manners, without retrenching anything of the cumbrous charge of a Gothic establishment. It is shrunk into the polished littleness of modern elegance and personal accommodation; it has evaporated from the gross concrete into an essence and rectified spirit of expense, where you have tons of ancient pomp in a vial of modern luxury.

But when the reason of old establishments is gone it is absurd to preserve nothing but the burthen of them. This is superstitiously to embalm a carcase not worth an ounce of the gums that are used to preserve it. It is to burn precious oils in the tomb; it is to offer meat and drink to the dead,—not so much an honour to the deceased as a disgrace to the survivors. Our palaces are vast inhospitable halls. There the bleak winds, there “Boreas, and Eurus, and Caurus, and Argestes loud,” howling through the vacant lobbies, and clattering the doors of deserted guard-rooms, appal the imagination, and conjure up the grim spectres of departed tyrants—the Saxon, the Norman, and the Dane; the stern Edwards and fierce Henries—who stalk from desolation to desolation, through the dreary vacuity and melancholy succession of chill and comfortless chambers. When this tumult subsides, a dead and still more frightful silence would reign in this desert, if

every now and then the tacking of hammers did not announce that those constant attendants upon all courts in all ages, *jobs*, were still alive ; for whose sake alone it is that any trace of ancient grandeur is suffered to remain. These palaces are a true emblem of some governments ; the inhabitants are decayed, but the governors and magistrates still flourish. They put me in mind of Old Sarum, where the representatives, more in number than the constituents, only serve to inform us that this was once a place of trade, and sounding with "the busy hum of men," though now you can only trace the streets by the colour of the corn ; and its sole manufacture is its members of parliament.

These old establishments were formed also on a third principle, still more adverse to the living economy of the age. They were formed, sir, on the principle of *purveyance and receipt in kind*. In former days, when the household was vast, and the supply scanty and precarious, the royal purveyors, sallying forth from under the Gothic portcullis to purchase provisions with power and prerogative instead of money, brought home the plunder of an hundred markets, and all that could be seized from a flying and hiding country, and deposited their spoil in an hundred caverns, with each its keeper. There every commodity, received in its rawest condition, went through all the process which fitted it for use. This inconvenient receipt produced an economy suited only to itself. It multiplied offices beyond all measure ; buttery, pantry, and all that rabble of places, which, though profitable to the holders, and expensive to the state, are almost too mean to mention.

All this might be, and I believe was, necessary at first ; for it is remarkable that *purveyance*, after its regulation had been the subject of a long line of statutes, (not fewer, I think, than twenty-six,) was wholly taken away by the twelfth of Charles the Second ; yet, in the next year of the same reign, it was found necessary to revive it by a special act of parliament, for the sake of the king's journeys. This, sir, is curious, and what would hardly be expected in so reduced a court as that of Charles the Second, and so improved a country as England might then be thought. But so it

was. In our time, one well-filled and well-covered stage-coach requires more accommodation than a royal progress; and every district, at an hour's warning, can supply an army.

I do not say, sir, that all these establishments, whose principle is gone, have been systematically kept up for influence solely; neglect had its share. But this I am sure of, that a consideration of influence has hindered any one from attempting to pull them down. For the purposes of influence, and for those purposes only, are retained half, at least, of the household establishments. No revenue, no, not a royal revenue, can exist under the accumulated charge of ancient establishment, modern luxury, and parliamentary political corruption.

If, therefore, we aim at regulating this household, the question will be, whether we ought to economise by *detail* or by *principle*. The example we have had of the success of an attempt to economise by detail, and under establishments adverse to the attempt, may tend to decide this question.

At the beginning of his majesty's reign, Lord Talbot came to the administration of a great department in the household. I believe no man ever entered into his majesty's service, or into the service of any prince, with more clear integrity, or with more zeal and affection for the interest of his master; and, I must add, with abilities for a still higher service. Economy was then announced as a maxim of the reign. This noble lord, therefore, made several attempts towards a reform. In the year 1777, when the king's civil-list debts came last to be paid, he explained very fully the success of his undertaking. He told the House of Lords that he had attempted to reduce the charges of the king's tables, and his kitchen. The thing, sir, was not below him. He knew that there is nothing interesting in the concerns of men whom we love and honour that is beneath our attention. "Love," says one of our old poets, "esteems no office mean;" and, with still more spirit, "entire affection scorneth nicer hands." Frugality, sir, is founded on the principle that all riches have limits. A royal household, grown enormous even in the meanest departments, may weaken and perhaps destroy all energy in the highest

offices of the state. The gorging a royal kitchen may stint and famish the negotiations of a kingdom. Therefore the object was worthy of his, was worthy of any man's attention.

In consequence of this noble lord's resolution (as he told the other House) he reduced several tables, and put the persons entitled to them upon board wages, much to their own satisfaction. But unluckily, subsequent duties requiring constant attendance, it was not possible to prevent their being fed where they were employed, and thus this first step towards economy doubled the expense.

There was another disaster far more doleful than this. I shall state it, as the cause of that misfortune lies at the bottom of all our prodigality. Lord Talbot attempted to reform the kitchen ; but such, as he well observed, is the consequence of having duty done by one person, whilst another enjoys the emoluments, that he found himself frustrated in all his designs. On that rock his whole adventure split—his whole scheme of economy was dashed to pieces ; his department became more expensive than ever ; the civil-list debt accumulated—Why ? It was truly from a cause which, though perfectly adequate to the effect, one would not have instantly guessed—it was because the *turnspit in the king's kitchen was a member of parliament*. The king's domestic servants were all undone ; his tradesmen remained unpaid, and became bankrupt—*because the turnspit of the king's kitchen was a member of parliament*. His majesty's slumbers were interrupted, his pillow was stuffed with thorns, and his peace of mind entirely broken—*because the king's turnspit was a member of parliament*. The judges were unpaid ; the justice of the kingdom bent and gave way ; the foreign ministers remained inactive and unprovided ; the system of Europe was dissolved ; the chain of our alliances was broken ; all the wheels of government at home and abroad were stopped—*because the king's turnspit was a member of parliament*.

155.—On the New Testament.

DODDRIDGE.

[PHILIP DODDRIDGE was born in 1702; died in 1751. His family were of that numerous and respectable body of Nonconformists who seceded from the Church soon after the restoration of Charles II. Doddridge was educated for the ministry; and became one of the most distinguished of that body. His early death was lamented not only by those of his own persuasion, but by all zealous and earnest Christians. His works, amongst which are "The Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul," and "The Family Expositor," are monuments of his deep piety and unaffected eloquence.]

I have long been convinced that if anything can stop that progress of infidelity and vice, which every wise man beholds with sorrow and fear, that if anything can allay those animosities which (unnatural as they are) have so long inflamed us, and pained the heart of every generous Christian; in a word, that if anything can establish the purity and honour, the peace and glory of the Church, or spread the triumphs of personal and domestic religion among us, it must be an attentive study of the Word of God, and especially of the New Testament, that best of books; which, if read with impartiality and seriousness, under the influences of that blessed Spirit by whom it was inspired, would have the noblest tendency to enlighten and adorn the mind, and not only to touch, but to animate and transform the heart.

The New Testament is a book written with the most consummate knowledge of human nature; and though there are a thousand latent beauties in it, which it is the business and glory of true criticism to place in a strong point of light, the general sense and design of it is plain to every honest reader, even at the very first perusal. It is evidently intended to bring us to God through Christ, in a humble dependence on the communication of His sanctifying and quickening Spirit; and to engage us to a course of faithful and universal obedience, chiefly from a grateful sense of the riches of Divine grace, manifested to us in the gospel. And though this scheme is indeed liable to abuse, as everything

else is, it appears to me plain in fact, that it has been, and still is, the grand instrument of reforming a very degenerate world ; and, according to the best observations I have been able to make on what has passed about me, or within my own breast, I have found that, in proportion to the degree in which this evangelical scheme is received and relished, the interest of true virtue and holiness flourished, and the mind is formed to manly devotion, diffusive benevolence, steady fortitude, and, in short, made ready to every good word and work.

We have here the authentic records of that gospel which was intended as the great medicine for our souls ! of that character which is our pattern ; of that death which is our ransom ; of Him, in short, whose name we bear, as we are professed Christians ; and before whose tribunal we are all shortly to appear, that our eternal existence may be determined, blissful or miserable, according to our regard for what He has taught, and done, and endured. Let not the greatest, therefore, think it beneath their notice ; nor the meanest imagine, that amidst all the most necessary cares and labours, they can find any excuse for neglecting or for even postponing it.

Had I not been fully convinced of the importance of Christianity, I should not have determined to devote my whole life to its service, (for, on the principles of natural religion, I know the soul to be immortal, and should expect nothing but its ruin in the ways of the most sanctified fraud ;) but as I am thus convinced, I must make it my humble request to every one that enters on the perusal of these volumes, that they may, for a little while at least, be the employment of his retired hours ; and that, as he proceeds from one section to another, he would pause and reflect, " Whose words do I hear ? Whose actions do I survey ? Whose sufferings do I contemplate ? " And as all must know they are the words, the actions, and the sufferings of Jesus the Son of God, our supreme Lord, and our final Judge, let it be further, and very seriously inquired, in what degree the obvious and confessed design of the glorious gospel has been practically regarded and complied with : " Can I, in my heart, think that I

am a disciple, whom such a Master will approve, and whom He will choose for His attendant in that world of glory to which He is now gone?" Let the plainness of this advice be forgiven; for such is the temper and conduct of most who call themselves Christians, that, if this religion be true, their cold and unaffecting knowledge of the history of Christ, and of the purposes of His appearance, will only serve to furnish out matter for eternal self-accusation and remorse: and he is at best but a learned and polite infidel, who would not rather be the instrument of conducting the lowest creature, capable of reading or hearing these lines, to the saving knowledge of a crucified Redeemer, than fill the most refined nation with his own applause, while the grace of the Saviour is forgotten, or His service neglected.

As what I now present to the reader concludes the historical part of the New Testament, I here fulfil the promise which I long since made, of offering some remarks on the excellence and usefulness of that history; which may dispose the reader more frequently to review it, and to study it with the greater application.

It must be universally granted, that the excellence of any performance is to be estimated by considering its design, and the degree in which it is calculated to answer it. The design of the gospel history is summed up in the words which I have placed for my motto; which, though they are taken from the conclusion of St John's Gospel, are applicable, not only to all the other Evangelists, but likewise to the Acts of the Apostles, that invaluable appendix to them. "These things are written, that ye might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God, and that believing ye might have life through his name."

I shall beg leave to show how admirably the history before us is calculated to answer both these ends: viz., to produce a conviction of the truth of Christianity, and to make those good impressions on the heart, which may secure the eternal life and happiness of the reader; which no speculative conviction, even of the most sublime, comprehensive, and important truths, will itself be able to do. I apprehend, that in proportion to the degree in which these *two* premises can be illustrated, the excel-

lence and value of this history will immediately appear: for no man is so far infatuated as to dispute, whether obtaining life, eternal life, be an end of the highest importance; how light soever he may in fact make of it, and how wantonly soever he may barter it away for every trifle that strikes his imagination or fires his passions. Obvious as the hints are which occur on these heads, I will touch a little upon them, that we may more evidently see how much we are indebted to the Divine Wisdom and Goodness, in giving us so invaluable a treasure as these books contain, and how highly we are concerned to attend diligently to the contents of them.

First, every intelligent reader of this Evangelical History must have seen, that it is admirably adapted to produce and support, in all attentive and impartial minds, a strong conviction of the truth of Christianity; and, by consequence, of the divine glories of Jesus the Christ, as the Son of God.

It is evident that our most material arguments for the demonstration of the truth of Christianity, are drawn from miracles, from prophecies, from the character of its founders, and from the genius of the religion itself. Now, though all these receive great illustration from the epistolary parts of the New Testament, and some of them, especially the second, from the Old; yet it is certain that the great basis and foundation of them all, is what we read in the history of Christ and His apostles. There we are informed of the miracles which they wrought, of the character they maintained, and of the system of religion which they published to the world; and the application of Old Testament prophecies to Jesus of Nazareth, is, beyond all controversy, to be justified chiefly from what we find there.

These books do in the most authentic manner, as we have demonstrated elsewhere, show us who Jesus of Nazareth was, and what He professed Himself to be. They give us an account of the very high pretensions He made to an immediate mission from God, and to a most intimate relation to Him, as His Son, in a peculiar and appropriate sense, not communicable to any other. They give us also, as in this connexion it is very fit they should,

a very large and circumstantial narration of a variety of miracles which He wrought. Their number appears to be very great ; so that a late writer, who had considered them very accurately, reckons up sixty-nine relating to particular persons, besides twenty other instances, in all of which several, and in most of them multitudes—yea, frequently great multitudes, are mentioned, not merely as the spectators, but as the objects of His miraculous power ; which must, on the most moderate computation, arise to many hundreds ;—not to mention those yet more numerous miracles which were performed by His apostles in His name, wherever they came, especially after the descent of the Holy Ghost upon them ; or the variety of supernatural gifts and powers with which they were endowed ; and which, in many thousands of instances, they communicated to others.

It is further to be recollected here, that these miracles were not of such a kind as to leave any room for a doubt, whether they lay within the natural efficacy of second causes or not ; since the most hopeless and inveterate diseases gave way, not merely to some trivial application of means, whether internal or external, but to a touch or a word ; and death itself obeyed the voice of Jesus, and of His servants, speaking by His authority.

Now I would wish that any one who feels himself inclined to scepticism with regard to Christianity, would sit down and read over every one of the Evangelists in this particular view ; that he would take the stories of the several miracles in their succession ; and, after having attentively weighed them, would ask his own heart, whether, if he had seen such facts as these, he would not immediately have been convinced in his own conscience that this was indeed the seal of Heaven, set to the commission of the person who performed them ; and, consequently, whether, if these things were really done by Jesus, and His missionaries in His name, he must not be compelled to acknowledge that Christianity is true. Let any impartial and rational man in the world judge, whether, if an impostor had arisen, falsely and blamphemously arrogating to himself the high titles of the Son of God and Saviour of men, God would have honoured his lips with this wonderful power

over diseases and death ; or his dead body, after a public execution, with a resurrection : that is, in one word, whether He would have interposed to give such credit to him, as it is not pretended He hath ever given, in any other instances, to the best of men, in the best of causes. Every man's heart will surely tell him, with the circumstances of such facts full in his view, that the only question is, whether they be themselves credible ? And that, if this be allowed, the divine attestation to the authority of such a teacher, follows, by a connexion which can never be broken, and which probably few men living will have an inveteracy of prejudice sufficient to gainsay.

The historical books of the New Testament do also admirably illustrate that argument in favour of Christianity, which is drawn from the accomplishment of prophecies ; and this in a variety of respects. Many very important passages of this kind are expressly quoted ; not merely by way of allusion, but by a literal and exact application of them, according to their genuine sense, and agreeably to the connexion in which they stand. The application of some others, in themselves more dubious, will, upon strict examination, appear just ; and may prove a key to the sense of many more, on the truest principles of analogy, as many writers have shown : nay, the texts quoted by way of allusion and accommodation, of which there are such numerous instances, have consequently tended to the establishment of the argument from prophecies, however, under injudicious management, they may seem to have perplexed it ; as they have had their share in recommending the Jewish Scriptures to the perusal of Christians ; and so in guarding them more surely against any possibility of corruption, if the Jews themselves could have been wicked enough to attempt it.

But, besides these various views in which the citations may be considered under this head, I must further observe, that when not this or that particular passage of the Evangelical History alone, but the whole series of it, comes to be compared with corresponding representations in the Old Testament, it fixes upon the mind the strongest impression that can well be imagined, of the refer-

ence of the prophets to Jesus as the Messiah. The ingenious Earl of Rochester, whose story is so celebrated, was deeply sensible of this, with regard to the 53d of Isaiah, as illustrated by all the story of our Lord's passion : and there are many other sections of that prophet, and of several others, to which the remark may be applied : which, indeed, extends to all the general representations of the Messiah's character, conduct, and circumstances.

The account which the New Testament gives us of the temper and character of our Divine Redeemer is a topic of argument on this head by no means to be forgotten. We do not, indeed, there meet with any studied encomiums upon the subject. The authors deal not in such sort of productions ; but, which is a thousand times better, they show us the character itself. The sight of what is great and beautiful has another kind of effect than the most eloquent description of it. And here we behold the actions of Christ ; we attend His discourses, and have a plain and open view of His behaviour. In consequence of this we see in Him everything venerable, everything amiable. We see a perfection of goodness nowhere in the world to be seen or to be heard : and numberless arguments plead at once, to persuade the heart that it is absolutely impossible such a person should be engaged in a design founded in known falsehood, and tending only to mislead and ruin his followers.

And though it is true the character of His apostles does not fully come up to the standard of their Master, nor is entirely free from some small blemishes ; yet we see so little of that kind in them, and on the contrary, such an assemblage of the human, divine, and social virtues, that we cannot, if we thoroughly know them, if we form an intimate acquaintance with them, entertain with patience the least suspicion, that they were capable of a part so detestable as theirs must have been, if they knew Jesus to have been an impostor, and the gospel a fable ; with which they must be chargeable, if Christianity were not indeed as authentic and divine.

The series of sufferings which they endured ; the gentle, humble

patience with which they bore them ; the steady perseverance and invincible fortitude with which they pursued their scheme, in the midst of them all, and with no earthly prospect but that of continued hardship and persecution, till it should end in death, furnish out an important branch of this argument ; which the Book of Acts, especially taken in connexion with the epistles, does almost continually illustrate, in the most artless, and therefore the most forcible, manner.

To conclude this head, the history before us represents, in the most clear and convincing light, the genius of that doctrine which Christ taught, and of the religion which He came to settle in the world. When we view it as exhibited in human writings, we may mistake : for it is too often tinctured with the channel through which it has passed. Men of bad dispositions have warped it, to make it comply with the corruptions of their own hearts, and to subserve, in many instances, the schemes of their ambitious and worldly interests. Good men, insensibly influenced by a variety of prejudices, which, under fair and plausible forms, have insinuated themselves into their breasts, have frequently mistaken, not the essentials of Christianity, (for no good man can mistake them,) but the circumstantialia of it ; and have propagated their various and frequently contradictory mistakes, with a zeal which nothing but an apprehension that they were its fundamentals could have inspired ; and thus its original purity and beauty have been debased and obscured. But here we drink this water of life at its fountain-head, untainted and unmixed, and with that peculiar spirit, which, at a distance from it, is so apt to evaporate. Here we plainly perceive there is nothing in the scheme but what is most worthy of God to reveal, and of His Son to publish—to publish to the world. Here we see, not, as in the heathen writers, some detached sentiment, finely heightened with the beauty of expression and pomp of words, like a scattered fragment, with the partial traces of impaired elegance and magnificence ; but the elevation of a complete temple, worthy of the Deity to whom it is consecrated : so harmonious a system of unmingled truth, so complete a plan of universal duty, so amiable a representation of

true morality in all its parts, without redundancy, and without defect, that the more capable we are of judging of real excellence, the more we shall be prepossessed in its favour. And if we have a capacity and opportunity of examining together with it the books which the followers of other religions have esteemed sacred, and the system of doctrines and manners which their respective founders have published to the world, we shall find how much the gospel is credited by the comparison—shall indeed find the difference much like that of a coarse picture of sunshine, from the original beams of that celestial luminary. This I have so deeply felt in mine own heart, while reading these books, and especially while commenting upon them, that it has been matter of astonishment, as well as grief, to me, that there should be any mind capable of resisting evidence so various, so powerful, and so sweet.

But this leads me to the other branch of the argument, in which I shall remind my reader,

Secondly, That these books are admirably adapted to make those good impressions on the heart which may prepare it for eternal life, through the name of the Redeemer, of whose divine mission they contain such incontestable proofs.

Now, the most effectual demonstration of this would be an attentive perusal of these books, not so much with a view to criticise upon them, as to give up the soul to their genuine influence, and to leave the heart to be (if I may so express myself) carried away with the torrent whither it will : and the impulse cannot fail of being in some happy direction, and, amidst all its varieties, will undoubtedly bear us forward towards that perfection of goodness and of happiness which is the great end of all our pursuits.

For surely the breast of every well-disposed reader, under the influences of that blessed Spirit which guided the sacred penmen in these lively and well-chosen narrations, must, by every page of them, be inflamed with some devout passion ; and his progress must often be interrupted with tears of holy delight, and with warm, and perhaps rapturous, aspirations of soul. Surely this adorable Saviour cannot be heard, cannot be seen, without admiration and love. Surely the heart must often, as it were, go out to meet

Him, with its cheerful hosannas to Him that cometh in the name of the Lord. Often must it rise in affectionate praises to the God and Father of all, who blessed this earth of ours with such a visitant, who enriched it with such an unspeakable, such an inestimable gift. A thousand times must it congratulate, and almost envy, the happy lot of those, who, dwelling on earth, though in the meanest cottages, when it was blessed with the presence of such a Teacher, such a Friend, had daily opportunities of conversing with Him. And as often may it exult to think, that He is still near by His spiritual presence, carrying on the kind purposes of His appearance in mortal flesh ; and waiting, by the dictates of His divine philosophy, to train up the immortal spirits of men for their proper and complete happiness. Under the impression of that thought, how strongly must the soul be disposed to inquire after Christ, to form an acquaintance with Him, to commit itself to His discipline and guardianship, to trace His steps, and, as far as possible, to imbibe His spirit ! What will appear so desirable as to secure His friendship, to be honoured with His high approbation, and enriched with the blessings of His patronage and care ? Receiving the divine oracles from His lips, what incomparable advantages have we for learning everything great and lovely ? What powerful inducements diligently to labour, ardently to pray, liberally to dispense good, calmly to endure injuries, patiently to support the heaviest afflictions, and resolutely to meet the most dreadful death, if called out to encounter it in the way of our duty ?

Among many other good affections which the perusal of this history may naturally inspire, and which I have endeavoured often to suggest in the improvements which conclude each section, I cannot forbear mentioning one more ; I mean a generous and cordial love to our fellow Christians of every rank and denomination. I never reflect upon the New Testament in this view, but I find it difficult to conceive how so much of a contrary temper should ever have prevailed amongst such multitudes who have professed religiously to receive it ; yea, whose office hath been to interpret and enforce it. To have enlisted under the

banner of Jesus, to have felt His love, to have espoused His interest, to labour to serve Him, to aspire after the enjoyment of Him, should, methinks, appear to every one, even on the slightest reflection, a bond of union too strong to be broken by the different apprehensions that one or another of us may entertain (perhaps, too, after diligent inquiry) concerning the exact sense of some of the doctrines He taught, or the circumstantial forms of some of His institutions. A humble sense of our own weakness, and of the many imperfections of our character, which will never be more deeply felt than when we consider ourselves as standing before our divine Master, will dispose us to mutual candour, will guard us against the indecency of contending in His presence, and will, as St Paul, with admirable spirit, expresses it, dispose us to receive one another as Christ hath received us. Yea, our hearts will be so eagerly desirous of employing our life in serving Him to the best purpose we can, that we shall dread the thought of mis-spending, in our mutual animosities, accusations, and complaints, the time that was given us for ends so much nobler, and which is capable of being employed to the honour of our common Lord, and for the benefit of the Church and the world.

156.—The Sloth.

CHARLES WATERTON.

[MR WATERTON was a gentleman of fortune resident in Yorkshire, who was distinguished for his enthusiastic pursuit of his favourite subject of Natural History, in the most barbarous regions, amidst no common dangers and difficulties. His "Wanderings in South America," from which the following is an extract, is a narrative, or rather series of sketches, connected with his travels from 1812 to 1824. He died in 1865.]

Let us now turn our attention to the sloth, whose native haunts have hitherto been so little known, and probably little looked into. Those who have written on this singular animal have remarked that he is in a perpetual state of pain; that he is proverbially slow in his movements; that he is a prisoner in space;

and that, as soon as he has consumed all the leaves of the tree upon which he had mounted, he rolls himself up in the form of a ball, and then falls to the ground. This is not the case.

If the naturalists who have written the history of the sloth had gone into the wilds, in order to examine his haunts and economy, they would not have drawn the foregoing conclusions; they



would have learned that, though all other quadrupeds may be described while resting upon the ground, the sloth is an exception to this rule, and that his history must be written while he is in the tree.

This singular animal is destined by nature to be produced to live and to die in the trees; and, to do justice to him, naturalists must examine him in this upper element. He is a scarce and solitary animal, and being good food he is never allowed to escape. He inhabits remote and gloomy forests, where snakes take up their abode, and where cruelly stinging ants and scorpions, and swamps, and innumerable thorny shrubs and bushes, obstruct the steps of civilised man. Were you to draw your own conclusions from the descriptions which have been given of the sloth, you would probably suspect that no naturalist has actually gone

into the wilds with the fixed determination to find him out, and examine his haunts, and see whether nature has committed any blunder in the formation of this extraordinary creature, which appears to us so forlorn and miserable, so ill put together, and so totally unfit to enjoy the blessings which have been so bountifully given to the rest of animated nature ; for he has no soles to his feet, and he is evidently ill at ease when he tries to move on the ground, and it is then that he looks up in your face with a countenance that says, " Have pity on me, for I am in pain and sorrow."

It mostly happens that Indians and negroes are the people who catch the sloth, and bring it to the white man : hence it may be conjectured that the erroneous accounts we have hitherto had of the sloth have not been penned down with the slightest intention to mislead the reader, or give him an exaggerated history, but that these errors have naturally arisen by examining the sloth in those places where nature never intended that he should be exhibited.

However, we are now in his own domain. Man but little frequents these thick and noble forests, which extend far and wide on every side of us. This, then, is the proper place to go in quest of the sloth. We will first take a near view of him. By obtaining a knowledge of his anatomy, we shall be enabled to account for his movements hereafter, when we see him in his proper haunts. His fore-legs, or, more correctly speaking, his arms, are apparently much too long, while his hind-legs are very short, and look as if they could be bent almost to the shape of a cork-screw. Both the fore and hind legs, by their form, and by the manner in which they are joined to the body, are quite incapacitated from acting in a perpendicular direction, or in supporting it on the earth, as the bodies of other quadrupeds are supported by their legs. Hence, when you place him on the floor, his belly touches the ground. Now, granted that he supported himself on his legs like other animals, nevertheless he would be in pain, for he has no soles to his feet, and his claws are very sharp, and long, and curved ; so that, were his body supported by his feet, it would

be by their extremities, just as your body would be were you to throw yourself on all fours, and try to support it on the ends of your toes and fingers—a trying position. Were the floor of glass, or of a polished surface, the sloth would actually be quite stationary; but as the ground is generally rough, with little protuberances upon it, such as stones, or roots of grass, &c., this just suits the sloth, and he moves his fore-legs in all directions, in order to find something to lay hold of; and when he has succeeded he pulls himself forward, and is thus enabled to travel onwards, but at the same time in so tardy and awkward a manner as to acquire him the name of sloth.

Indeed his looks and his gestures evidently betray his uncomfortable situation; and, as a sigh every now and then escapes him, we may be entitled to conclude that he is actually in pain.

Some years ago I kept a sloth in my room for several months. I often took him out of the house and placed him upon the ground, in order to have an opportunity of observing his motions. If the ground were rough, he would pull himself forwards, by means of his fore-legs, at a pretty good pace; and he invariably immediately shaped his course towards the nearest tree. But, if I put him upon a smooth and well-trodden part of the road, he appeared to be in trouble and distress: his favourite abode was the back of a chair; and, after getting all his legs in a line upon the topmost part of it, he would hang there for hours together, and often, with a low and inward cry, would seem to invite me to take notice of him.

The sloth, in its wild state, spends its whole life in trees, and never leaves them but through force, or by accident. An all-ruling Providence has ordered man to tread on the surface of the earth, the eagle to soar in the expanse of the skies, and the monkey and squirrel to inhabit the trees; still these may change their relative situations without feeling much inconvenience: but the sloth is doomed to spend his whole life in the trees; and, what is more extraordinary, not *upon* the branches, like the squirrel and the monkey, but *under* them. He moves suspended from the branch, he rests suspended from it, and he sleeps suspended from

it. To enable him to do this, he must have a very different formation from that of any other known quadruped.

Hence his seemingly bungled conformation is at once accounted for; and in lieu of the sloth leading a painful life, and entailing a melancholy and miserable existence on its progeny, it is but fair to surmise that it just enjoys life as much as any other animal, and that its extraordinary formation and singular habits are but further proofs to engage us to admire the wonderful works of Omnipotence.

It must be observed that the sloth does not hang head downwards like the vampire. When asleep, he supports himself from a branch parallel to the earth. He first seizes the branch with one arm, and then with the other; and, after that, brings up both his legs, one by one, to the same branch; so that all four are in a line: he seems perfectly at rest in this position. Now, had he a tail, he would be at a loss to know what to do with it in this position; were he to draw it up within his legs, it would interfere with them; and, were he to let it hang down, it would become the sport of the winds. Thus his deficiency of tail is a benefit to him; it is merely an apology for a tail, scarcely exceeding an inch and a half in length.

I observed, when he was climbing, he never used his arms both together, but first one and then the other, and so on alternately. There is a singularity in his hair, different from that of all other animals, and, I believe, hitherto unnoticed by naturalists; his hair is thick and coarse at the extremity, and gradually tapers to the root, where it becomes fine as a spider's web. His fur has so much the hue of the moss which grows on the branches of the trees, that it is very difficult to make him out when he is at rest.

The male of the three-toed sloth has a longitudinal bar of very fine black hair on his back, rather lower than the shoulder blades; on each side of this black bar there is a space of yellow hair, equally fine; it has the appearance of being pressed into the body, and looks exactly as if it had been singed. If we examine the anatomy of his fore-legs we shall immediately perceive, by their firm and muscular texture, how very capable they are of

supporting the pendent weight of his body, both in climbing and at rest ; and, instead of pronouncing them a bungled composition, as a celebrated naturalist has done, we shall consider them as remarkably well calculated to perform their extraordinary functions.

As the sloth is an inhabitant of forests within the tropics, where the trees touch each other in the greatest profusion, there seems to be no reason why he should confine himself to one tree alone for food, and entirely strip it of its leaves. During the many years I have ranged the forests, I have never seen a tree in such a state of nudity ; indeed, I would hazard a conjecture that, by the time the animal had finished the last of the old leaves, there would be a new crop on the part of the tree he had stripped first, ready for him to begin again, so quick is the process of vegetation in these countries.

There is a saying amongst the Indians, that when the wind blows the sloth begins to travel. In calm weather he remains tranquil, probably not liking to cling to the brittle extremity of the branches, lest they should break with him in passing from one tree to another ; but as soon as the wind rises the branches of the neighbouring trees become interwoven, and then the sloth seizes hold of them, and pursues his journey in safety. There is seldom an entire day of calm in these forests. The trade-wind generally sets in about ten o'clock in the morning, and thus the sloth may set off after breakfast, and get a considerable way before dinner. He travels at a good round pace ; and were you to see him pass from tree to tree, as I have done, you would never think of calling him a sloth.

Thus it would appear that the different histories we have of this quadruped are erroneous on two accounts ; first, that the writers of them, deterred by difficulties and local annoyances, have not paid sufficient attention to him in his native haunts ; and, secondly, they have described him in a situation in which he was never intended by nature to cut a figure,—I mean on the ground. The sloth is as much at a loss to proceed on his journey upon a smooth and level floor, as a man would be who had to walk a mile in stilts upon a line of feather-beds.

One day, as we were crossing the Essequibo, I saw a large two-toed sloth on the ground upon the bank ; how he had got there nobody could tell : the Indian said he had never surprised a sloth in such a situation before : he would hardly have come there to drink, for both above and below the place the branches of the trees touched the water, and afforded him an easy and safe access to it. Be this as it may, though the trees were not above twenty yards from him, he could not make his way through the sand time enough to escape before we landed. As soon as we got up to him he threw himself upon his back, and defended himself in gallant style with his fore-legs. "Come, poor fellow," said I to him, "if thou hast got into a hobble to-day, thou shalt not suffer for it : I'll take no advantage of thee in misfortune ; the forest is large enough both for thee and me to rove in : go thy ways up above, and enjoy thyself in these endless wilds ; it is more than probable thou wilt never have another interview with man. So fare thee well." On saying this, I took a long stick which was lying there, held it for him to hook on, and then conveyed him to a high and stately mora. He ascended with wonderful rapidity, and in about a minute he was almost at the top of the tree. He now went off in a side direction, and caught hold of the branch of a neighbouring tree ; he then proceeded towards the heart of the forest. I stood looking on, lost in amazement at his singular mode of progress. I followed him with my eye till the intervening branches closed in betwixt us ; and then I lost sight for ever of the two-toed sloth. I was going to add, that I never saw a sloth take to his heels in such earnest ; but the expression will not do, for the sloth has no heels.

That which naturalists have advanced, of his being so tenacious of life, is perfectly true. I saw the heart of one beat for half-an-hour after it was taken out of the body. The wourali poison seems to be the only thing that will kill it quickly. On reference to a former part of these "Wanderings," it will be seen that a poisoned arrow killed the sloth in about ten minutes.

So much for this harmless unoffending animal. He holds a conspicuous place in the catalogue of the animals of the New

World. Though naturalists have made no mention of what follows, still it is not less true on that account. The sloth is the only quadruped known which spends its whole life suspended by its feet from the branch of a tree. I have paid uncommon attention to him in his native haunts. The monkey and squirrel will seize a branch with their fore-feet, and pull themselves up, and rest or run upon it; but the sloth, after seizing it, still remains suspended, and suspended moves along under the branch till he can lay hold of another. Whenever I have seen him in his native woods, whether at rest, or asleep, or on his travels, I have always observed that he was suspended from the branch of a tree. When his form and anatomy are attentively considered, it will appear evident that the sloth cannot be at ease in any situation where his body is higher, or above his feet. We will now take our leave of him.

157.—The Poet Described.

S. JOHNSON.

[DR SAMUEL JOHNSON was born at Litchfield, on the 18th of September 1709, in which city his father was a bookseller. He was placed at Pembroke College, Oxford, but the straitened circumstances of his father compelled him to leave the university without taking a degree. He became usher in a school at Market Bosworth, married in 1736, and, with a little fortune that his wife brought him, set up a school, which was unsuccessful. In company with his pupil, David Garrick, he came to London. For many years he was a literary drudge for periodical works, ill-paid, neglected by the great, unknown to the small reading public whom he addressed. At length his great talents and acquirements forced their way into notice. He completed his English Dictionary in 1755. His "Rambler" and his "Imitations of Juvenal" had previously given him a high rank amongst the original writers of his day. In 1762 a pension of three hundred a year was bestowed upon him, and from that time to his death in 1784 his life was a happy one as far as worldly circumstances were concerned. The following extract is from his "Rasselas." It is one of the many examples which his writings present of the occasional largeness of his critical views when applied to the general principles of poetry—a characteristic singularly in contrast with the narrowness with which he regards particular styles and individual authors.]

“Wherever I went, I found that poetry was considered as the highest learning, and regarded with a veneration somewhat approaching to that which man would pay to the angelic nature. And it yet fills me with wonder, that in almost all countries the most ancient poets are considered as the best; whether it be that every other kind of knowledge is an acquisition gradually attained, and poetry is a gift conferred at once; or that the first poetry of every nation surprised them as a novelty, and retained the credit by consent which it received by accident at first; or whether, as the province of poetry is to describe nature and passion, which are always the same, the first writers took possession of the most striking objects for description, and the most probable occurrences for fiction, and left nothing for those that followed them but transcriptions of the same events, and new combinations of the same images. Whatever be the reason, it is commonly observed, that the early writers are in possession of nature, and their followers of art; that the first excel in strength and invention, and the latter in elegance and refinement.

“I was desirous to add my name to this illustrious fraternity. I read all the poets of Persia and Arabia, and was able to repeat by memory the volumes that are suspended in the mosque of Mecca. But I soon found that no man was ever great by imitation. My desire of excellence impelled me to transfer my attention to nature and to life. Nature was to be my subject, and men to be my auditors; I could never describe what I had not seen; I could not hope to move those with delight or terror whose interests and opinions I did not understand.

“Being now resolved to be a poet, I saw everything with a new purpose; my sphere of attention was suddenly magnified; no kind of knowledge was to be overlooked. I ranged mountains and deserts for images and resemblances, and pictured upon my mind every tree of the forest and flower of the valley. I observed with equal care the crags of the rock and the pinnacles of the palace. Sometimes I wandered along the mazes of the rivulet, and sometimes watched the changes of the summer clouds. To a poet nothing can be useless. Whatever is beautiful, and what-

ever is dreadful, must be familiar to his imagination ; he must be conversant with all that is awfully vast or elegantly little. The plants of the garden, the animals of the wood, the minerals of the earth, the meteors of the sky, must all concur to store his mind with inexhaustible variety ; for every idea is useful for the enforcement or decoration of moral or religious truth ; and he who knows most will have most power of diversifying his scenes, and of gratifying his reader with remote allusions and unexpected instruction.

“ All the appearances of nature I was therefore careful to study, and every country which I have surveyed has contributed something to my poetical powers.”

“ In so wide a survey,” said the prince, “ you must surely have left much unobserved. I have lived, till now, within the circuit of these mountains, and yet cannot walk abroad without the sight of something which I never beheld before, or never heeded.”

“ The business of a poet,” said Imlac, “ is to examine, not the individual, but the species ; to remark general properties and large appearances : he does not number the streaks of the tulip, or describe the different shades in the verdure of the forest. He is to exhibit in his portraits of nature such prominent and striking features as recall the original to every mind ; and must neglect the minuter discriminations, which one may have remarked and another have neglected, for those characteristics which are alike obvious to vigilance and carelessness.

“ But the knowledge of nature is only half the task of a poet ; he must be acquainted likewise with all the modes of life. His character requires that he estimate the happiness and misery of every condition, observe the power of all the passions in all their combinations, and trace the changes of the human mind as they are modified by various institutions, and accidental influences of climate or custom, from the sprightliness of infancy to the despondency of decrepitude. He must divest himself of the prejudices of his age or country ; he must consider right and wrong in their abstract and invariable state ; he must disregard present laws and opinions, and rise to general and transcendental truths, which will

always be the same ; he must therefore content himself with the slow progress of his name ; condemn the applause of his own time, and commit his claims to the justice of posterity. He must write as the interpreter of nature, and the legislator of mankind, and consider himself as presiding over the thoughts and manners of future generations, as a being superior to time and place.

“His labour is not yet at an end : he must know many languages, and many sciences ; and, that his style may be worthy of his thoughts, must by incessant practice familiarise to himself every delicacy of speech and grace of harmony.”

158.—The Character of Louis the Eleventh.

COMINES.

[THE character of Louis XI.—one of the strangest in history—has been made familiar to the general reader by the fascinating pen of Sir Walter Scott. For the materials of this character the author of “*Quentin Durward*” was indebted almost entirely to Philip de Comines, who was most intimate with the French monarch, and an eye-witness of nearly all the scenes and events he describes in his chronicle or historical memoir. Although as a statesman, or political agent, Comines had much of the cunning and indirectness of the king, his master, he is, as a memoir-writer, exceedingly frank and straightforward. His accuracy and impartiality have been admitted by all historians. His genius for narration is of a first-rate order ; his style is deliciously quaint, and characteristic of the times in which he lived. Philip de Comines was by birth a Fleming, and a subject of the Duke of Burgundy, who, at that time, by holding nearly all Flanders, and a great part of France, was at least equal in power to the French king, his suzerain. In the year 1464, when he was only nineteen years old, he entered the service of Charles the Bold, or the Rash, whose father was then living, and who, consequently, was only Count of Charolais. The character and tastes of the Burgundian prince—a man of frank violence, who was passionately fond of war, and preferred the sword to the pen, the battle-field to the council-chamber—could scarcely suit one of Messire Philip’s disposition. He left the service of Charles for that of his rival and mortal enemy, Louis XI., who promoted him, kept him much about his person, and employed him in some of the most confidential and important of his state matters. In the succeeding reign Comines was at first suspected, and imprisoned in one of the dreary cages which he describes. He was afterwards employed as a negotiator. He died in 1509, at his own estate of Argenton, in Poitou.]

Of all the princes that I ever had the honour to know, the wisest and most dexterous to extricate himself out of any danger or difficulty in time of adversity, was our master, King Louis XI. He was the humblest in his conversation and habit, and the most painful and indefatigable to win over any man to his side, that he thought capable of doing him either mischief or good : though he was often refused, he would never give over a man that he once undertook, but still pressed and continued his insinuations, promising him largely, and presenting him with such sums and pensions as he knew would satisfy his ambition ; and for such as he had discarded in the time of peace and prosperity, he paid dear (when he had occasion for 'em) to recover them again ; but when he had once reconciled them, he retained no pique to them for what had passed, but employed them freely for the future. He was naturally kind and indulgent to persons of indifferent condition, and morose to such as he thought had no need of him. Never prince was so conversable nor so inquisitive as he, for his desire was to know everybody he could ; and, indeed, he knew all persons of any authority or worth in England, Spain, Portugal, and Italy, the territories of the Dukes of Burgundy and Bretagne, and in his own country ; and by those qualities he preserved the crown upon his head, which was in much danger by the enemies he had created to himself by his inadvertency upon his accession to the crown. But above all, his great bounty and liberality did him the greatest service. And yet, as he behaved himself wisely in time of distress, so when he thought himself a little out of danger, though it were but by a truce, he would disoblige the servants and officers of his court by mean trifling ways, which were little to his advantage ; and as for peace, he could hardly endure the thoughts of it. He spoke slightly of some people, and rather before their faces than behind their backs, unless he was afraid of them, and of that sort there were a great many, for he was naturally timorous. When he had done himself any prejudice by his talk, or was apprehensive he should do, to make them amends whom he had injured, he would say to the person whom he had disoblige, "I am sensible my

tongue has done me a great deal of mischief, but, on the other hand, it has sometimes done me good ; however, it is but reason I should make some reparation for the injury." And he never used those kind of apologies to any person, but he did something for the person to whom he made it, and it was always considerable. It is certainly a great blessing for any prince to have experienced adversity as well as prosperity, good as well as evil, and especially if the good outweighs the evil, as it did in our master. I am of opinion that the troubles he was involved in in his youth, when he fled from his father, and resided six years together in the Duke of Burgundy's court, was of great service to him ; for there he learned to be complacent to such as he had occasion to use, which was no little improvement. . . .

Some five or six months before his death he began to grow jealous of everybody, especially of those who were most capable and deserving of the administration of affairs. He was afraid of his son, and caused him to be kept close, so that no man saw or discoursed with him but by his special command. At last he grew suspicious of his daughter, and his son-in-law, the Duke of Bourbon, and required an account of what persons came to speak with them at Plessis, and broke up a council which the Duke of Bourbon held there by his order. At the time the Count de Dunois and his son-in-law returned from conducting the ambassadors, who had been at Amboise to congratulate the marriage betwixt the dauphin and the young queen, the king being in the gallery, and seeing them enter with a great train into the castle, called for a captain of the guards, and commanded him to go and search some of the lords' retinue, to see whether they had any arms under their robes, and that he should do it in discourse, and so as no notice might be taken. Behold, then, if he had caused many to live under him in continual fear and apprehension, whether it was not returned to him again ; for of whom could he be secure, when he was afraid of his son-in-law, his daughter, and his own son ? I speak this not only of him, but of all other princes who desire to be feared, that revenge never befalls them till they grow old, and then, as a just penance,

they are afraid of everybody themselves ; and what grief do you think it must be to this poor king to be tormented with such terrors and passions ?

He was still attended by his physician, Doctor James Coctier, to whom in five months' time he had given 54,000 crowns in ready money, besides the bishopric of Amiens for his nephew, and other great offices and estates to him and his friends ; yet this doctor used him so scurvily, one would not have given such unbecoming language to one's servants as he gave the king, who stood in such awe of him he durst not forbid him his presence. 'Tis true he complained of his impudence afterwards, but he durst not change him as he had done all the rest of his servants, because he had told him after a most audacious manner one day, "I know some time or other you will remove me from court, as you have done the rest ; but be sure (and he confirmed it with an oath) you shall not live eight days after it." With which expression he was so terrified, that ever after he did nothing but flatter and present him, which must needs be a great mortification to a prince who had been obeyed all along by so many brave men much above the doctor's quality.

The king had ordered several cruel prisons to be made, some of iron, some of wood, but covered with iron plates both within and without, with terrible cages about eight foot wide and seven high ; the first contriver of them was the Bishop of Verdun, who was the first that handselled them, being immediately put in one of them, where he continued fourteen years. Many bitter curses he has had since for his invention, and some from me, having lain in one of them eight months together, in the minority of our present king. He also ordered heavy and terrible fetters to be made in Germany, and particularly a close ring for the feet, which was extreme hard to be opened, and like an iron collar with a thick weighty chain, and a great globe of iron at the end of it, most unreasonably heavy, which engines were called the king's nets. However, I have seen many eminent and deserving persons in these prisons, with these nets about their legs, who have afterwards been advanced to places of trust and honour,

and received great rewards from the king : among the rest a son of the Lord de la Grutase, (who was taken in battle,) whom the king married very honourably afterwards, made him his chamberlain, and Seneschal of Anjou, and gave him the command of a hundred lances. The Lords de Viennes and Verger, both prisoners of war, had commands given them in his army, were made his or his son's chamberlains, and had great estates given them. Monsieur de Rochefort, the constable's brother, had the same, as also one Roquebertin, a Catalonian and prisoner of war, besides others of several countries too numerous to be mentioned in this place. This by way of digression. But to return to my principal design. As in his time this barbarous variety of prisons was invented, so before he died he himself was in greater torment, and more terrible apprehension than those whom he had imprisoned, which I look upon as a great mercy towards him and part of his purgatory; and I have mentioned it here to show that there is no person, of what station or dignity soever, but is punished some time or other, either publicly or privately, especially if he has been the cause of other people's sufferings and misfortunes. The king, towards the latter end of his days, caused his castle of Plessis-les-Tours to be encompassed with great bars of iron, in the form of a grate, and at the four corners of the house four watch-towers of iron, strong, massy, and thick, to be built. The grates were without the wall, on the other side of the ditch, and went to the bottom. Several spikes of iron were fastened into the wall, set as thick by one another as was possible. He placed likewise ten bowmen in the ditches to shoot at any man that durst approach the castle till the opening of the gate; ordered they should lie in the ditches, but retire into the watch-towers upon occasion. He was sensible enough that this fortification was too weak to keep out an army or any great body of men, but he had no fear of such: his great apprehension was, that some of the nobility of his kingdom, having intelligence within, should attempt to make themselves masters of the castle by night, and having possessed themselves of it, partly by affection, partly by force, should deprive him of the regal authority,

and take upon themselves the administration of public affairs, upon pretence he was incapable of business, and no longer fit to govern. The gate of Du Plessis was never opened, nor the draw-bridge let down, before eight in the morning, at which time the courtiers were let in ; and the captains ordered their guards to their several posts, with a main guard in the middle of the court, as in a town upon the frontiers that was closely besieged. Nor was any person admitted to enter but by the wicket, and those only by the king's order, unless it were the steward of his household, and such officers as were not admitted into the presence.

Is it possible, then, to keep a prince (with any regard to his quality) more strictly confined than he kept himself? The cages which were made for other people were about eight foot square ; and he (though so great a monarch) had but a small square of the court of the castle to walk in, and seldom made use of that, but generally kept himself in the gallery, out of which he went into the chambers, and from thence to mass, but not through the court. Who can deny but he was a sufferer, as well as his neighbours? considering his being locked up, guarded, afraid of his own children and relations, and changing every day those very servants whom he had brought up and advanced ; and though they owed all their preferment to him, yet he durst not trust any of them, but shut himself up in those strange chains and enclosures. If the place where he confined himself was larger than a common prison, his quality was as much greater than a common prisoner's. It may be urged that other princes have been more given to jealousy than he, but it was not in our time, and perhaps their wisdom was not so eminent nor their subjects so good. They, too, might probably be tyrants and bloody-minded, but our king never did any person a mischief who had not offended him first. I have not recorded these things purely to represent our master as a suspicious and mistrustful prince, but to show, that by the patience which he expressed in his sufferings, (like those which he inflicted on other people,) they may be looked upon, in my judgment, as a punish-

ment which God inflicted upon him in this world, in order to deal more mercifully with him in the next, as well in those things before mentioned as in the distempers of his body, which were great and painful, and much dreaded by him before they came upon him ; and likewise that those princes, who are his successors, may learn by this example to be more tender and indulgent to their subjects, and less severe in their punishments than our master had been. I will not accuse him, or say I ever saw a better prince, for, though he oppressed his subjects himself, he would never see them injured by anybody else. . . .

In hunting, his eagerness and pain were equal to his pleasure, for his chase was the stag, which he always ran down. He rose very early in the morning, rode sometimes a great way to his dogs, and would not leave his sport let the weather be never so bad ; and when he came home at night was always very weary, and generally in a violent passion with some of his courtiers or huntsmen, for hunting is a sport not always to be managed according to the master's direction ; yet, in the opinion of most people, he understood it as well as any man of his time. He was continually at his sports, lying up and down in the country villages as his recreations led him, till he was interrupted by the war.

159.—Faustus.

GOETHE.

[THE "Faustus" of Goethe has perhaps the widest European reputation of any poem of modern times. There are several translations of it in our own language. Without undervaluing other translations, that of Dr Anster of Trinity College, Dublin, appears to us to combine many of the highest requisites of a good poetical version, with faithfulness and facility. We cannot attempt an analysis of this remarkable drama, which, amidst all its merits, has many passages, and suggests many ideas, which are scarcely within the limits of the pleasurable in poetry ; but we subjoin a scene or two, from its commencement, which beautifully depict the feelings of a mind satiated with all worldly knowledge, and aspiring to penetrate mysteries which are wisely put beyond the comprehension of man. The story of "Faustus," the daring student who made a compact with the powers of darkness, was treated by

other German poets before Goethe : and it is the subject of a very remarkable drama by Marlowe, the early contemporary of Shakspeare. Goethe was born in 1749 ; died in 1832.]

Faustus. River and rivulet are freed from ice,
In Spring's affectionate inspiring smile—
Green are the fields with promise—far away
To the rough hills old Winter hath withdrawn
Strengthless, but still at intervals will send
Light feeble frosts, with drops of diamond white,
Mocking a little while the coming bloom ;
Still soils with showers of sharp and bitter sleet,
In anger impotent, the earth's green robe ;
But the sun suffers not the lingering snow,—
Everywhere life—everywhere vegetation—
All nature animate with glowing hues ;
Or, if one spot be touch'd not by the spirit
Of the sweet season, there in colours rich
As trees or flowers, are sparkling human dresses !
Turn round, and from this height look back upon
The town ; from its black dungeon gate forth pours,
In thousand parties, the gay multitude,
All happy, all indulging in the sunshine !
All celebrating the Lord's resurrection,
And in themselves exhibiting as 'twere
A resurrection too—so changed are they,
So raised above themselves. From chambers damp
Of poor mean houses—from consuming toil
Laborious—from the workyard and the shop—
From the imprisonment of walls and roofs,
And the oppression of confining streets,
And from the solemn twilight of dim churches—
All are abroad—all happy in the sun.
Look, only look, with gaiety how active,
Through fields and gardens they disperse themselves !

How the wide water, far as we can see,
Is joyous with innumerable boats !
See, there, one almost sinking with its load
Parts from the shore ; yonder the hill top paths
Are sparkling in the distance with gay dresses !
And hark ! the sounds of joy from the far village !
Oh ! happiness like this is real heaven !
The high, the low, in pleasure all uniting—
Here may I feel that I too am a man !

Wagner. Doctor, to be with you is creditable—
Instructive too : but never would I loiter
Here by myself—I hate these coarse amusements :
Fiddlers, and clamorous throats, and kettle drums,
Are to my mind things quite intolerable :
Men rave, as if possess'd by evil spirits,
And call their madness joy and harmony !

(Peasants dancing and singing.)

The shepherd for the dance was dress'd
In ribands, wreath, and Sunday vest ;
All were dancing full of glee,
Underneath the linden tree !

'Tis merry and merry—heigh-ho, heigh-ho,
Blithe goes the fiddle-bow !

Soon he runs to join the rest ;
Up to a pretty girl he press'd ;
With elbow raised and pointed toe,
Bent to her with his best bow—
Press'd her hand : with feign'd surprise,
Up she raised her timid eyes !

“ 'Tis strange that you should use me so,
So, so—heigh-ho—

'Tis rude of you to use me so.”

All into the set advance,
Right they dance, and left they dance—
Gowns and ribands how they fling,
Flying with the flying ring ;

They grow red, and faint, and warm,
And rested, sinking arm-in-arm.

Slow, slow, heigh-ho,

Tired in elbow, foot, and toe !

"And do not make so free," she said,

"I fear that you may never wed ;

Men are cruel"—and he press'd

The maiden to his beating breast.

Hark ! again, the sounds of glee

Swelling from the linden-tree.

'Tis merry, 'tis merry—heigh-ho, heigh-ho,

Blithe goes the fiddle-bow !

Old Peasant. This, doctor, is so kind of you,
A man of rank and learning too ;

Who, but yourself, would condescend

Thus with the poor, the poor man's friend,

To join our sports ? In this brown cheer

Accept the pledge we tender here,

A draught of life may it become,

And years, on years, oh ! may you reach,

As cheerful as the beads of foam,

As countless, too, a year for each !

Faustus. Blest be the draught restorative !

I pledge you—happy may you live !

[*The people collect in a circle round him.*

Faustus. A few steps farther, and we reach yon stone ;

Here sit we down and rest after our walk ;

Here have I often sate in thoughtful mood

Alone—and here in agonies of prayer,

And fast, and vigil—rich in hope—in faith

Unwavering—sought with tears and sighs, and hands

Wringing in supplication, to extort

From Him in heaven that He would stay that plague.

These praises come upon my ear like scorn—

Oh, could you read the secrets of this heart,

You then would see how little we deserved,
Father or son, the thanks of these poor people.
My father, a reserved and moody man,
Not without pride, felt by himself and others,
Living almost alone, held strange opinions
Tinged with the hues of his peculiar mind,
And, therefore, even the more indulged and cherish'd.
Thus, fanciful, and serious in his fancies,
O'er nature and her consecrated circles,
That with vain interdict sought to oppose,
Oft would he try his wild experiments :
In his black cell, with crucible and fire,
(One or two adepts his sole company,)
He toil'd; and, following many a quaint receipt,
Would force rebellious metals to obey,
And in indissoluble union link
Antagonists irreconcilable.
There, passionate adorer, the Red Lion
With the White Lily, in a tepid bath
Was strangely wedded—and his silver bride
And he from chamber hurried on to chamber,
Tortured and tried with many a fiery pang,
Suffer'd together, till in colour'd light,
Ascending in the glass, shone the Young Queen:
This was our medicine—they who took it died,
None asked, or thought of asking, who recover'd.
Thus have we with our diabolic mixture,
In these sweet valleys, 'mong these quiet hills,
Been guests more fatal than the pestilence.
I have myself to thousands given this poison ;
They wither'd, and are dead—and I must live,
I, who have been their death, must live to hear
This lavish praise on the rash murderers.

Wagner. How can this be so painful? Can a man
Do more than practise what his own day knows?
All that thy father taught must have been heard

By thee as by a young man learning then—
Heard in the docile spirit of belief.
When thy time came to teach, thou didst enlarge
The field of science ; and thy son, who learns
From thee, will for himself discoveries make,
Greater than thine, perhaps—yet but for thine
Impossible. If this be so, why grieve ?

Faustus. Oh, he, indeed, is happy, who still feels,
And cherishes within himself the hope
To lift himself above this sea of errors !
Of things we know not, each day do we find
The want of knowledge—all we know is useless :
But 'tis not wise to sadden with such thoughts
This hour of beauty and benignity :
Look yonder, with delighted heart and eye
On those low cottages that shine so bright,
(Each with its garden plot of smiling green,)
Robed in the glory of the setting sun !
But he is parting—fading—day is over—
Yonder he hastens to diffuse new life.
Oh, for a wing to raise me up from earth,
Nearer, and yet more near, to the bright orb,
That unrestrain'd I still might follow him !
Then should I see, in one unvarying glow
Of deathless evening, the reposing world
Beneath me—the hills kindling—the sweet vales,
Beyond the hills, asleep in the soft beams ;
The silver streamlet, at the silent touch
Of heavenly light, transfigured into gold,
Flowing in brightness inexpressible !
Nothing to stop or stay my godlike motion !
The rugged hill, with its wild cliffs, in vain
Would rise to hide the sun ; in vain would strive
To check my glorious course ; the sea already,
With its illumined bays, that burn beneath
The lord of day, before the astonish'd eyes

Opens its bosom—and he seems at last
Just sinking—no—a power unfelt before—
An impulse indescribable succeeds !
Onward, entranced, I haste to drink the beams
Of the unfading light—before me day—
And night left still behind—and overhead
Wide heaven—and under me the spreading sea !—
A glorious vision, while the setting sun
Is lingering ! Oh, to the spirit's flight,
How faint and feeble are material wings !
Yet such our nature is that when the lark,
High over us, unseen, in the blue sky
Thrills his heart-piercing song, we feel ourselves
Press up from earth, as 'twere in rivalry ;—
And when above the savage hill of pines,
The eagle sweeps with outspread wings—and when
The crane pursues, high off, his homeward path,
Flying o'er watery moors and wide lakes lonely !

Wagner. I too, have had my hours of reverie ;
But impulse such as this I never felt.
Of wood and fields the eye will soon grow weary ;
I'd never envy the wild birds their wings.
How different are the pleasures of the mind ;
Leading from book to book, from leaf to leaf,
They make the nights of winter bright and cheerful ;
They spread a sense of pleasure through the frame,
And when you see some old and treasured parchments,
All heaven descends to your delighted senses !

Faustus. Thy heart, my friend, now knows but one desire ;
Oh, never learn another ! in my breast,
Alas ! two souls have taken their abode,
And each is struggling there for mastery !
One to the world, and the world's sensual pleasures,
Clings closely, with scarce separable organs :
The other struggles to redeem itself,
And rise from the entanglements of earth—

Still feels its true home is not here—still longs
And strives—and would with violence regain
The fields its own by birthright—realms of light
And joy, where—man in vain would disbelieve
The instincts of his nature, that confirm
The loved tradition—dwelt our sires of old.
If—as 'tis said—spirits be in the air,
Moving with lordly wings 'tween earth and heaven,
And if, oh, if ye listen when we call,
Come from your golden “incense-breathing” clouds,
Bear me away to new and varied life!
Oh, were the magic mantle mine, which bore
The wearer at his will to distant lands,
How little would I prize the envied robes
Of princes, and the purple pomp of kings!

Wagner. Venture not thus to invoke the well-known host,
Who spread, a living stream, through the waste air,
Who watch industriously man's thousand motions,
For ever active in the work of evil.
From all sides pour they on us: from the north,
With thrilling hiss, they drive their arrowy tongues;
And speeding from the parching east, they feed
On the dry lungs, and drink the breath of life;
And the south sends them forth, a middle day,
From wildernesses dry and desolate,
To heap fresh fire upon the burning brain;
And from the west they flow, a cloudy deluge,
That, like the welcome shower of early spring,
First promises refreshment and relief,
Then rushing down, with torrents ruinous,
Involves in one unsparing desolation
Valley, and meadow-field, and beast, and man.
Ready for evil, with delight they hear,
Obey man's bidding to deceive his soul.
Like angel-ministers of Heaven they seem,
And utter falsehoods with an angel's voice.

But let's away—the sky is gray already,
The air grows chill—the mist is falling heavy—
At evening *home's* the best place for a man !

160.—Caius Marius.

PLUTARCH.

(From the translation by G. Long, Esq.)

SULLA, encouraging his soldiers, who were thirty-five thousand men, well armed, led them to Rome. The soldiers fell on the tribunes whom Marius had sent, and murdered them. Marius also put to death many of the friends of Sulla in Rome, and proclaimed freedom to the slaves if they would join him ; but it is said that only three slaves accepted the offer. He made but a feeble resistance to Sulla on his entering the city, and was soon compelled to fly. On quitting Rome he was separated from his partisans, owing to its being dark, and he fled to Solonium, one of his farms. He sent his son Marius to get provisions from the estates of his father-in-law Mucius, which was not far off, and himself went to Ostia, where Numerius, one of his friends, had provided a vessel for him, and without waiting for his son, he set sail with his stepson Granius. The young man arrived at the estates of Mucius, but he was surprised by the approach of day while he was getting something together and packing it up, and thus did not altogether escape the vigilance of his enemies, for some cavalry came to the spot, suspecting that Marius might be there. The overseer of the farm, seeing them approach, hid Marius in a waggon loaded with beans, and yoking the oxen to it he met the horsemen, on his road to the city, with the waggon. Marius was thus conveyed to the house of his wife, where he got what he wanted, and by night made his way to the sea, and, embarking in a vessel bound for Libya, arrived there in safety.

The elder Marius was carried along the coast of Italy by a favourable wind, but as he was afraid of one Geminus, a powerful man in Terracina, and an enemy of his, he ordered the sailors

to keep clear of that place. The sailors were willing to do as he wished, but the wind veering round and blowing from the sea with a great swell, they were afraid that the vessel could not stand the beating of the waves, and, as Marius also was much troubled with sickness, they made for land, and with great difficulty got to the coast near Circeii. As the storm increased and they wanted provisions, they landed from the vessel and wandered about without any definite object, but, as happens in cases of great difficulty, seeking merely to escape from the present evil as worst of all, and putting their hopes on the chances of fortune; for the land was their enemy, and the sea also, and they feared to fall in with men, and feared also not to fall in with men, because they were in want of provisions. After some time they met with a few herdsmen, who had nothing to give them in their need, but they recognised Marius, and advised him to get out of the way as quick as he could, for a number of horsemen had just been seen there riding about in quest of him. Thus surrounded by every difficulty, and his attendants fainting for want of food, he turned from the road, and, plunging into a deep forest, passed the night in great suffering. The next day, compelled by hunger, and wishing to make use of his remaining strength before he was completely exhausted, he went along the shore, encouraging his followers, and entreating them not to abandon the last hope, for which he reserved himself on the faith of an old prediction. For when he was quite a youth, and living in the country, he caught in his garment an eagle's nest as it was falling down, with seven young ones in it; which his parents, wondering at, consulted the soothsayers, who told them that their son would become the most illustrious of men, and that it was the will of fate that he should receive the supreme command and magistracy seven times. Some affirm that this really happened to Marius; but others say that those who were with Marius at this time and in the rest of his flight heard the story from him, and, believing it, recorded an event which is altogether fabulous. For an eagle has not more than two young ones at a time, and they say that Musæus was mistaken when he wrote of the eagle thus:—

“Lays three, two hatches, and one tends with care.”

But that Marius frequently during his flight, and when he was in the extremest difficulties, said that he should survive to enjoy a seventh consulship, is universally admitted.

They were now about twenty stadia from Minturnæ, an Italian city, when they saw at a distance a troop of horse riding towards them, and as it chanced two merchant vessels sailing along the coast. Running down to the sea as fast as they could and as their strength would allow, and throwing themselves into the water, they swam to the vessels. Granius, having got into one of the vessels, passed over to the island of Ænaria, which is off that coast. But Marius, who was heavy and unwieldy, was with difficulty held above the water by two slaves, and placed in the other vessel, the horsemen being now close to them and calling from the shore to the sailors either to bring the vessel to land, or to throw Marius overboard, and to set sail wherever they pleased. But as Marius entreated them with tears in his eyes, those who had command of the vessel, after changing their minds as to what they should do as often as was possible in so short a time, at last told the horsemen that they would not surrender Marius. The horsemen rode off in anger, and the sailors, again changing their minds, came to land, and casting anchor at the mouth of the Liris, which spreads out like a lake, they advised Marius to disembark, and take some food on land, and to rest himself from his fatigues till a wind should rise: they added, that it was the usual time for the sea-breeze to decline, and for a fresh breeze to spring up from the marshes. Marius did as they advised, and the sailors carried him out of the vessel and laid him on the grass, little expecting what was to follow. The sailors, immediately embarking again and raising the anchor, sailed off as fast as they could, not thinking it honourable to surrender Marius or safe to protect him. In this situation, deserted by everybody, he lay for some time silent on the shore, and at last, recovering himself with difficulty, he walked on with much pain, on account of there being no path. After passing through deep swamps and ditches full of water and mud, he came to the hut of an old man who worked in

the marshes, and, falling down at his feet, he entreated him to save and help a man who, if he escaped from the present dangers, would reward him beyond all his hopes. The man, who either knew Marius of old, or saw something in the expression of his countenance which indicated superior rank, said that his hut was sufficient to shelter him if that was all he wanted, but, if he was wandering about to avoid his enemies, he could conceal him in a place which was more retired. Upon Marius entreating him to do so, the old man took him to the marsh, and, bidding him lie down in a hole near the river, he covered Marius with reeds and other light things of the kind, which were well adapted to hide him without pressing too heavily.

After a short time a sound and noise from the hut reached the ears of Marius. Geminus of Terracina had sent a number of men in pursuit of him, some of whom had chanced to come there, and were terrifying the old man and rating him for having harboured and concealed an enemy of the Romans. Marius, rising from his hiding-place and stripping off his clothes, threw himself into the thick and muddy water of the march; and this was the cause of his not escaping the search of his pursuers, who dragged him out covered with mud, and, leading him naked to Minturnæ, gave him to the magistrates. Now, instructions had been already sent to every city, requiring the authorities to search for Marius, and to put him to death when he was taken. However, the magistrates thought it best to deliberate on the matter first, and in the meantime they lodged Marius in the house of a woman named Fannia, who was supposed not to be kindly disposed towards him, on account of an old grudge. Fannia had a husband, whose name was Tinnius, and on separating from him, she claimed her portion, which was considerable. The husband charged her with adultery, and Marius, who was then in his sixth consulship, presided as judge. But on the trial it appeared that Fannia had been a loose woman, and that her husband, though he knew it, took her to wife, and lived with her a long time; accordingly, Marius being disgusted with both of them, decreed that the man should return the woman's portion, but he imposed on the woman,

as a mark of infamy, a penalty of four copper coins. Fannia, however, did not on this occasion exhibit the feeling of a woman who had been wronged, but when she saw Marius, far from showing any resentment for the past, she did all that she could for him under the circumstances, and encouraged him. Marius thanked her, and said that he had good hopes, for a favourable omen had occurred to him, which was something of this sort: When they were leading him along, and he was near the house of Fannia, the doors being opened, an ass ran out to drink from a spring which was flowing hard by: the ass, looking at Marius in the face with a bold and cheerful air, at first stood opposite him, and then, making a loud braying, sprung past him, frisking with joy. From this Marius drew a conclusion, as he said, that the Deity indicated that his safety would come through the sea rather than through the land, for the ass did not betake himself to dry food, but turned from him to the water. Having said this to Fannia, he went to rest alone, bidding her close the door of the apartment.

The magistrates and council of Minturnæ, after deliberating, resolved that there ought to be no delay, and that they should put Marius to death. As none of the citizens would undertake to do it, a Gallic or Cimbrian horse-soldier (for the story is told both ways) took a sword and entered the apartment. Now, that part of the room in which Marius happened to be lying was not very well lighted, but was in shade, and it is said that the eyes of Marius appeared to the soldier to dart a strong flame, and a loud voice issued from the gloom—"Man, do you dare to kill Caius Marius?" The barbarian immediately took to flight, and, throwing the sword down, rushed through the door, calling out, "I cannot kill Caius Marius." This caused a general consternation, which was succeeded by compassion and change of opinion, and self-reproach for having come to so illegal and ungrateful a resolution concerning a man who had saved Italy, and whom it would be a disgrace not to assist. "Let him go, then," it was said, "where he pleases, as an exile, and suffer in some other place whatever fate has reserved for him. And let us pray that

the gods visit us not with their anger for ejecting Marius from our city in poverty and rags." Moved by such considerations, all in a body entered the room where Marius was, and, getting round him, began to conduct him to the sea. Though every man was eager to furnish something or other, and all were busying themselves, there was a loss of time. The grove of Marica, as it is called, obstructed the passage to the sea, for it was an object of great veneration, and it was a strict rule to carry nothing out of it that had ever been carried in ; and now, if they went all round it, there would of necessity be delay : but this difficulty was settled by one of the older men at last calling out, that no road was inaccessible or impassable by which Marius was saved ; and he was the first to take some of the things that they were conveying to the ship and to pass through the place.

Everything was soon got ready through these zealous exertions, and a ship was supplied for Marius by one Belæus, who afterwards caused a painting to be made representing these events, and dedicated it in the temple. Marius, embarking, was carried along by the wind, and by chance was taken to the island Ænaria, where he found Granius and the rest of his friends, and set sail with them for Libya. As their water failed, they were compelled to touch at Erycina in Sicily. Now the Roman quæstor, who happened to be about these parts on the look-out, was very near taking Marius when he landed ; and he killed about sixteen of the men who were sent to get water. Marius, hastily embarking and crossing the sea to the island of Meninx, there learnt for the first time that his son had escaped with Cethegus, and that they were going to Iampsas, (Hiempsal,) king of the Numidians, to ask aid of him. This news encouraged him a little, and he was emboldened to move from the island to the neighbourhood of Carthage. At this time the governor of Libya was Sextilius, a Roman, who had neither received injury nor favour from Marius, and it was expected that he would help him, at least, as far as feelings of compassion move a man. But no sooner had Marius landed with a few of his party, than an officer met him, and standing right in front of him, said, " The Gover-

nor Sextilius forbids you, Marius, to set foot on Libya, and he says that, if you do, he will support the decree of the Senate by treating you as an enemy." On hearing this, grief and indignation deprived Marius of utterance, and he was a long time silent, looking fixedly at the officer. Upon the officer asking Marius what he had to say, what reply he had for the governor, he answered with a deep groan, "Tell him you have seen Caius Marius a fugitive, sitting on the ruins of Carthage:" a reply in which he not unaptly compared the fate of that city and his own changed fortunes. In the meantime, Iampsas, the king of the Numidians, being unresolved which way to act, treated young Marius and his companions with respect, but still detained them on some new pretext whenever they wished to leave; and it was evident that he had no fair object in view in thus deferring their departure. However, an incident happened of no uncommon kind, which brought about their deliverance. The younger Marius was handsome, and one of the king's concubines was grieved to see him in a condition unbefitting his station; and this feeling of compassion was a beginning and motive towards love. At first, however, Marius rejected the woman's proposals, but seeing that there were no other means of escape, and that her conduct proceeded from more serious motives than mere passion, he accepted her proffered favours, and with her aid stole away with his friends and made his escape to his father. After embracing one another, they went along the shore, where they saw some scorpions fighting, which Marius considered to be a bad omen. Accordingly they forthwith embarked in a fishing boat, and passed over to the island Cercina, which was no great distance from the mainland; and it happened that they had only just set sail, when some horsemen, despatched by the king, were seen riding to the spot where they embarked. Marius thus escaped a danger equal to any that ever threatened him.

News reached Rome that Sulla was encountering the generals of Mithridates in Boeotia, while the consuls were quarrelling and taking up arms. A battle was fought, in which Octavius got the victory and ejected Cinna, who was attempting to govern by

violent means, and he put in Cinna's place, as consul, Cornelius Merula ; but Cinna collected troops in Italy and made war against Octavius. On hearing this, Marius determined to set sail immediately, which he did with some Moorish cavalry that he took from Africa, and some few Italians who had fled there, but the number of both together did not exceed a thousand. Coming to shore at Telamo, in Tyrrhenia, and landing there, Marius proclaimed freedom to the slaves ; and as the freemen who were employed in agriculture there, and in pasturing cattle, flocked to the sea, attracted by his fame, Marius persuaded the most vigorous of them to join him, and in a few days he had collected a considerable force and manned forty ships. Knowing that Octavius was an honourable man and wished to direct the administration in the justest way, but that Cinna was disliked by Sulla and opposed to the existing constitution, he determined to join him with his force. Accordingly, he sent to Cinna and proffered to obey him as consul in everything. Cinna accepted the proposal, and naming Marius proconsul, sent him fasces and the other insignia of the office. Marius, however, observing that such things were not suited to his fortunes, clad in a mean dress, with his hair uncut from the day that he had been an exile, and now above seventy years of age, advanced with slow steps, wishing to make himself an object of compassion ; but there was mingled with his abject mien more than his usual terrific expression of countenance, and through his downcast looks he showed that his passion, so far from being humbled, was infuriated by his reverses of fortune.

As soon as he had embraced Cinna and greeted the soldiers, Marius commenced active operations, and gave a great turn to affairs. First of all, by attacking the corn-vessels with his ships, and plundering the merchants, he made himself master of the supplies. He next sailed to the maritime cities, which he took ; and, finally, Ostia being treacherously surrendered to him, he made plunder of the property that he found there, and put to death many of the people, and by blocking up the river he completely cut off his enemies from all supplies by sea. He now

moved on with his army towards Rome, and occupied the Janiculus. Octavius damaged his own cause, not so much from want of skill as through his scrupulous observance of the law, to which he unwisely sacrificed the public interests ; for, though many persons advised him to invite the slaves to join him by promising their freedom, he refused to make them members of the state from which he was endeavouring to exclude Marius in obedience to the law. On the arrival at Rome of Metellus, the son of Metellus who had command in Libya, and had been banished from the city through the intrigues of Marius, the soldiers deserted Octavius, and came to Metellus, entreating him to take the command and save the city ; they said, if they had an experienced and active commander, they would fight well and get the victory. But Metellus expressed great dissatisfaction at their conduct, and bade them go to the consul, upon which they passed over to the enemy. Metellus also, in despair, left the city. But Octavius was persuaded by Chaldæans, and certain diviners and interpreters of the Sibylline books, to stay in Rome by the assurance that all would turn out well. Octavius, who, in all other matters had as solid a judgment as any Roman, and most carefully maintained the consular dignity free from all undue influence, according to the usage of his country and the laws, as if they were unchangeable rules, nevertheless showed great weakness in keeping company with impostors and diviners rather than with men versed in political and military matters. Now, Octavius was dragged down from the rostra before Marius entered the city, by some persons who were sent forward, and murdered ; and it is said that a Chaldæan writing was found in his bosom after he was killed. It seemed to be a very inexplicable circumstance that, of two illustrious commanders, Marius owed his success to not disregarding divination, and Octavius thereby lost his life.

Matters being in this state, the Senate met, and sent a deputation to Cinna and Marius to invite them into the city, and to entreat them to spare the citizens. Cinna, as consul, sitting on his chair of office, gave audience to the commissioners, and returned a kind answer : Marius stood by the consul's chair without speak-

ing a word, but indicating by the unchanging heaviness of his brow and his gloomy look that he intended to fill Rome with slaughter. After the audience was over, they marched to the city. Cinna entered, accompanied by his guards, but Marius, halting at the gates, angrily affected to have some scruples about entering: he said he was an exile, and was excluded from his country by a law, and if anybody wanted to have him in the city, they must go to the vote again and undo the vote by which he was banished, just as if he were a man who respected the laws and were returning from exile to a free state. Accordingly, he summoned the people to the forum; but before three or four of the tribes had voted, throwing off the mask, and setting aside all the talk about being legally recalled, he entered with some guards selected from the slaves who had flocked to him, and were called *Bardiæi*. These fellows killed many persons by his express orders, and many on the mere signal of his nod; and at last meeting with Ancharius, a senator who had filled the office of prætor, they struck him down with their daggers in the presence of Marius, when they saw that Marius did not salute him. After this, whenever he did not salute a man or return his salute, this was a signal for them to massacre him forthwith in the streets, in consequence of which even the friends of Marius were filled with consternation and horror when they approached him. The slaughter was now great, and Cinna's appetite was dulled and he was satisfied with blood; but Marius daily went on with his passion at the highest pitch and thirsting for vengeance, through the whole list of those whom he suspected in any degree. And every road and every city were filled with the pursuers, hunting out those who attempted to escape and conceal themselves; and the ties of hospitality and friendship were proved to be no security in misfortune, for there were very few who did not betray those who sought refuge with them. This rendered the conduct of the slaves of Cornutus the more worthy of praise and admiration, for they concealed their master at home, and hanging up by the neck the dead body of some obscure person, and putting a gold ring on his finger, they showed him to the guards of Marius,

and then, wrapping up the body as if it were their master's, they interred it. The device went unsuspected, and Cornutus being thus secreted by his slaves, made his escape to Gaul.

The orator Marcus Antonius found a faithful friend, but still he did not escape. This man, though poor, and of the lower class, received in his house one of the most illustrious of the Romans, and, wishing to entertain him as well as he could, he sent a slave to one of the neighbouring wine-shops to get some wine. As the slave was more curious than usual in tasting it, and told the man to give him some better wine, the merchant asked what could be the reason that he did not buy the new wine, as usual, and the ordinary wine, but wanted some of good quality and high price. The slave replied in his simplicity, as he was speaking to an old acquaintance, that his master was entertaining Marcus Antonius, who was concealed at his house. The wine-dealer, a faithless and unprincipled wretch, as soon as the slave left him, hurried off to Marius, who was at supper, and, having gained admission, told him that he would betray Marcus Antonius to him. On hearing this, Marius is said to have uttered a loud shout, and to have clapped his hands with delight; and he was near getting up and going to the place himself, but his friends stopped him, and he despatched Annius with some soldiers, with orders to bring him the head of Antonius immediately. On reaching the house, Annius waited at the door, and the soldiers, mounting the stairs, entered the room; but on seeing Antonius every man began to urge some of his companions and push him forward to do the deed instead of himself. And so powerful were the charm and persuasion of his eloquence, when Antonius began to speak and pray for his life, that not a man of them could venture to lay hands on him or look him in the face, but they all bent their heads down and shed tears. As this caused some delay, Annius went up-stairs, where he saw Antonius speaking and the soldiers awed and completely softened by his eloquence; on which he abused them, and running up to Antonius, cut off his head with his own hand. The friends of Catulus Lutatius, who had been joint-consul with Marius, and with him had triumphed over the

Cimbri, interceded for him with Marius, and begged for his life ; but the only answer they got was, " He must die ! " and accordingly Catulus shut himself up in a room, and lighting a quantity of charcoal, suffocated himself. Headless trunks, thrown into the streets and trampled under foot, excited no feeling of compassion, but only a universal shudder and alarm. But the people were most provoked by the licence of the Bardiaei, who murdered fathers of families in their houses, defiled their children, and violated their wives ; and they went on plundering and committing violence, till Cinna and Sertorius, combining, attacked them when they were asleep in the camp, and transfixed them with spears.

In the meantime, as if the wind was beginning to turn, reports reached Rome from all quarters that Sulla had finished the war with Mithridates, and recovered the provinces, and was sailing against the city with a large force. This intelligence caused a brief cessation and pause to unspeakable calamities, for Marius and his faction were in expectation of the immediate arrival of their enemies. Now being elected consul for the seventh time, on the very Calends of January, which is the beginning of the year, Marius caused one Sextus Lucinus to be thrown down the Tarpeian rock, which appeared to be a presage of the great misfortunes that were again to befall the partisans of Marius and the State. But Marius was now worn out with labour, and, as it were, drowned with cares, and cowed in his spirit : and the experience of past dangers and toil made him tremble at the thoughts of a new war, and fresh struggles and alarms ; and he could not sustain himself when he reflected that now he would have to hazard a contest, not with Octavius or Merula at the head of a tumultuous crowd and seditious rabble, but that Sulla was advancing—Sulla, who had once driven him from Rome, and had now confined Mithridates within the limits of his kingdom of Pontus. With his mind crushed by such reflections, and placing before his eyes his long wanderings and escapes and dangers in his flight by sea and by land, he fell into a state of deep despair, and was troubled with nightly alarms and terrific dreams, in which he thought he heard a voice continually calling out—

“ Dreadful is the lion’s lair
Though he is no longer there.”

As he greatly dreaded wakeful nights, he gave himself up to drinking and intoxication at unseasonable hours and to a degree unsuited to his age, in order to procure sleep, as if he could thus elude his cares. At last, when a man arrived with news from the sea, fresh terrors seized him, partly from fear of the future and partly from feeling the burden and the weariness of the present state of affairs ; and while he was in this condition a slight disturbance sufficed to bring on a kind of pleurisy, as the philosopher Posidonius relates, who also says that he had an interview and talked with him on the subject of his embassy, while Marius was sick. But one Caius Piso, an historian, says that Marius, while walking about with some friends after supper, fell to talking of the incidents of his life, beginning with his boyhood, and after enumerating his many vicissitudes of fortune, he said that no man of sense ought to trust fortune after such reverses ; upon which he took leave of his friends, and keeping his bed for seven successive days, thus died. Some say that his ambitious character was most completely disclosed during his illness by his falling into the extravagant delusion that he was conducting the war against Mithridates, and he would then put his body into all kinds of attitudes and movements, as he used to do in battle, and accompany them with loud shouts and frequent cheers. So strong and unconquerable a desire to be engaged in that war had his ambitious and jealous character instilled into him ; and therefore, though he had lived to be seventy years of age, and was the first Roman who had been seven times consul, and had made himself a family, and wealth enough for several kings, he still bewailed his fortune, and complained of dying before he had attained the fulness and completion of his desires.

161.—*Apophthegms.*—V.

VARIOUS.

COLERIDGE.—To leave the every-day circle of society, in which the literary and scientific rarely—the rest never—break through the spell of personality; where anecdote reigns everlastingly paramount and exclusive, and the mildest attempt to generalise the Babel of facts, and to control temporary and individual phenomena by the application of eternal and ever-ruling principles, is unintelligible to many, and disagreeable to more; to leave this species of converse, if converse it deserves to be called, and pass an entire day with Coleridge, was a marvellous change indeed. It was a Sabbath past expression, deep, and tranquil, and serene. You came to a man who had travelled in many countries and in critical times, who had seen and felt the world in most of its ranks and in many of its vicissitudes and weaknesses—one to whom all literature and genial art were absolutely subject, and to whom, with a reasonable allowance as to technical details, all science was in a most extraordinary degree familiar. Throughout a long-drawn summer's day would this man talk to you in low, equable, but clear and musical tones, concerning things human and divine; marshalling all history, harmonising all experiment, probing the depths of your consciousness, and revealing visions of glory and of terror to the imagination; but pouring withal such floods of light upon the mind, that you might for a season, like Paul, become blind in the very act of conversion. And this he would do without so much as one allusion to himself, without a word of reflection on others, save when any given act fell naturally in the way of his discourse, without one anecdote that was not proof and illustration of a previous position; gratifying no passion, indulging no caprice, but, with a calm mastery over your soul, leading you onward and onward for ever through a thousand windings, yet with no pause, to some magnificent point in which, as in a focus, all the parti-coloured rays of his discourse should converge in light. In all this he was, in truth, your teacher and guide; but in a little while you might

forget that he was other than a fellow-student and the companion of your way, so playful was his manner, so simple his language, so affectionate the glance of his pleasant eye !—HENRY COLERIDGE.

PARVER THE QUAKER, AND HIS TRANSLATION OF THE BIBLE.—Anthony Parver was a Quaker, poorer and less educated than most of his brethren ; by trade a shoemaker. Can any one assign a reason why so many shoemakers have become eminent for their genius or their enthusiasm ? The employment is still, often solitary, and allows a man to be meditative. Anthony Parver, as he worked with his awl, was overmastered with an idea that he was called and commanded to translate the Scriptures. His faith attributed the impulse, whose origin he could not trace in his own will or in the concatenation of his human thoughts, to the Divine Spirit. But, if he was an enthusiast, he was an enthusiast of much sanity ; for he sought the accomplishment of his end by the necessary means, and did not begin to translate till he had mastered the original tongues. We know not what assistance he received in this great undertaking, which was commenced when he had long outlived the years of physical docility ; but if it be true, as stated, that he began with the Hebrew first, (and it was the natural course to occur to his mind,) he must have had some, for there was then no Hebrew and English lexicon or grammar. However, he did acquire a competent knowledge of the Hebrew, Chaldee, and Syriac. He afterwards learned Greek, and Latin last of all. But still he could not have accomplished his purpose without pecuniary aid ; and that aid was liberally afforded by Dr Fothergill, at whose sole expense Parver's Translation of the Old and New Testaments, with notes critical and explanatory, in two volumes folio, was printed, and appeared in 1765. The cost of the work is stated at not less than £200. A short account of this extraordinary effort of faith and perseverance may be found in Southey's "Omniana." It is said to be remarkable for a close adherence to the Hebrew idiom. It has not apparently attracted as much notice among Biblical scholars as the curiosity, to say no more, of its production would seem to

challenge. We never saw it but, once, and that was in the library of a *Friend*. We doubt, indeed, whether any new translation, however learned, exact, or truly orthodox, will ever appear to English Christians to be the real Bible. The language of the authorised version is the perfection of English, and it can never be written again, for the language of prose is one of the few things in which the English have really degenerated. Our tongue has lost its holiness.—HARTLEY COLERIDGE. *Biographia Borealis, in Life of Dr John Fothergill*.

LITERARY QUACKS.—Literature has her quacks no less than medicine, and they are divided into two classes; those who have erudition without genius, and those who have volubility without depth; we shall get second-hand sense from the one, and original nonsense from the other.—COLTON

162.—Christian Charity.

J. B. SUMNER, *Archbishop of Canterbury*.

[THE late excellent Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr John Bird Sumner, was the son of the Rev. Robert Sumner, Vicar of Kenilworth and Stoneleigh, in Warwickshire. John Bird Sumner, in 1815, published his first work, entitled, "Apostolical Preaching." In 1816 appeared his "Records of Creation." To this remarkable work was awarded the second prize of £400, under the will of a Scotch gentleman named Burnett. In 1821 Dr Sumner published the Sermons from which we extract the passage below. All his works are distinguished by their earnest piety, their depth of thought, and elegance of language. When a Fellow of Eton College he addressed a series of discourses to the scholars, and the effect of his winning and impressive eloquence was a marked improvement in the moral habits of the whole school. The standard of thought and action was raised by the exhortations of a man of high talent thoroughly in earnest. He was created Bishop of Chester in 1828, and translated to the Primacy of all England in 1848. He died in 1862.]

My brethren, we are now, upon earth, masters of our own conduct, and accountable to no one here for the tempers which we cherish, or the dispositions we show. We may hate our enemies, and refuse to forgive an injury; we may *pass by on the other side*, while our neighbour is in grievous want; we may spend our sub-

stance in selfish gratifications, or lay it up for our children, and refuse meanwhile to bestow any portion of it upon the bodies or the souls of our poorer brethren ; and, at the same time, none have a right to call us to account, except by a friendly warning : God leaves us to follow our own bent : no fire comes down from heaven to consume the churlish or the malicious ; the sun shines alike on the merciful and on the uncharitable ; and the rain fertilises alike those fields which spread their bounty upon God's needy creatures, and those which enrich no one but their covetous owner. We are free to use as we like the gifts of Providence ; and this freedom affords the opportunity by which our characters are formed and displayed.

But it will not be always so. There will be a time when we must render an account ; when all superiority of strength, or talent, or influence, or place, or fortune, will be levelled ; when the strongest, and the cleverest, and the greatest, and the richest, must yield up and return their several gifts to Him who lent them ; and with their gifts must return an account of the way in which they have used them. The question will be, Have you used your strength to injure, your wit to insult, your power to oppress ? Have you, like the rich man in the parable, kept to yourself *your good things*, and taken no care to *lay up for yourself a good foundation against the time to come* ? Have you never thought of spreading around you, as far as your opportunities allowed, temporal comfort and religious knowledge ? Have you suffered the fatherless and widows to lie unfriended in their affliction, when you might have supported or consoled them ? Has the ignorant man, as far as concerned you, continued in his ignorance, and the wicked died in his sin ? Then you have shown yourself wanting in that quality which most certainly distinguishes the followers of Jesus : you have borne the name, but you have not possessed the spirit of a Christian : you have not been merciful in your generation ; and now you have no claim to mercy, when nothing else can snatch you from the *wrath to come*.

No doubt the scrutiny of *the great day* will extend much further, and relate to other qualities, besides the grace of charity.

Those on the right hand, who shall hear the summons, *Come, ye blessed children of my Father*, must be humble, and penitent, and meek, and pure in heart, as well as merciful. But the very prominent place which our Lord has assigned to charity in this awful description of the tribunal, where He will Himself appear in His glory as Judge, and *before Him shall be gathered all nations*, shows thus much, at least, that this virtue is indispensable ; is one by which the Christian must often examine himself, and prove his own soul ; inasmuch as, without it, his Saviour will not acknowledge him : he shall not *obtain mercy*. Not that charity, or any other virtue, can redeem us from the punishment of sin, or entitle us to the reward of heaven ; *eternal life is the gift of God through Jesus Christ*. It would be a miserable error for a man to suppose that by giving an alms he could atone for a crime, or by excusing his debtor here, clear his own account with God. Forgiveness and pity are necessary parts of that character which Christ will save, but cannot alone save us, or be placed in the stead of Christ. But, as I observed, they are necessary features of that character which Christ will save. Without these it will be in vain for a man to cry unto Him in that day, *Lord, Lord, have we not been called by thy name ?* He will still answer, You could not have a proper sense of the mercy which I showed, in *bearing your sins in my own body on the tree*, when you showed no mercy towards your own brethren, who had not offended you by ten thousand times as heavily as you have offended against your Almighty Father. Neither could you value your knowledge of my gospel, when you have employed no pains to give others that knowledge ; neither could you love your brethren, as I commanded you to love them, when you refused to do unto them as ye would they should do unto you : therefore, yours is not the character which shall *obtain mercy*, nor the character for which my heavenly kingdom is prepared.

My brethren, if any of you are conscious that you have not forgiven a neighbour when he trespassed against you ; if any of you are conscious that you have taken a malicious pleasure in making a brother's offences known, and injuring his credit ; if

any have pushed your rights to an extreme, and insisted on a severity of justice when you might rather have shown mercy and pity; if any have no feeling for their fellow-creatures' wants, and are contented to enjoy themselves, without bestowing a thought on those who have in this life *evil things*; you plainly perceive that the blessing bestowed on the merciful is not addressed to you: you must expect judgment without mercy, if you have shown no mercy. Pray therefore to the Lord Jesus Christ, that He who first set the most beautiful example of charity, and displayed His almighty power, not by removing mountains or destroying cities, but went about doing good, reforming the sinner, and curing the diseased, and relieving the distressed, and blessing those who persecuted Him, may "pour into your hearts that most excellent gift of charity, without which all other qualities are nothing worth." Whenever you are tempted to resent an injury, reflect with yourselves, has God no account against you? When you are inclined to speak, or to think, hardly of your neighbour, who may have fallen into sin, reflect, Am I so without sin that I can venture to *cast the first stone* against another? When you are unwilling to take some trouble, or to spare some little of your substance, to relieve another's wants, remember the sentence of your Lord and Judge, *Inasmuch as ye did it not unto one of the least of these, ye did it not unto me.*

163.—The Last of the Incas.

WILLIAM H. PRESCOTT.

[THE author of the histories of "Ferdinand and Isabella," and of the "Conquest of Peru," was an American writer, who took the very highest rank as an historian. Mr Prescott was born in 1796, the son of an eminent lawyer of Salem. He died in 1859. He won his reputation under physical difficulties; for, having lost one of his eyes by an accident while at Harvard College, the sight of the other had at various periods so failed him that he was either wholly unable to pursue his studies, or pursued them under no common disadvantages. The defect of his sight was at last compensated by the strength of his will; and he made himself master of a vast mass of information from

Spanish sources for his "History of Ferdinand and Isabella," by having the works read to him. Johnson said that Milton could not write history with the eyes of others, but Prescott accomplished this task. Of late years his sight had been partially recovered. The extract from the "Conquest of Peru," describing the treacherous capture of the last Inca by the Spanish invaders, may be fitly introduced by another passage from the same work.]

"It is not easy at this time to comprehend the impulse given to Europe by the discovery of America. It was not the gradual acquisition of some border territory, a province, or a kingdom, that had been gained; but a new world that was now thrown open to the European. The races of animals, the mineral trea-



asures, the vegetable forms, and the varied aspects of nature, man in the different phases of civilisation, filled the mind with entirely new sets of ideas, that changed the habitual current of thought, and stimulated it to indefinite conjecture. The eagerness to explore the wonderful secrets of the new hemisphere became so active, that the principal cities of Spain were, in a manner depopulated, as emigrants thronged one after another to take their chance upon the deep. It was a world of romance that was thrown open; for, whatever might be the luck of the adventurer,

his reports on his return were tinged with a colouring of romance that stimulated still higher the sensitive fancies of his countrymen, and nourished the chimerical sentiments of an age of chivalry. They listened with attentive ears to tales of Amazons, which seemed to realise the classic legends of antiquity; to stories of Patagonian giants; to flaming pictures of an *El Dorado*, where the sands sparkled with gems, and golden pebbles as large as birds' eggs were dragged in nets out of the rivers.

"Yet that the adventurers were no impostors, but dupes, too easy dupes, of their own credulous fancies, is shown by the extravagant character of their enterprises: by expeditions in search of the magical Fountain of Health, of the golden Temple of Doboyba, of the golden sepulchres of Yenu—for gold was ever floating before their distempered vision, and the name of *Castilla del Ora*, (Golden Castile,) the most unhealthy and unprofitable region of the Isthmus, held out a bright promise to the unfortunate settler, who too frequently instead of gold found there only his grave.

"In this realm of enchantment all the accessories served to maintain the illusion. The simple natives, with their defenceless bodies and rude weapons, were no match for the European warrior armed to the teeth in mail. The odds were as great as those found in any legend of chivalry, where the lance of the good knight overturned hundreds at a touch. The perils that lay in the discoverer's path, and the sufferings he had to sustain, were scarcely inferior to those that beset the knight-errant. Hunger, and thirst, and fatigue, the deadly effluvia of the morass, with its swarms of venomous insects, the cold of mountain snows, and the scorching sun of the tropics,—these were the lot of every cavalier who came to seek his fortunes in the New World. It was the reality of romance. The life of the Spanish adventurer was one chapter more, and not the least remarkable, in the chronicles of knight-errantry.

"The character of the warrior took somewhat of the exaggerated colouring shed over his exploits. Proud and vainglorious, swelled with lofty anticipations of his destiny, and an invincible

confidence in his own resources, no danger could appal and no toil could tire him. The greater the danger, indeed, the higher the charm; for his soul revelled in excitement, and the enterprise without peril wanted that spur of romance which was necessary to rouse their energies into action. Yet in the motives of action meaner influences were strangely mingled with the loftier, the temporal with the spiritual. Gold was the incentive and the recompense, and in the pursuit of it his inflexible nature rarely hesitated as to the means. His courage was sullied with cruelty, the cruelty that flowed equally, strange as it may seem, from his avarice and his religion; religion as it was understood in that age—the religion of the Crusader. It was the convenient cloak for a multitude of sins, which covered them even from himself. The Castilian, too proud for hypocrisy, committed more cruelties in the name of religion than were ever practised by the pagan idolater or the fanatical Moslem. The burning of the infidel was a sacrifice acceptable to Heaven, and the conversion of those who survived amply atoned for the foulest offences. It is a melancholy and mortifying consideration that the most uncompromising spirit of intolerance—the spirit of the Inquisitor at home, and of the Crusader abroad—should have emanated from a religion which preached ‘peace upon earth, and good-will towards man!’

“What a contrast did these children of Southern Europe present to the Anglo-Saxon races, who scattered themselves along the great northern division of the western hemisphere! For the principle of action with these latter was not avarice, nor the more specious pretext of proselytism, but independence—independence religious and political. To secure this, they were content to earn a bare subsistence by a life of frugality and toil. They asked nothing from the soil but the reasonable returns of their own labour. No golden visions threw a deceitful halo around their path, and beckoned them onwards through seas of blood to the subversion of an unoffending dynasty. They were content with the slow but steady progress of their social polity. They patiently endured the privations of the wilderness, watering the

tree of liberty with their tears and with the sweat of their brow, till it took deep root in the land and sent up its branches high towards the heavens, while the communities of the neighbouring continent, shooting up into the sudden splendours of a tropical vegetation, exhibited, even in their prime, the sure symptoms of decay.

“It would seem to have been especially ordered by Providence, that the discovery of the two great divisions of the American hemisphere should fall to the two races best fitted to conquer and colonise them. Thus the northern section was consigned to the Anglo-Saxon race, whose orderly industrious habits found an ample field for development under its colder skies and on its more rugged soil ; while the southern portion, with its rich tropical products and treasures of mineral wealth, held out the most attractive bait to invite the enterprise of the Spaniard. How different might have been the result, if the bark of Columbus had taken a more northerly direction, as he at one time meditated, and landed its band of adventurers on the shores of what is now Protestant America !”

The clouds of the evening had passed away, and the sun rose bright on the following morning, the most remarkable epoch in the annals of Peru. It was Saturday, the 16th of November 1532. The loud cry of the trumpet called the Spaniards to arms with the first streak of dawn ; and Pizarro, briefly acquainting them with the plan of the assault, made the necessary dispositions.

The *plaza* was defended on its three sides by low ranges of buildings, consisting of spacious halls with wide doors or vomitories opening into the square. In these halls he stationed his cavalry in two divisions, one under his brother Hernando, the other under Do Soto. The infantry he placed in another of the buildings, reserving twenty chosen men to act with himself as occasion might require. Pedro de Candia, with a few soldiers and the artillery, comprehending under this imposing name two small pieces of ordnance called falconets, he established in the

fortress. All received orders to wait at their posts till the arrival of the Inca. After his entrance into the great square, they were still to remain under cover, withdrawn from observation, till the signal was given by the discharge of a gun, when they were to cry their war-cries, to rush out in a body from their covert, and, putting the Peruvians to the sword, bear off the person of the Inca. The arrangements of the immense halls, opening on a level with the *plaza*, seemed to be contrived on purpose for a *coup de théâtre*. Pizarro particularly inculcated order and implicit obedience, that in the hurry of the moment there should be no confusion. Everything depended on their acting with concert, coolness, and celerity.

The chief next saw that their arms were in good order, and that the breastplates of their horses were garnished with bells, to add by their noise to the consternation of the Indians. Refreshments were also liberally provided, that the troops should be in condition for the conflict. These arrangements being completed, mass was performed with great solemnity by the ecclesiastics who attended the expedition : the God of battles was invoked to spread his shield over the soldiers who were fighting to extend the empire of the cross ; and all joined with enthusiasm in the chant, "*Exsurge, Domine,*" (Rise, O Lord ! and judge thine own cause.") One might have supposed them a company of martyrs, about to lay down their lives in defence of their faith, instead of a licentious band of adventurers, meditating one of the most atrocious acts of perfidy on the record of history ; yet, whatever were the vices of the Castilian cavalier, hypocrisy was not among the number. He felt that he was battling for the Cross, and under this conviction, exalted as it was at such a moment as this into the predominant impulse, he was blind to the baser motives which mingled with the enterprise. With feelings thus kindled to a flame of religious ardour, the soldiers of Pizarro looked forward with renovated spirits to the coming conflict ; and the chieftain saw with satisfaction that in the hour of trial his men would be true to their leader and themselves.

It was late in the day before any movement was visible in the

Peruvian camp, where much preparation was making to approach the Christian quarters with due state and ceremony. A message was received from Atahualpa, informing the Spanish commander that he should come with his warriors fully armed, in the same manner as the Spaniards had come to his quarters the night preceding. This was not an agreeable intimation to Pizarro, though he had no reason, probably, to expect the contrary. But to object might imply distrust, or perhaps disclose, in some measure, his own designs. He expressed his satisfaction, therefore, at the intelligence, assuring the Inca that, come as he would, he would be received by him as a friend and brother.

It was noon before the Indian procession was on its march, when it was seen occupying the great causeway for a long extent. In front came a large body of attendants, whose office seemed to be to sweep away every particle of rubbish from the road. High above the crowd appeared the Inca, borne on the shoulders of his principal nobles, while others of the same rank marched by the sides of his litter, displaying such a dazzling show of ornaments on their persons, that, in the language of one of the conquerors, "they blazed like the sun." But the greater part of the Inca's forces mustered along the fields that lined the road, and were spread over the broad meadows as far as the eye could reach.

When the royal procession had arrived within half a mile of the city, it came to a halt; and Pizarro saw, with surprise, that Atahualpa was preparing to pitch his tents, as if to encamp there. A messenger soon after arrived, informing the Spaniards that the Inca would occupy his present station the ensuing night, and enter the city on the following morning.

This intelligence greatly disturbed Pizarro, who had shared in the general impatience of his men at the tardy movements of the Peruvians. The troops had been under arms since daylight, the cavalry mounted, and the infantry at their post, waiting in silence the coming of the Inca. A profound stillness reigned throughout the town, broken only at intervals by the cry of the sentinel from the summit of the fortress, as he proclaimed the movements of the Indian army. Nothing, Pizarro well knew, was so trying

to the soldiers as prolonged suspense, in a critical situation like the present ; and he feared lest his ardour might evaporate, and be succeeded by that nervous feeling natural to the bravest soul at such a crisis, and which, if not fear, is near akin to it. He returned an answer, therefore, to Atahualpa, deprecating his change of purpose ; and adding, that he had provided everything for his entertainment, and expected him that night to sup with him.

This message turned the Inca from his purpose ; and, striking his tents again, he resumed his march, first advising the general that he should leave the greater part of his warriors behind, and enter the place with only a few of them, and without arms, as he preferred to pass the night at Caxamalca. At the same time he ordered accommodations to be provided for himself and his retinue in one of the large stone buildings, called, from a serpent sculptured on the walls, "The House of the Serpent." No tidings could have been more grateful to the Spaniards. It seemed as if the Indian monarch was eager to rush into the snare that had been spread for him ! The fanatical cavalier could not fail to discern in it the immediate finger of Providence.

It is difficult to account for this wavering conduct of Atahualpa, so different from the bold and decided character which history ascribes to him. There is no doubt that he made his visit to the white men in perfect good faith, though Pizarro was probably right in conjecturing that this amiable disposition stood on a very precarious footing. There is as little reason to suppose that he distrusted the sincerity of the strangers, or he would not thus unnecessarily have proposed to visit them unarmed. His original purpose of coming with all his force was doubtless to display his royal state, and perhaps, also, to show greater respect for the Spaniards ; but when he consented to accept their hospitality ; and pass the night in their quarters, he was willing to dispense with a great part of his armed soldiery, and visit them in a manner that implied entire confidence in their good faith. He was too absolute in his own empire easily to suspect ; and he probably could not comprehend the audacity with which a few men,

like those now assembled in Caxamalca, meditated an assault on a powerful monarch in the midst of his victorious army. He did not know the character of the Spaniard.

It was not long before sunset when the van of the royal procession entered the gates of the city. First came some hundreds of the menials, employed to clear the path from every obstacle, and singing songs of triumph as they came, "which, in our ears," says one of the conquerors, "sounded like the songs of hell!" Then followed other bodies of different ranks, and dressed in different liveries. Some wore a showy stuff, checkered white and red, like the squares of a chess-board. Others were clad in pure white, bearing hammers or maces of silver or copper; and the guards, together with those in immediate attendance on the prince, were distinguished by a rich azure livery, and a profusion of gay ornaments, while the large pendants attached to the ears indicated the Peruvian noble.

Elevated high above his vassals came the Inca Atahualpa, borne on a sedan or open litter, on which was a sort of throne made of massive gold of inestimable value. The palanquin was lined with the richly-coloured plumes of tropical birds, and studded with shining plates of gold and silver. The monarch's attire was much richer than on the preceding evening. Round his neck was suspended a collar of emeralds, of uncommon size and brilliancy. His short hair was decorated with golden ornaments, and the imperial *borla* encircled his temples. The bearing of the Inca was sedate and dignified; and from his lofty station he looked down on the multitudes below with an air of composure, like one accustomed to command.

As the leading lines of the procession entered the great square—larger, says an old chronicler, than any square in Spain—they opened to the right and left for the royal retinue to pass. Everything was conducted with admirable order. The monarch was permitted to traverse the *plaza* in silence, and not a Spaniard was to be seen. When some five or six thousand of his people had entered the place, Atahualpa halted, and, turning round with an inquiring look, demanded, "Where are the strangers?"

At this moment Fray Vicente de Valverde, a Dominican friar, Pizarro's chaplain, and afterwards Bishop of Cuzco, came forward with his breviary, or, as other accounts say, a Bible, in one hand and a crucifix in the other, and, approaching the Inca, told him that he came by order of his commander to expound to him the doctrines of the true faith, for which purpose the Spaniards had come from a great distance to his country. The friar then explained, as clearly as he could, the mysterious doctrine of the Trinity, and, ascending high in his account, began with the creation of man, thence passed to his fall, to his subsequent redemption by Jesus Christ, to the crucifixion, and the ascension, when the Saviour left the Apostle Peter as his vicegerent upon earth. This power had been transmitted to the successors of the apostle, good and wise men, who, under the title of Popes, held authority over all powers and potentates on earth. One of the last of these Popes had commissioned the Spanish emperor, the most mighty monarch in the world, to conquer and convert the natives in this western hemisphere ; and his general, Francisco Pizarro, had now come to execute this important mission. The friar concluded with beseeching the Peruvian monarch to receive him kindly, to abjure the errors of his own faith, and embrace that of the Christians now proffered to him, the only one by which he could hope for salvation ; and, furthermore, to acknowledge himself a tributary of the Emperor Charles the Fifth, who, in that event, would aid and protect him as his loyal vassal.

Whether Atahualpa possessed himself of every link in the curious chain of argument by which the monk connected Pizarro with Saint Peter, may be doubted. It is certain, however, that he must have had very incorrect notions of the Trinity, if, as Garcilasso states, the interpreter, Felipillo, explained it by saying, that "the Christians believed in three Gods and one God, and that made four." But there is no doubt he perfectly comprehended that the drift of the discourse was to persuade him to resign his sceptre and acknowledge the supremacy of another.

The eyes of the Indian monarch flashed fire, and his dark brow grew darker as he replied, "I will be no man's tributary !

I am greater than any prince upon earth. Your emperor may be a great prince ; I do not doubt it when I see that he has sent his subjects so far across the waters ; and I am willing to hold him as a brother. As for the Pope of whom you speak, he must be crazy to talk of giving away countries which do not belong to him. For my faith," he continued, "I will not change it. Your own God, as you say, was put to death by the very men whom He created. But mine," he concluded, pointing to his deity—then, alas ! sinking in glory behind the mountains—"my God still lives in the heavens, and looks down on his children."

He then demanded of Valverde by what authority he had said these things. The friar pointed to the book which he held as his authority. Atahualpa, taking it, turned over the pages a moment ; then, as the insult he had received probably flashed across his mind, he threw it down with vehemence, and exclaimed, "Tell your comrades that they shall give me an account of their doings in my land. I will not go from here till they have made me full satisfaction for all the wrongs they have committed."

The friar, greatly scandalised by the indignity offered to the sacred volume, stayed only to pick it up, and, hastening to Pizarro, informed him of what had been done, exclaiming at the same time, "Do you not see, that, while we stand here wasting our breath in talking with this dog, full of pride as he is, the fields are filling with Indians? Set on at once! I absolve you." Pizarro saw that the hour had come. He waved a white scarf in the air, the appointed signal. The fatal gun was fired from the fortress. Then, springing into the square, the Spanish captain and his followers shouted the old war-cry of "St Jago and at them!" It was answered by the battle-cry of every Spaniard in the city, as, rushing from the avenues of the great halls in which they were concealed, they poured into the *plaza*, horse and foot, each in his own dark column, and threw themselves into the midst of the Indian crowd. The latter, taken by surprise, stunned by the report of artillery and muskets, the echoes of which reverberated like thunder from the surrounding buildings, and blinded by the smoke which rolled in sulphurous volumes along the square, were

seized with a panic. They knew not whither to fly for refuge from the coming ruin. Nobles and commoners, all were trampled down under the fierce charge of the cavalry, who dealt their blows right and left without sparing ; while their swords, flashing through the thick gloom, carried dismay into the hearts of the wretched natives, who now, for the first time, saw the horse and his rider in all their terrors. They made no resistance, as, indeed, they had no weapons with which to make it. Every avenue to escape was closed, for the entrance to the square was choked up with the dead bodies of men who had perished in vain efforts to fly ; and such was the agony of the survivors under the terrible pressure of their assailants, that a large body of Indians, by their convulsive struggles, burst through the wall of stone and dried clay, which formed part of the boundary of the *plaza* ! It fell, leaving an opening of more than a hundred paces, through which multitudes now found their way into the country, still hotly pursued by the cavalry, who, leaping the fallen rubbish, hung on the rear of the fugitives, striking them down in all directions.

Meanwhile the fight, or rather massacre, continued hot around the Inca, whose person was the great object of the assault. His faithful nobles, rallying about him, threw themselves in the way of the assailants, and strove, by tearing them from their saddles, or, at least, by offering their own bosoms as a mark for their vengeance, to shield their beloved master. It is said by some authorities that they carried weapons concealed under their clothes. If so, it availed them little, as it is not pretended that they used them. But the most timid animal will defend itself when at bay. That they did not so in the present instance is proof that they had no weapons to use. Yet they still continued to force back the cavaliers, clinging to their horses with dying grasp, and, as one was cut down, another taking the place of his fallen comrade with a loyalty truly affecting.

The Indian monarch, stunned and bewildered, saw his faithful subjects falling round him without hardly comprehending his situation. The litter on which he rode heaved to and fro, as the mighty press swayed backwards and forwards ; and he gazed on

the overwhelming ruin, like some forlorn mariner, who, tossed about in his bark by the furious elements, sees the lightning's flash and hears the thunder bursting around him, with the consciousness that he can do nothing to avert his fate. At length, weary with the work of destruction, the Spaniards, as the shades of evening grew deeper, felt afraid that the royal prize might, after all, elude them ; and some of the cavaliers made a desperate effort to end the affray at once by taking Atahualpa's life. But Pizarro, who was nearest his person, called out with stentorian voice, " Let no one, who values his life, strike at the Inca ;" and, stretching out his arm to shield him, received a wound on the hand from one of his own men—the only wound received by a Spaniard in the action.

The struggle now became fiercer than ever round the royal litter. It reeled more and more, and at length, several of the nobles who supported it having been slain, it was overturned, and the Indian prince would have come with violence to the ground, had not his fall been broken by the efforts of Pizarro and some other of the cavaliers, who caught him in their arms. The imperial *borla* was instantly snatched from his temples by a soldier named Estete, and the unhappy monarch, strongly secured, was removed to a neighbouring building, where he was carefully guarded.

All attempt at resistance now ceased. The fate of the Inca soon spread over town and country. The charm which might have held the Peruvians together was dissolved. Every man thought only of his own safety. Even the soldiery encamped on the adjacent fields took alarm, and, learning the fatal tidings, were seen flying in every direction before their pursuers, who, in the heat of triumph, showed no touch of mercy. At length night, more pitiful than man, threw her friendly mantle over the fugitives, and the scattered troops of Pizarro rallied once more to the sound of the trumpet in the bloody square of Caxamalca.

164.—The Rise of Wolsey.

CAVENDISH.

It chanced at a certain season that the king had an urgent occasion to send an ambassador unto the Emperor Maximilian, who lay at that present in the low country of Flanders, not far from Calais. The Bishop of Winchester and Sir Thomas Lovell, whom the king most highly esteemed, as chief among his counsellors, (the king one day counselling and debating with them upon his embassy,) saw they had a convenient occasion to prefer the king's chaplain, whose excellent wit, eloquence, and learning, they highly commended, to the king. The king giving ear unto them, and being a prince of an excellent judgment and modesty, commanded them to bring his chaplain, whom they so much commended, before his grace's presence. At whose repair thither, to prove the wit of his chaplain, the king fell in communication with him in matters of weight and gravity, and, perceiving his wit to be very fine, thought him sufficient to be put in authority and trust with this embassy; and commanded him thereupon to prepare himself to this enterprise and journey, and for his *dépêche** to repair to his grace and his trusty counsellors aforesaid, of whom he should receive his commission and instructions. By means whereof he had then a due occasion to repair from time to time into the king's presence, who perceived him more and more to be a very wise man, and of a good entendment.† And after his *dépêche* he took his leave of the king at Richmond about noon, and so came to London with speed, about four of the clock, where then the barge of Gravesend was ready to launch forth, both with a prosperous tide and wind. Without any further abode he entered the barge, and so passed forth. His happy speed was such that he arrived at Gravesend within little more than three hours, where he tarried no longer than his post horses were provided; and travelling so speedily with post horses, that he came to Dover the next morning early, whereas the passengers were ready,

* Despatch.

† Understanding.

under sail displayed, to sail to Calais. Into which passengers, without any farther abode, he entered and sailed forth with them, so that he arrived at Calais within three hours, and having there post horses in a readiness, departed incontinent, making such hasty speed, that he was that night with the emperor ; who, having understanding of the coming of the king of England's ambassador, would in no wise defer the time, but sent incontinent for him, (his affection unto King Henry the Seventh was such that he rejoiced when he had an occasion to show him 'pleasure.) The ambassador, having opportunity, disclosed the sum of his embassy unto the emperor, of whom he required speedy expedition, the which was granted ; so that the next day he was clearly despatched, with all the king's requests fully accomplished. At which time he made no farther tarriance, but with post horses rode incontinent that night towards Calais again, conducted thither with such number of horsemen as the emperor had appointed, and was at the opening of the gates there, where the passengers were as ready to return into England as they were before in his advancing ; insomuch that he arrived at Dover by ten of the clock before noon ; and having post horses in a readiness came to the court at Richmond that night. Where he, taking his rest for that time until the morning, repaired to the king at his first coming out of his grace's bedchamber, towards his closet to hear mass. Whom (when he saw) he checked him for that he was not past on his journey. "Sir," quoth he, "if it may stand with your highness's pleasure, I have already been with the emperor, and despatched your affairs, I trust, to your grace's contentation." And with that delivered unto the king the emperor's letters of credence. The king, being in a great confuse and wonder of his hasty speed with ready furniture of all his proceedings, dissimuled all his imagination and wonder in that matter, and demanded of him whether he encountered not his pursuivant, the which he sent unto him (supposing him not to be scantily out of London) with letters concerning a very necessary cause, neglected in his commission and instructions, the which the king coveted much to be sped. "Yes, forsooth, sire," quoth he, "I

encountered him yesterday by the way ; and having no understanding by your grace's letters of your pleasure therein, have, notwithstanding been so bold, upon mine own discretion (perceiving that matter to be very necessary in that behalf) to despatch the same. And forasmuch as I have exceeded your grace's commission, I most humbly require your grace's remission and pardon." The king, rejoicing inwardly not a little, said again, "We do not only pardon you thereof, but also give you our princely thanks, both for the proceeding therein, and also for your good and speedy exploit," commanding him for that time to take his rest, and to repair again to him after dinner for the farther relation of his embassy. The king then went to mass ; and after at convenient time he went to dinner.

It is not to be doubted but that this ambassador hath been since his return with his great friends, the Bishop of Winchester and Sir Thomas Lovell, to whom he hath declared the effect of all his speedy progress ; nor yet what joy they conceived thereof. And after his departure from the king in the morning, his highness sent for the bishop and Sir Thomas Lovell, to whom he declared the wonderful expedition of his ambassador, commending therewith his excellent wit, and in especial the invention and advancing of the matter left out of his commission and instructions. The king's words rejoiced these worthy counsellors not a little, forasmuch as he was of their preferment.

Then, when this ambassador remembered the king's commandment, and saw the time draw fast on of his repair before the king and his council, he prepared him in a readiness, and resorted unto the place assigned by the king, to declare his embassy. Without all doubt he reported the effect of all his affairs and proceedings so exactly, with such gravity and eloquence, that all the council that heard him could do no less but commend him, esteeming his expedition to be almost beyond the capacity of man. The king, of his mere motion and gracious consideration, gave him at that time for his diligent and faithful service, the deanery of Lincoln, which at that time was one of the worthiest spiritual promotions that he gave under the degree of a bishopric.

And thus from thenceforward he grew more and more into estimation and authority, and after was promoted to be his almoner. Here may all men note the chances of Fortune that followeth some whom she listeth to promote, and even so to some her favour is contrary, though they should travail never so much, with all the urgent diligence and painful study that they could devise or imagine; whereof for my part, I have tasted of the experience.

Now we shall understand that all this tale that I have declared of his good expedition in the king's embassy, I received it of his own mouth and report, after his fall, lying at that time in the great park of Richmond, I being then there attending upon him; taking an occasion upon divers communications to tell me this journey, with all the circumstances as I have here before rehearsed.

165.—Summer.—II.

VARIOUS.

[IN this volume we have given some of the passages of the Poets' description of Summer. We now add some further extracts connected with that season, and we commence with Mrs BARBAULD'S "Summer Evening's Meditation." There are some splendid lines in this poem, and Leigh Hunt justly says, that it presents "to the reader's imagination the picture of a fine-minded female wrapt up in thought and devotion."]

'Tis past! the sultry tyrant of the south
Has spent his short-lived rage: more grateful hours
Move silent on; the skies no more repel
The dazzled sight, but, with mild maiden beams
Of temper'd light, invite the cherish'd eye
To wander o'er their sphere, where, hung aloft,
Dian's bright crescent, "like a silver bow
New strung in heaven," lifts high its beamy horns,
Impatient for the night, and seems to push
Her brother down the sky. Fair Venus shines,
Even in the eye of day; with sweetest beam

Propitious shines, and shakes a trembling flood
Of soften'd radiance from her dewy loins.
The shadows spread apace; while meeken'd Eve,
Her cheek yet warm with blushes, slow retires
Through the Hesperian gardens of the west,
And shuts the gates of day. 'Tis now the hour
When Contemplation, from her sunless haunts,
The cool damp grotto, or the lonely depth
Of unpierced woods, where, wrapt in solid shade,
She mused away the gaudy hours of noon,
And, fed on thoughts unripen'd by the sun,
Moves forward, and with radiant finger points
To yon blue concave swell'd by breath divine,
Where, one by one, the living eyes of heaven
Awake, quick kindling o'er the face of ether
One boundless blaze; ten thousand trembling fires,
And dancing lustres, where the unsteady eye,
Restless and dazzled, wanders unconfined
O'er all this field of glories; spacious field,
And worthy of the Master: He whose hand,
With hieroglyphics older than the Nile
Inscribed the mystic tablet; hung on high
To public gaze; and said, Adore, O man,
The finger of thy God! From what pure wells
Of milky light, what soft o'erflowing urn,
Are all these lamps so fill'd? these friendly lamps
For ever streaming o'er the azure deep
To point our path, and light us to our home.
How soft they slide along their lucid spheres,
And, silent as the foot of time, fulfil
Their destined course! Nature's self is hush'd,
And, but a scatter'd leaf, which rustles through
The thick-wove foliage, not a sound is heard
To break the midnight air; though the raised ear,
Intensely listening, drinks in every breath.
How deep the silence, yet how loud the praise!

But are they silent all? or is there not
A tongue in every star that talks with man,
And woos him to be wise? nor woos in vain :
This dead of midnight is the noon of thought,
And wisdom mounts her zenith with the stars.
At this still hour the self-collected soul
Turns inward, and beholds a stranger there
Of high descent, and more than mortal rank ;
An embryo god ; a spark of fire divine,
Which must burn on for ages, when the sun
(Fair transitory creature of a day)
Has closed his golden eye, and, wrapt in shades,
Forgets his wonted journey through the east.

Ye citadels of light, and seats of gods—
Perhaps my future home, from whence the soul,
Revolving periods past, may oft look back,
With recollected tenderness, on all
The various busy scenes she left below,
Its deep-laid projects and its strange events,
As on some fond and doting tale that soothed
Her infant hours—oh, be it lawful now
To tread the hallowed circle of your courts,
And with mute wonder and delighted awe
Approach your burning confines! Seized in thought,
On fancy's wild and roving wing I sail
From the green borders of the peopled earth,
And the pale moon, her duteous fair attendant;
From solitary Mars ; from the vast orb
Of Jupiter, whose huge gigantic bulk
Dances in ether like the lightest leaf ;
To the dim verge, the suburbs of the system,
Where cheerless Saturn, 'midst his watery moons,
Girt with a lucid zone, in gloomy pomp,
Sits like an exiled monarch ; fearless thence
I launch into the trackless deeps of space,

Where, burning round, ten thousand suns appear,
Of elder beams; which ask no leave to shine
Of our terrestrial star, nor borrow light
From the proud regent of our scanty day;
Sons of the morning, first-born of creation,
And only less than Him who marks their track,
And guides their fiery wheels. Here must I stop,
Or is there aught beyond? What hand unseen
Impels me onward, through the glowing orbs
Of habitable nature far remote,
To the dread confines of eternal night,
To solitudes of vast unpeopled space,
The deserts of creation wide and wild,
Where embryo systems and unkindled suns
Sleep in the womb of chaos? Fancy droops,
And Thought, astonish'd, stops her bold career.
But, O thou mighty Mind! whose powerful word
Said, Thus let all things be, and thus they were,
Where shall I seek thy presence? how unblamed
Invoke Thy dread perfection?—
Have the broad eyelids of the morn beheld Thee?
Or does the beamy shoulder of Orion
Support Thy throne? Oh, look with pity down
On erring, guilty man! not in Thy names
Of terror clad; not with those thunders arm'd
That conscious Sinai felt when fear appall'd
The scatter'd tribes! Thou hast a gentler voice,
That whispers comfort to the swelling heart
Abash'd, yet longing to behold her Maker.

But now my soul, unused to stretch her powers
In flight so daring, drops her weary wing,
And seeks again the known accusom'd spot,
Drest up with sun, and shade, and laws, and streams
A mansion fair and spacious for its guest,
And full, replete with wonders. Let me here,

Content and grateful, wait the appointed time,
And ripen for the skies. The hour will come
When all these splendours, bursting on my sight,
Shall stand unveil'd, and to my ravish'd sense
Unlock the glories of the world unknown.

There is a fine simplicity and a great moral truth in these old quaint lines of
SURREY :—

When Summer took in hand the Winter to assail,
With force of might, and virtue great, his stormy blasts to quail ;
And when he clothed fair the earth about with green,
And every tree new garmented, that pleasure was to seen :
Mine heart gan new revive, and changed blood did stir,
Me to withdraw my winter woes, that kept within the durre.
“ Abroad,” quoth my desire, “ assay to set thy foot ;
Where thou shalt find the savour sweet ; for sprung is every root.
And to thy health, if thou wert sick, in any case,
Nothing more good than in the spring the air to feel a space.
There shalt thou hear and see all kinds of birds y-wrought,
Well time their voice with warble small, as nature hath them
taught.”
Thus pricked me my lust the sluggish house to leave,
And for my health I thought it best such counsel to receive.

In THOMSON'S “ Castle of Indolence ” there are descriptive passages which
in our view are finer and more luxuriant than any portion of his “ Seasons.”

It was, I ween, a lovely spot of ground :
And there a season atween June and May,
Half pranked with spring, with summer half imbrown'd,
A listless climate made, where, sooth to say,
No living wight could work, ne cared even for play.

Was nought around but images of rest :
Sleep-soothing groves, and quiet lawns between ;
And flowery beds that slumberous influence kest,
From poppies breathed ; and beds of pleasant green,

Where never yet was creeping creature seen.
Meantime unnumber'd glittering streamlets play'd,
And hurled everywhere their waters sheen :
That as they bicker'd through the sunny glade,
Though restless still themselves, a lulling murmur made.

Join'd to the prattle of the purling rills,
Were heard the lowing herds along the vale,
And flocks loud-bleating from the distant hills,
And vacant shepherds piping in the dale :
And now and then sweet Philomel would wail,
Or stock-doves plain amid the forest deep,
That drowsy rustled to the sighing gale ;
And still a coil the grasshopper did keep ;
Yet all these sounds y-blent inclined all to sleep.

What music is there in this brief passage of SHELLEY :—

It was a bright and cheerful afternoon,
Towards the end of the sunny month of June,
When the north wind congregates in crowds
The floating mountains of the silver clouds
From the horizon—and the stainless sky
Opens beyond them like eternity.
All things rejoiced beneath the sun, the weeds,
The river, and the corn-fields, and the reeds,
The willow leaves that danced in the light breeze,
And the firm foliage of the larger trees.

Two real poets—one who died too early, the other his friend who happily lived to find a sunshine in his life's winter—have each written sonnets as if in generous rivalry on the grasshopper and the cricket. These charming little poems are singular examples of different modes of viewing the same subject by two men of original minds :—

The poetry of earth is never dead ;
When all the birds are faint with the hot sun,
And hide in cooling trees, a voice will run
From hedge to hedge about the new-mown mead :

That is the grasshopper's—he takes the lead
In summer luxury—he has never done
With his delights, for, when tired out with fun,
He rests at ease beneath some pleasant weed.
The poetry of earth is ceasing never :
On a lone winter evening, when the frost
Has wrought a silence, from the stove there shrills
The cricket's song, in warmth increasing ever,
And seems, to one in drowsiness half lost,
The grasshopper's among some grassy hills. KEATS.

Green little vaulter in the sunny grass,
Catching your heart up at the feel of June,
Sole voice that's heard amidst the lazy noon,
When even the bees lag at the summoning brass;
And you, warm little housekeeper, who class
With those who think the candles come too soon,
Loving the fire, and with your tricksome tune
Nick the glad silent moments as they pass ;

O sweet and tiny cousins, that belong,
One to the fields, the other to the hearth,
Both have your sunshine ; both, though small, are strong
At your clear hearts ; and both seem given to earth
To ring in thoughtful ears this natural song—
In doors and out, summer and winter, Mirth.

LEIGH HUNT.

166.—Scene from the Critic.

SHERIDAN.

[It is a painful thing to trace such a career as that of Richard Brinsley Sheridan. The wit whose comedies were held by the most refined audiences to surpass all that Wycherley, or Vanbrugh, or Congreve had achieved—the orator after one of whose great speeches the first statesman of his age moved that the House should adjourn, because it was under the wand of the magician

—was in all his private dealings with his fellow-men little better than an accomplished swindler. Pitied he unquestionably must be, for he was the slave of the circumstances that surrounded him, and his false ambition could never aspire to the real dignity which the man of genius may always attain through that independence which is the result of the limitation of his desires. Sheridan was born in Dublin in 1751. His father was a teacher of elocution; his mother was a most amiable and accomplished woman, the author of “Sidney Biddulph” and “Nourjahad.” When he was two-and-twenty, he married the celebrated singer, Miss Linley, whom he compelled to quit her profession. His first comedy was the “Rivals,” which, after a partial failure, was highly successful. “The Duenna,” one of the most charming of English operas, followed. By some stroke of policy he became one of the proprietors of Drury Lane Theatre, and in 1777 produced “The School for Scandal,” perhaps the best comedy of wit in our language. “The Critic” followed in 1779. In 1780 he was brought into Parliament, and uniformly supported the Whig party. The latter years of his life must have been truly miserable. He had no certain means of support: he lived in a perpetual struggle with pecuniary difficulties; his necessities could not be laughed away by his animal spirits; he feasted at the tables of the great, and the luxury in which he occasionally participated only made his own home more cheerless. He died in 1816.]

Enter SERVANT.

Serv. Sir Fretful Plagiary, sir.

Dangle. Beg him to walk up.—[*Exit SERVANT.*] Now, Mrs Dangle, Sir Fretful Plagiary is an author to your own taste.

Mrs Dangle. I confess he is a favourite of mine, because everybody else abuses him.

Sneer. Very much to the credit of your charity, madam, if not of your judgment.

Dangle. But, egad, he allows no merit to any author but himself, that’s the truth on’t—though he’s my friend.

Sneer. Never. He is as envious as an old maid verging on the desperation of six-and-thirty; and then the insidious humility with which he seduces you to give a free opinion on any of his works can be exceeded only by the petulant arrogance with which he is sure to reject your observations.

Dangle. Very true, egad—though he is my friend.

Sneer. Then his affected contempt of all newspaper strictures; though at the same time he is the sorest man alive, and shrinks like scorched parchment from the fiery ordeal of true criticism;

yet is he so covetous of popularity, that he had rather be abused than not mentioned at all.

Dangle. There's no denying it—though he is my friend.

Sneer. You have read the tragedy he has just finished, haven't you?

Dangle. Oh yes; he sent it to me yesterday.

Sneer. Well, and you think it execrable, don't you?

Dangle. Why, between ourselves, egad, I must own—though he is my friend—that it is one of the most—he's here [*Aside*—finished and most admirable perform——

Sir Fretful, (without.) Mr Sneer with him, did you say?

Enter SIR FRETFUL PLAGIARY.

Dangle. Ah, my dear friend! Egad, we were just speaking of your tragedy. Admirable, Sir Fretful, admirable!

Sneer. You never did anything beyond it, Sir Fretful—never in your life.

Sir Fret. You make me extremely happy; for, without a compliment, my dear Sneer, there isn't a man in the world whose judgment I value as I do yours—and Mr Dangle's.

Sir Fret. Sincerely, then, you do like the piece?

Sneer. Wonderfully!

Sir Fret. But, come now, there must be something that you think might be amended, hey? Mr Dangle, has nothing struck you?

Dangle. Why, faith, it is but an ungracious thing, for the most part, to ——

Sir Fret. With most authors it is just so indeed; they are in general strangely tenacious. But, for my part, I am never so well pleased as when a judicious critic points out any defect to me; for what is the purpose of showing a work to a friend, if you don't mean to profit by his opinion?

Sneer. Very true. Why then, though I seriously admire the piece upon the whole, yet there is one small objection, which, if you'll give me leave, I'll mention.

Sir Fret. Sir, you can't oblige me more.

Sneer. I think it wants incident.

Sir Fret. You surprise me !—wants incident !

Sneer. Yes ; I own I think the incidents are too few.

Sir Fret. Believe me, Mr Sneer, there is no person for whose judgment I have a more implicit deference. But I protest to you, Mr Sneer, I am only apprehensive that the incidents are too crowded. My dear Dangle, how does it strike you ?

Dangle. Really I can't agree with my friend Sneer. I think the plot quite sufficient ; and the first four acts by many degrees the best I ever read or saw in my life. If I might venture to suggest anything, it is that the interest rather falls off in the fifth.

Sir Fret. Rises, I believe, you mean, sir.

Dangle. No, I don't, upon my word.

Sir Fret. Yes, yes, you do, upon my soul—it certainly don't fall off, I assure you. No, no ; it don't fall off.

Dangle. Now, Mrs Dangle, didn't you say it struck you in the same light ?

Mrs Dangle. No, indeed, I did not—I did not see a fault in any part of the play from the beginning to the end.

Sir Fret. Upon my soul, the women are the best judges, after all !

Mrs Dangle. Or, if I made any objection, I am sure it was to nothing in the piece ; but that I was afraid it was on the whole a little too long.

Sir Fret. Pray, madam, do you speak as to the duration of time, or do you mean that the story is tediously spun out ?

Mrs Dangle. Oh, Lud ! no. I speak only with reference to the usual length of acting plays.

Sir Fret. Then I am very happy—very happy indeed—because the play is a short play, a remarkably short play. I should not venture to differ with a lady on a point of taste ; but, on these occasions, the watch, you know, is the critic.

Mrs Dangle. Then, I suppose, it must have been Mr Dangle's drawling manner of reading it to me.

Sir Fret. Oh, if Mr Dangle read it, that's quite another affair ! But, I assure you, Mrs Dangle, the first evening you can spare

me three hours and a half, I'll undertake to read you the whole from beginning to end, with the prologue and epilogue, and allow time for the music between the acts.

Mrs Dangle. I hope to see it on the stage next.

Dangle. Well, Sir Fretful, I wish you may be able to get rid as easily of the newspaper criticisms as you do of ours.

Sir Fret. The newspapers! Sir, they are the most villanous—licentious—abominable—infernal—not that I ever read them. No; I make it a rule never to look into a newspaper.

Dangle. You are quite right—for it certainly must hurt an author of delicate feelings to see the liberties they take.

Sir Fret. No! quite the contrary; their abuse is, in fact, the best panegyric—I like it of all things. An author's reputation is only in danger from their support.

Sneer. Why, that's true—and that attack, now, on you the other day ——

Sir Fret. What? Where?

Dangle. Ay, you mean in the paper of Thursday; it was completely ill-natured, to be sure.

Sir Fret. Oh, so much the better. Ha! ha! I wouldn't have it otherwise.

Dangle. Certainly, it is only to be laughed at; for ——

Sir Fret. You don't happen to recollect what the fellow said, do you?

Sneer. Pray, Dangle—Sir Fretful seems a little anxious.

Sir Fret. Oh, Lud! no; anxious—not I—not in the least. I——. But one may as well hear, you know.

Dangle. Sneer, do you recollect? Make out something. [*Aside.*

Sneer. I will.—[*To DANGLE.*] Yes, yes, I remember perfectly.

Sir Fret. Well, and pray now—not that it signifies—what might the gentleman say?

Sneer. Why, he roundly asserts that you have not the slightest invention or original genius whatever, though you are the greatest traducer of all other authors living.

Sir Fret. Ha! ha! ha!—very good!

Sneer. That, as to comedy, you have not one idea of your own,

he believes, even in your common-place book ; where stray jokes and pilfered witticisms are kept with as much method as the ledger of the lost and stolen office.

Sir Fret. Ha ! ha ! ha !—very pleasant.

Sneer. Nay, that you are so unlucky as not to have the skill even to *steal* with taste ; but that you glean from the refuse of obscure volumes, where more judicious plagiarists have been before you ; so that the body of your work is a composition of dregs and sediments—like a bad tavern's worst wine.

Sir Fret. Ha ! ha !

Sneer. In your more serious efforts, he says, your bombast would be less intolerable, if the thoughts were ever suited to the expression ; but the homeliness of the sentiment stares through the fantastic encumbrance of its fine language, like a clown in one of the new uniforms !

Sir Fret. Ha ! ha !

Sneer. That your occasional tropes and flowers suit the general coarseness of your style, as tambour sprigs would a ground of linsey-woolsey ; while your imitations of Shakspeare resemble the mimicry of Falstaff's page, and are about as near the standard of the original.

Sir Fret. Ha !

Sneer. In short, that even the finest passages you steal are of no service to you ; for the poverty of your own language prevents their assimilating, so that they lie on the surface like lumps of marl on a barren moor, encumbering what it is not in their power to fertilise !

Sir Fret. [*After great agitation.*] Now another person would be vexed at this.

Sneer. Oh ! but I wouldn't have told you, only to divert you.

Sir Fret. I know it—I *am* diverted. Ha ! ha ! ha ! not the least invention ! Ha ! ha ! ha !—very good ! very good !

Sneer. Yes—no genius ! Ha ! ha ! ha !

Dangle. A severe rogue ! Ha ! ha ! ha ! but you are quite right, Sir Fretful, never to read such nonsense.

Sir Fret. To be sure—for if there is anything to one's praise,

it is a foolish vanity to be gratified at it ; and, if it is abuse, why one is always sure to hear of it from one good-natured friend or other.

167.—Swineherds of the New Forest.

GILPIN.

[WILLIAM GILPIN was one of those best benefactors of mankind, who, without possessing abilities of the very highest order, employ their talents so as to be useful to others and happy in themselves. He was born in 1724, entered the church and married young. He became a schoolmaster at Cheam in Surrey, and there realised a handsome competence. The living of Boldre, in the New Forest, was presented to him ; and there he dwelt for the remainder of his long and useful life, a blessing to all the inhabitants of that wild and beautiful district. He died in 1804. At a time when the love of the picturesque was little cultivated, he published several works, illustrating by his descriptions and his pencil the principles of the beautiful in landscape. The following extract is from his "Forest Scenery," in which he describes the characteristics of his own locality, and intersperses his artistical sketches with many amusing anecdotes and traditions.]

These woods afford excellent feeding for hogs, which are led in the autumn season into many parts of the forest, but especially among the oaks and beeches of Boldre Wood, to fatten on mast. It is among the rights of the forest-borderers to feed their hogs in the forest, during the pannage month, as it is called, which commences about the end of September, and lasts six weeks. For this privilege they pay a trifling acknowledgment at the steward's court at Lyndhurst. The word panage was the old term for the money thus collected.

The method of treating hogs at this season of migration, and of reducing a large herd of these unmanageable brutes to perfect obedience and good government, is curious.

The first step the swineherd takes, is to investigate some close sheltered part of the forest, where there is a conveniency of water, and plenty of oak or beech mast, the former of which he prefers when he can have it in abundance. He fixes next on some spreading tree, round the bole of which he wattles a slight circular

fence of the dimensions he wants ; and, covering it roughly with doughs and sods, he fills it plentifully with straw or fern.

Having made this preparation, he collects his colony among the farmers, with whom he commonly agrees for a shilling a head. and will get together perhaps a herd of five or six hundred hogs. Having driven them to their destined habitation, he gives them a plentiful supper of acorns or beech mast, which he had already provided, sounding his horn during the repast. He then turns them into the litter, where, after a long journey and a hearty meal, they sleep deliciously.

The next morning he lets them look a little round them—shows them the pool or stream where they may occasionally drink—leaves them to pick up the offals of the last night's meal ; and, as evening draws on, gives them another plentiful repast under the neighbouring trees, which rains acorns upon them for an hour together, at the sound of his horn. He then sends them again to sleep.

The following day he is perhaps at the pains of procuring them another meal, with music playing as usual. He then leaves them a little more to themselves, having an eye, however, on their evening hours. But, as their bellies are full, they seldom wander far from home, retiring commonly very orderly and early to bed.

After this he throws his sty open, and leaves them to cater for themselves; and from henceforward has little more trouble with them during the whole time of their migration. Now and then, in calm weather, when mast falls sparingly, he calls them perhaps together by the music of his horn to a gratuitous meal ; but in general they need little attention, returning regularly home at night, though they often wander in the day two or three miles from their sty. There are experienced leaders in all herds, which have spent this roving life before, and can instruct their juniors in the method of it. By this management the herd is carried home to their respective owners in such condition, that a little dry meat will soon fatten them.

I would not, however, have it supposed, that all the swineherds in the forest manage their colonies with this exactness. Bad

governments and bad governors will everywhere exist ; but I mention this as an example of sound policy—not as a mere Platonic or Utopian scheme, but such as hath been often realised, and hath as often been found productive of good order and public utility. The hog is commonly supposed to be an obstinate, headstrong, unmanageable brute ; and he may perhaps have a degree of positiveness in his temper. In general, however, if he be properly managed, he is an orderly docile animal. The only difficulty is to make your meanings, when they are fair and friendly, intelligible to him. Effect this, and you may lead him with a straw.

Nor is he without his social feelings, when he is at liberty to indulge them. In these forest migrations, it is commonly observed that, of whatever number the herd consists, they generally separate, in their daily excursions, into such little knots and societies as have formerly had habits of intimacy together ; and in these friendly groups they range the forest ; returning home at night, in different parties, some earlier and some later, as they have been more or less fortunate in the pursuits of the day.

It sounds oddly to affirm the life of a hog to be enviable ; and yet there is something uncommonly pleasing in the lives of these emigrants—something at least more desirable than is to be found in the life of a hog, *Epicuri de grege*. They seem themselves also to enjoy their mode of life. You see them perfectly happy, going about at their ease, and conversing with each other in short, pithy, interrupted sentences, which are no doubt expressive of their own enjoyments and of their social feelings.

Besides the hogs thus led out in the mast season to fatten, there are others, the property of forest-keepers, which spend the whole year in such societies. After the mast season is over, the indigenous forest hog depends chiefly for his livelihood on the roots of fern ; and he would find this food very nourishing, if he could have it in abundance. But he is obliged to procure it by so laborious an operation, that his meals are rarely accompanied with satiety. He continues, however, by great industry, to obtain a tolerable subsistence through the winter, except in frosty weather, when the ground resists his delving snout ; then he must

perish if he do not in some degree experience his master's care. As spring advances, fresh grasses, and salads of different kinds, add a variety to his bill of fare ; and as summer comes on he finds juicy berries, and grateful seeds, on which he lives plentifully, till autumn returns and brings with it the extreme of abundance.

Besides these stationary hogs, there are others in some of the more desolate parts of the forest which are bred wild, and left to themselves without any settled habitation ; and as their owners are at no expense, either in feeding or attending them, they are content with the precarious profit of such as they are able to retain.

Charles the First, I have heard, was at the expense of procuring the wild boar and his mate from the forests of Germany, which once certainly inhabited the forests of England. I have heard, too, that they propagated greatly in New Forest. Certain it is, there is found in it at this day a breed of hogs commonly called forest pigs, which are very different from the usual Hampshire breed, and have about them several of the characteristic marks of the wild boar.

168.—Gardens.

JESSE.

[MR EDWARD JESSE, "Surveyor of her Majesty's Parks, Palaces," &c., is the author of several volumes which have had a deserved popularity, as the faithful observations of an intelligent and reflective mind upon the common appearances of nature, the more interesting from their familiarity. Mr Jesse appears to have taken for his model White of Selborne. The volume from which we extract the following passage, entitled "Scenes and Tales of Country Life," was published in 1844.]

The love of gardens and of gardening appears to be almost exclusively confined to the English, and is partaken of by the poor as well as by the rich. Nothing can be prettier than the gardens attached to the thatched cottages in Devonshire. They are frequently to be seen on the side and oftener at the bottom of a hill, down which a narrow road leads to a rude single-arched stone bridge. Here a shallow stream may be seen flow-

ing rapidly, and which now and then *stickles*, to use a Devonshire phrase, over a pavement of either pebbles or rag-stone. A little rill descends by the side of the lane, and close to the hedge of the cottage, which is approached by a broad stepping-stone over the rill, and beyond it is a gate made of rough sticks, which leads to the cottage. At a short distance, an excavation has been cut out of the bank, and paved round with rough stones, into which the water finds and then again makes its way clear and sparkling. This is the cottager's well. His garden is gay with flowers. His bees are placed on each side of a window surrounded with honeysuckles, jessamine, or a flourishing vine, and the rustic porch is covered with these or other creepers. Here, also, the gorgeous hollyhock may be seen in perfection, for it delights in the rich red soil of Devonshire. Giant-stocks, carnations, and china-asters flourish from the same cause, and make the garden appear as though it belonged to Flora herself.

Nor must the little orchard be forgotten. The apple-trees slope with the hill, and in the spring are covered with a profusion of the most beautiful blossom, and in the autumn are generally weighed down with their load of red fruit. Under them may be seen a crop of potatoes, and in another part of the garden those fine Paington cabbages, one of the best vegetables of the county. In a sheltered nook is the thatched pig-sty, partly concealed by the round yellow-faced sun-flower, which served both as a screen and as an ornament. The mud or *cob* walls of the cottage add to its picturesque appearance, when partly covered with creepers and surrounded with flowers.

Such is an accurate description of one of the many cottages I have seen in the beautiful and hospitable county of Devon, so celebrated for its illustrious men and the beauty of its women. Those who, like myself, have wandered amongst its delightful lanes, will not think my picture overcharged.

But I must introduce my readers to the inside of a Devonshire cottage. On entering it, he will see the polished dresser glittering with bright pewter plates; the flitch of bacon on the rack, with paper bags stored with dried pot herbs, for winter use, deposited

near it; the bright dog-bars, instead of a grate, with the *cottrel* over them, to hang the pot on, and everything bespeaking comfort and cleanliness. The cottager's wife will ask him to sit down, in that hearty Devonshire phrase, which has often been addressed to me, and which I always delighted in — “Do y', sir, pitch yourself,” bringing forward a chair at the same time, and wiping it down with her apron. A cup of cider will be offered, or bread and cheese, or whatever the cottage affords.

I have known one of the children stealthily sent to a neighbouring farmer's for a little clotted cream, which has been set before me with a loaf of brown bread, and with the most hearty good will. They are so delicious a banquet, that Pope might have thought of it when he said—

“Beneath the humble cottage let us haste,
And there, unenvied, rural dainties taste.”

I have dwelt longer than I intended on the cottage scenery of Devonshire, because I think it stands pre-eminent in this country for beauty, and because I regard its peasantry as affording the best examples I have met with of unaffected kindness, civility, industry, and good conduct.

I have, on more than one occasion, expressed my admiration of the agricultural population of England; and I trust that the time is not far distant when each individual amongst them will have an allotment of land, at a fair rent, for the better maintenance of themselves and their families, not in common fields, but attached to their houses.

The taste for gardens, however, is not confined to the rural districts. Round the town of Birmingham, for instance, there are some hundreds of small gardens, which are diligently cultivated by the working classes. Each garden has a little covered seat, where the owner has his glass of ale, and smokes his pipe, at the close of the evening: and here the finest auriculas, polyanthuses, carnations, &c., are to be met with. They are cultivated with the utmost skill and care, and may vie with any produced in this country. I have also been informed that our Spitalfields weavers

have the same fondness for flowers, and are also amongst our best collectors of insects. In some other districts tulips are successfully cultivated, and in others the ranunculus and anemone. One man is celebrated for his fine stocks, another for his pansies, while a third will produce unrivalled gooseberries for size, or wallflowers of the darkest hue. I am assured that, great and deplorable as the distress now is at Birmingham, a man would sell his clothes, his furniture, indeed, all that he possessed, sooner than part with his beloved garden.

Flowers are cultivated to a considerable extent, and with great success, in the neighbourhood of London, and especially in some parts of Surrey, in which county there are many exhibitions of flowers every year. Here the rich and the poor may be seen assembled together, each either admiring or criticising particular blooms, and the poor man appearing perfectly competent to appreciate their peculiar merits. It always affords me pleasure to witness these meetings, and to watch the gleam of satisfaction in the countenance of some cottager, when

“his garden’s gem—
The heart’s-case,”

has been praised, or his well-cultivated show of potatoes or apples has obtained for him some trifling prize.

Persons of influence, residing in the country, should do their utmost to encourage the cultivation, not only of flowers, but of vegetables and bees, amongst their poorer neighbours. It not only tends to keep them out of ale and beer-houses, those curses of the labouring man in this country, but improves their minds, their habits and health. An amiable florist has observed, that the love of flowers is one of the earliest impressions which the dawning of reason implants in the human mind, and that happy are the parents of children in whose imaginations this desirable predilection is early evinced. It inculcates a salutary habit of reasoning and thinking on subjects worthy of exercising the thoughts, and is calculated to improve them. It gradually trains the mind to the study and observance of that most instructive

volume, the Book of Nature. The passion for flowers is, indeed, one of the most enduring and permanent of all enjoyments. At the coming of each revolving spring, we anxiously return to our loved and favourite pursuit ; with joy and delight we perceive that

“Ethereal mildness is come,”

and that the glory of reviving nature is returned.

169.—Saint Paul.

[FROM “LIVES OF THE APOSTLES.”]

CAVE.

THOUGH we have drawn St Paul at large, in the account we have given of his life, yet may it be of use to represent him in little, in a brief account of his person, parts, and those graces and virtues for which he was more peculiarly eminent and remarkable. For his person, we find it thus described. He was low, and of little stature, somewhat stooping, his complexion fair, his countenance grave, his head small, his eyes carrying a kind of beauty and sweetness in them, his eyebrows a little hanging over, his nose long, but gracefully bending, his beard thick, and, like the hair of his head, mixed with gray hairs. Somewhat of this description may be learnt from Lucian, when in the person of Trypho, one of St Paul's disciples, he calls him, by way of derision, high-nosed, bald-pated Galilean, that was caught up through the air unto the “third heaven,” where he learnt great and excellent things. That he was very low, himself plainly intimates, when he tells us they were wont to say of him, that “his bodily presence was weak, and his speech contemptible;” in which respect he was styled by Chrysostom, a man three cubits (or a little more than four feet) high, and yet tall enough to reach heaven. He seems to have enjoyed no very firm and athletic constitution, being often subject to distempers. St Jerome particularly reports, that he was frequently afflicted with the headache, and that this was thought by many to have been “the thorn in the flesh, the messenger of Satan sent to buffet him,” and that prob-

ably he intended some such thing by "the temptation in his flesh," which he elsewhere speaks of: which, however, it may in general signify those afflictions that came upon him, yet does it primarily denote those diseases and infirmities that he was obnoxious to.

But, how mean soever the cabinet was, there was a treasure within more precious and valuable, as will appear if we survey the accomplishments of his mind. For, as to his natural abilities and endowments, he seems to have had a clear and solid judgment, quick invention, a prompt and ready memory; all of which were abundantly improved by art, and the advantages of a more liberal education. The schools of Tarsus had sharpened his discursive faculty by logic and the arts of reasoning, instructed him in the institutions of philosophy, and enriched him with the furniture of all kinds of human learning. This gave him great advantage above others, and even raised him to a mighty reputation for parts and learning; insomuch that St Chrysostom tells us of a dispute between a Christian and a heathen, wherein the Christian endeavoured to prove against the Gentile, that St Paul was more learned and eloquent than Plato himself. How well he was versed—not only in the law of Moses and the writings of the prophets, but even in classic and foreign writers, he has left us sure ground to conclude, from those excellent sayings which here and there he quotes out of heathen authors. Which, as at once it shows that it is not unlawful to bring the spoils of Egypt into the service of the sanctuary, and to make use of the advantages of foreign studies and human literature to divine and excellent purposes, so does it argue his being greatly conversant in the paths of human learning, which upon every occasion he could so readily command. Indeed, he seemed to have been furnished out on purpose to be the doctor of the Gentiles; to contend with and confute the grave and the wise, the acute and the subtile, the sage and the learned of the heathen world, and to wound them (as Julian's word was) with arrows drawn out of their own quiver; though we do not find that in his disputes with the Gentiles he made much use of learning and philosophy, it being more agree-

able to the designs of the gospel to confound the wisdom and learning of the world by the plain doctrine of the Cross.

These were great accomplishments, and yet but a shadow to that divine temper of mind that was in him, which discovered itself through the whole course and method of his life. He was humble to the lowest step of abasement and condescension, none ever thinking better of others, or more meanly of himself. And though, when he had to deal with envious and malicious adversaries, who, by vilifying his person, sought to obstruct his ministry, he knew how to magnify his office, and to let them know that he was "no whit inferior to the very chiefest apostles;" yet out of this case he constantly declared to all the world that he looked upon himself as an abortive and an untimely birth, as "the least of the apostles, not meet to be called an apostle;" and, as if this were not enough, he makes a word on purpose to express his humility, styling himself *ἐλαχιστότερον*, "less than the least of all saints," yea, "the very chief of sinners." How freely, and that at every turn, does he confess that he was before his conversion a blasphemer, a persecutor, and injurious both to God and men! Though honoured with peculiar acts of the highest grace and favour, taken up to an immediate converse with God in heaven, yet did not this inspire him with a supercilious loftiness over the rest of his brethren: intrusted he was with great power and authority in the Church, but never affected dominion over men's faith, nor any other place than to be a helper of their joy, nor ever made use of his power but to the edification, not destruction of any. How studiously did he decline all honours and commendations that were heaped upon him! When some in the church of Corinth cried him up beyond all measure, and under the patronage of his name began to set up for a party, he severely rebuked them, told them that it was Christ, not he, that was crucified for them; that they had "not been baptized into his name," which he was so far from, that he did not remember that he had baptized above three or four of them; and was heartily glad he had baptized no more, lest a foundation might have been laid for that suspicion; and that this Paul, indeed, whom they so

much extolled, was no more than a minister of Christ, whom our Lord had appointed to plant and build up His Church.

Great was his temperance and sobriety: so far from going beyond the bounds of regularity, that he abridged himself of the conveniences of lawful and necessary accommodations; frequent were his hungerings and thirstings, not constrained only, but voluntary; it is probably thought that he very rarely drank any wine; and certain is it, that by abstinence and mortification he "kept under and subdued his body," reducing the extravagancy of the sensual appetites to a perfect subjection to the laws of reason. By this means he easily got above the world, and its charms and frowns, and made his mind continually conversant in heaven; his thoughts were fixed there; his desires always ascending thither; what he taught others he practised himself; his "conversation was in heaven," and his "desires were to depart, and be with Christ;" this world did neither arrest his affections nor disturb his fears; he was not taken with its applause, nor frightened with its threatenings; he "studied not to please men," nor valued the censures and judgments which they passed upon him; he was not greedy of a great estate, or titles of honour, or rich presents from men, not "seeking theirs, but them;" food and raiment was his bill of fare, and more than this he never cared for; accounting that the less he was clogged with these things, the lighter he should march to heaven; especially travelling through a world overrun with troubles and persecutions. Upon this account it is probable he kept himself always within a single life, though there want not some of the ancients who expressly reckon him in the number of the married apostles, as Clemens Alexandrinus, Ignatius, and some others. It is true that passage is not to be found in the genuine epistle of Ignatius; but yet it is extant in all those that are owned and published by the Church of Rome, though they have not been wanting to banish it out of the world, having expunged St Paul's name out of some ancient manuscripts, as the learned Bishop Usher has, to their shame, sufficiently discovered to the world. But for the main of the question we can readily grant it; the Scripture seeming

most to favour it, that though he asserted his power and liberty to marry as well as the rest, yet that he lived always a single life.

His kindness and charity was truly admirable ; he had a compassionate tenderness for the poor, and a quick sense of the wants of others ; to what church soever he came, it was one of his first cares to make provision for the poor, and to stir up the bounty of the rich and wealthy ; nay, himself worked often with his own hands, not only to maintain himself, but to help and relieve them. But infinitely greater was his charity to the souls of men, fearing no dangers, refusing no labours, going through good and evil report, that he might gain men over to the knowledge of the truth, reduce them out of the crooked paths of vice and idolatry, and set them in the right way to eternal life. Nay, so insatiable his thirst after the good of souls, that he affirms, that rather than his countrymen the Jews should miscarry, by not believing and entertaining the Gospel, he could be content, nay, wished, that “ himself might be accursed from Christ for their sake ;” *i.e.*, that he might be anathematised and cut off from the Church of Christ, and not only lose the honour of the apostolate, but be reckoned in the number of the abject and execrable persons, such as those are who are separated from the communion of the Church. An instance of so large and passionate a charity, that lest it might not find room in men’s belief, he ushered it in with this solemn appeal and attestation, that “ he said the truth in Christ, and lied not, his conscience bearing him witness in the Holy Ghost.” And as he was infinitely solicitous to gain men over to the best religion in the world, so was he not less careful to keep them from being seduced from it, ready to suspect everything that might “ corrupt their minds from the simplicity that is in Christ.” “ I am jealous over you with a godly jealousy,” as he told the church of Corinth : an affection of all others the most active and vigilant, and which is wont to inspire men with the most passionate care and concernment for the good of those for whom we have the highest measures of love and kindness. Nor was his charity to men greater than his zeal for God, endeavouring with all his might to promote the honour of his Master. In-

deed, zeal seems to have had a deep foundation in the natural forwardness of his temper. How exceedingly zealous was he, while in the Jews' religion, of the traditions of his fathers: how earnest to vindicate and assert the divinity of the Mosaic dispensation; and to persecute all of a contrary way, even to rage and madness; and when afterwards turned into a right channel, it ran with as swift a current, carrying him out, against all opposition, to ruin the kingdom and the powers of darkness, to beat down idolatry, and to plant the world with right apprehensions of God, and the true notions of religion. When, at Athens, he saw them so much overgrown with the grossest superstition and idolatry, giving the honour that was alone due to God to statues and images, his zeal began to ferment and to boil up into paroxysms of indignation; and he could not but let them know the resentments of his mind, and how much herein they dishonoured God, the Great Parent and Maker of the world.

This zeal must needs put him upon a mighty diligence and industry in the execution of his office, warning, reproving, entreating, persuading, "preaching in season and out of season," by night and by day, by sea and land; no pains too much to be taken, no dangers too great to be overcome. For five-and-thirty years after his conversion he seldom stayed long in one place; from Jerusalem, through Arabia, Asia, Greece, round about to Illyricum, to Rome, and even to the utmost bounds of the western world, "fully preaching the Gospel of Christ:" running (says St Jerome) from ocean to ocean, like the sun in the heavens, of which it is said, "his going forth is from the end of the heaven, and his circuit unto the end of it;" sooner wanting ground to tread on, than a desire to propagate the faith of Christ. Nicephorus compares him to a bird in the air, that in a few years flew round the world: Isidore the Pelusiot to a winged husbandman, that flew from place to place to cultivate the world with the most excellent rules and institutions of life. And while the other apostles did, as it were, choose this or that particular province, as the main sphere of their ministry, St Paul overrun the whole world to its utmost bounds and corners, planting all places where he came with the divine

doctrines of the Gospel. Nor in this course was he tired out with the dangers and difficulties that he met with, the troubles and oppositions that were raised against him. All of which did but reflect the greater lustre upon his patience : whereof, indeed, (as Clement observes,) he became a most eminent pattern and exemplar, during the biggest troubles and persecutions, with a patience triumphant and unconquerable. As will easily appear, if we take but a survey of what trials and sufferings he underwent, some part whereof are briefly summed up by himself. In labours abundant, in stripes above measure, in prisons frequent, in deaths often ; thrice beaten with rods, once stoned, thrice suffered shipwreck, a night and a day in the deep ; in journeyings often, in perils of waters, in perils of robbers, in perils by his own countrymen, in perils by the heathen, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in perils in the sea, in perils among false brethren ; in weariness, in painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness ; and, besides these things that were without, that which daily came upon him, the care of the churches. An account, though very great, yet far short of what he endured : and wherein, as Chrysostom observes, he does modestly keep himself within his measures ; for, had he taken the liberty fully to enlarge himself, he might have filled hundreds of martyrologies with his sufferings. A thousand times was his life at stake ; in every suffering he was a martyr ; and what fell but in parcels upon others came all upon him : while they skirmished only with single parties, he had the whole army of sufferings to contend with. All which he generously underwent with a soul as calm and serene as the morning sun ; no spite or rage, no fury or storms, could ruffle and discompose his spirit : nay, those sufferings, which would have broken the back of an ordinary patience, did but make him rise up with the greater eagerness and resolution for the doing of his duty,

His patience will yet further appear from the consideration of another, the last of those virtues we shall take notice of in him, his constancy and fidelity in the discharge of his place, and in the profession of religion. Could the powers and policies of men

and devils, spite and oppositions, torments and threatenings, have been able to baffle him out of that religion wherein he had engaged himself, he must have sunk under them, and left his station. But his soul was steeled with a courage and resolution that was impenetrable, and which no temptation either from hopes or fears could make any more impression upon than an arrow can that is shot against a wall of marble. He wanted not solicitation on either hand, both from Jews and Gentiles; and questionless might, in some degree, have made his own terms, would he have been false to his trust and have quitted that way that was then everywhere spoken against. But, alas! these things weighed little with our apostle, who "counted not his life to be dear unto him, so that he might finish his course with joy, and the ministry which he had received of the Lord Jesus." And therefore, when under the sentence of death in his own apprehensions, could triumphantly say, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith:" and so indeed he did, kept it inviolably, undauntedly, to the last minute of his life. The sum is,—he was a man in whom the divine light did eminently manifest and display itself; he lived piously and devoutly, soberly and temperately, justly and righteously, careful "always to keep a conscience void of offence both towards God and man." This he tells us was his support under suffering, this the foundation of his confidence towards God, and his firm hopes of happiness in another world: "this is our rejoicing, the testimony of our conscience, that in simplicity and godly sincerity we have had our conversation in the world."

170.—*My Maiden Brief.*

ANONYMOUS.

[THE following paper was first printed in "Knight's Quarterly Magazine." It is so true, and there is such a quiet vein of humour running through it, that we cannot but regret that this is almost a solitary specimen of our friend's power as a writer.]

"A lawyer," says an old comedy which I once read at the

British Museum, "is an odd sort of fruit—first rotten, then green, and then ripe." There is too much of truth in this homely figure. The first years of a young barrister are spent, or rather worn out, in anxious leisure. His talents rust, his temper is injured, his little patrimony wastes away, and not an attorney shows a sign of remorse. He endures term after term, and circuit after circuit, that greatest of miseries—a rank above his means of supporting it. He drives round the country in a post-chaise, and marvels what Johnson found so exhilarating in its motion—that is, if he paid for it himself. He eats venison and drinks claret; but he loses the flavour of both when he reflects that his wife (for the fool is married, and married for love, too) has, perhaps, just dined for the third time on a cold neck of mutton, and has not tasted wine since their last party—an occurrence beyond even legal memory. He leaves the festive board early, and takes a solitary walk, returns to his lodgings in the twilight, and sees on his table a large white rectangular body, which for a moment he supposes may be a brief—alas! it is only a napkin. He is vexed, and rings to have it removed, when up comes his clerk, drunk and insolent: he is about to kick him down-stairs, but stays his foot, on calling to mind the arrear of the fellow's wages, and contents himself with wondering where the rascal finds the means for such extravagance.

Then in court many are the vexations of the briefless. The attorney is a cruel animal; as cruel as a rich coxcomb in a ball-room, who delights in exciting hopes only to disappoint them. Indeed, I have often thought the communications between solicitors and the bar has no slight resemblance to the flirtation between the sexes. Barristers, like ladies, must wait to be chosen. The slightest overture would be equally fatal to one gown as to the other. The gentlemen of the bar sit round the table in dignified composure, thinking just as little of briefs as a young lady of marriage. An attorney enters,—not an eye moves; but somehow or other the fact is known to all. Calmly the wretch draws from his pocket a brief: practice enables us to see at a glance that the tormentor has left a blank for the name of his counsel.

He looks around the circle as if to choose his man ; you cannot doubt but his eye rested on you—he writes a name, but you are too far off to read it, though you know every name on your circuit upside down. Now the traitor counts out the fee, and wraps it up with slow and provoking formality. At length, all being prepared, he looks towards you to catch (as you suppose) your eye. You nod, and the brief comes flying ; you pick it up, and find on it the name of a man three years your junior, who is sitting next to you ; you curse the attorney's impudence, and ask yourself if he meant to insult you. Perhaps not, you say, for the dog squints.

My maiden brief was in town. How well do I recollect the minutest circumstances connected with that case ! The rap at the door ; I am a connoisseur in raps,—there is not a dun in London who could deceive me ; I know their tricks but too well ; they have no medium between the rap servile and the rap impudent. This was a cheerful touch ; you felt that the operator knew he should meet with a face of welcome. My clerk, who is not much under the influence of sweet sounds, seemed absolutely inspired, and answered the knock with astonishing velocity. I could hear from my inner room the murmur of inquiry and answer ; and, though I could not distinguish a word, the tones confirmed my hopes ;—I was not long suffered to doubt : my client entered, and the pure white paper, tied round with the brilliant red tape, met my eyes. He inquired respectfully, and with an appearance of anxiety which marked him to my mind for a perfect Chesterfield, if I was already retained in ——— *v.* ———. The rogue knew well enough I never had had a retainer in my life. I took a moment to consider ; and, after making him repeat the name of his case, I gravely assured him I was at perfect liberty to receive his brief. He then laid the papers and my fee upon the table, asked me if the time appointed for a consultation with the two gentlemen who were “with me” would be convenient ; and, finding that the state of my engagements would allow me to attend, made his bow and departed. That fee was sacred gold, and I put it to no vulgar use.

Many years have now elapsed since that case was disposed of, and yet how fresh does it live in my memory ! how perfectly do I recollect every authority to which it referred ! how I read and re-read the leading cases that bore upon the question to be argued ! One case I so *bethumbed*, that the volume has opened at it ever since, as inevitably as the prayer-book of a lady's-maid proffers the service of matrimony. My brief related to an argument before the judges of the King's Bench, and the place of consultation was Ayles's Coffee-house, adjoining Westminster Hall. There was I, before the clock had finished striking the hour. My brief I knew by heart. I had raised an army of objections to the points for which we were to contend, and had logically slain every man of them. I went prepared to discuss the question thoroughly ; and I generously determined to give my leaders the benefit of all my cogitations—though not without a slight struggle at the thought of how much reputation I shall lose by my magnanimity. I had plenty of time to think of these things, for my leaders were engaged in court, and the attorney and I had the room to ourselves. After we had been waiting about an hour, the door flew open, and in strode one of my leaders, the second in command, less in haste (as it appeared to me) to meet his appointment than to escape from the atmosphere of clients in which he had been enveloped during his passage from the court—just as the horseman pushes his steed into a gallop, to rid himself of the flies that are buzzing around him. Having shaken off his tormentors, Mr —— walked up to the fire—said it was cold—nodded kindly to me—and had just asked what had been the last night's division in the house, when the powdered head of an usher was protruded through the half-open door, to announce that "Jones and Williams was called on." Down went the poker, and away flew —— with streaming robes, leaving me to meditate on the loss which the case would sustain for want of his assistance at the expected discussion. Having waited some further space, I heard a rustling of silks, and the great ——, our commander-in-chief, sailed into the room. As he did not run foul of me, I think it possible I may not have been

invisible to him ; but he furnished me with no other evidence of the fact. He simply directed the attorney to provide certain additional affidavits, tacked about, and sailed away. And thus ended first consultation.

I consoled myself with the thought that I had at least all my materials for myself, and that, from having had so much more time for considering the subject than the others, I must infallibly make the best speech of the three.

At length, the fatal day came. I never shall forget the thrill with which I heard —— open the case, and felt how soon it would be my turn to speak. Oh, how did I pray for a long speech ! I lost all feeling of rivalry ; and would have gladly given him everything that I intended to use myself, only to defer the dreaded moment for one half-hour. His speech was frightfully short, yet, short as it was, it made sad havoc with my stock of matter. The next speaker was even more concise, and yet my little stock suffered again severely. I then found how experience will stand in the place of study ; these men could not, from the multiplicity of their engagements, have spent a tithe of the time upon the case which I had done, and yet they had seen much which had escaped all my research. At length my turn came. I was sitting among the back rows in the old court of King's Bench. It was on the last day of Michaelmas Term, and late in the evening. A sort of darkness visible had been produced by the aid of a few candles dispersed here and there. I arose, but I was not perceived by the judges who had turned together to consult, supposing the argument finished. B—— was the first to see me, and I received from him a nod of kindness and encouragement, which I hope I never shall forget. The court was crowded, for it was a question of some interest : it was a dreadful moment ; the ushers stilled the audience into an awful silence. I began, and at the sound of an unknown voice every wig of the white inclined plane at the upper end of which I was standing suddenly turned round, and in an instant I had the eyes of seventy "learned friends" looking me full in the face ! It is hardly to be conceived by those who have not gone through the ordeal how terrific is this mute atten-

tion to the object of it. How grateful should I have been for anything which would have relieved me from its oppressive weight—a buzz, a scraping of the shoes, or a fit of coughing would have put me under infinite obligation to the kind disturber. What I said, I know not; I knew not then; it is the only part of the transaction of which I am ignorant; it was a “phantasma or a hideous dream.” They told me, however, to my great surprise, that I spoke in a loud voice, used violent gesture, and as I went along seemed to shake off my trepidation. Whether I made a long speech or a short one, I cannot tell, for I had no power of measuring time. All I know is, that I should have made a much longer one if I had not felt my ideas, like Bob Acres’s courage, oozing out of my fingers’ ends. The court decided against us, erroneously, as I of course thought, for the young advocate is always on the right side.

The next morning I got up early to look at the newspapers, which I expected to see full of our case. In an obscure corner, and in a small type, I found a few words given as the speeches of my leaders,—and I also read that “Mr —— followed on the same side.”

171.—Apophthegms.—VI.

VARIOUS.

LEVELLING.—“Sir, I would no more deprive a nobleman of his respect than of his money. I consider myself as acting a part in the great system of society, and I do to others as I would have them do to me. I would behave to a nobleman as I should expect he would behave to me, were I a nobleman and he Sam Johnson. Sir, there is one Mrs Macaulay in this town, a great republican. One day, when I was at her house, I put on a very grave countenance, and said to her, ‘Madam, I am now become a convert to your way of thinking. I am convinced that all mankind are upon an equal footing; and to give you an unquestionable proof, madam, that I am in earnest, here is a very sensible,

civil, well-behaved fellow-citizen, your footman ; I desire that he may be allowed to sit down and dine with us.' I thus, sir, showed her the absurdity of the levelling doctrine. She has never liked me since. Sir, your levellers wish to level *down* as far as themselves ; but they cannot bear levelling *up* to themselves. They would all have some people under them ; why not then have some people above them?" — BOSWELL. *Life of Johnson.*

QUACKERY IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.—In the course of my life I have often pleased or entertained myself with observing the various and fantastical changes of the diseases generally complained of, and of the remedies in common vogue, which were like birds of passage, very much seen or heard of at one season, and disappeared at another, and commonly succeeded by some of a very different kind. When I was very young, nothing was so much feared or talked of as rickets among children, and consumption among young people of both sexes. After these, the spleen came in play, and grew a formal disease : then the scurvy, which was the general complaint, and both were thought to appear in many various guises. After these, and for a time, nothing was so much talked of as the ferment of the blood, which passed for the cause of all sorts of ailments, that neither physicians nor patients knew well what to make of. And to all these succeeded vapours, which serve the same turn, and furnish occasion of complaint among persons whose bodies or minds ail something, but they know not what, and among the Chinese would pass for mists of the mind or fumes of the brain, rather than indispositions of any other parts. Yet these employ our physicians, perhaps more than other diseases, who are fain to humour such patients in their fancies of being ill, and to prescribe some remedies for fear of losing their practice to others that pretend more skill in finding out the cause of diseases or care in advising remedies, which neither they nor their patients find any effect of, besides some gains to one and amusement to the other. This, I suppose, may have contributed much to the mode of going to the waters, either cold or hot, upon so many occasions, or else upon none besides

that of entertainment, and which commonly may have no other effect. And it is well if this be the worst of the frequent use of those waters, which, though commonly innocent, yet are sometimes dangerous if the temper of the person or cause of the indisposition be unhappily mistaken, especially in people of age. As diseases have changed vogue, so have remedies in my time and observation. I remember at one time the taking of tobacco, at another the drinking of warm beer, proved for universal remedies; then swallowing of pebble stones, in imitation of falconers curing hawks. One doctor pretended to help all heats and fevers by drinking as much cold spring water as the patient could bear; at another time swallowing a spoonful of powder of sea-biscuit after meals was infallible for all indigestions, and so preventing diseases. Then coffee and tea began their successive reigns. The infusion or powder of steel have had their turns, and certain drops of several names and compositions; but none that I find have established their authority, either long or generally, by any constant and sensible successes of their reign, but have rather passed like a mode, which every one is apt to follow, and finds the most convenient or graceful while it lasts, and begins to dislike it in both those respects when it goes out of fashion.—SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE'S *Miscellanea*.

All of us, who are worth anything, spend our manhood in unlearning the follies, or expiating the mistakes of our youth.—SHELLEY. *Letters*.

Rage is essentially vulgar, and never vulgarer than when it proceeds from mortified pride, disappointed ambition, or thwarted wilfulness. A baffled despot is the vulgarest of dirty wretches, no matter whether he be the despot of a nation vindicating its rights, or of a donkey sinking under its load.—HARTLEY COLERIDGE. *Biographia Borealis*.

IMPEDIMENTS TO THE PROGRESS OF TRUTH.—Truth and error, as they are essentially opposite in their nature, so the causes to which they are indebted for their perpetuity and triumph are not less so. Whatever retards a spirit of inquiry, is favourable to error: whatever promotes it, to truth. But nothing, it will be

acknowledged, has a greater tendency to obstruct the exercise of free inquiry than the spirit and feeling of a party. Let a doctrine, however erroneous, become a party distinction, and it is at once intrenched in interests and attachments which make it extremely difficult for the most powerful artillery of reason to dislodge it. It becomes a point of honour in the leaders of such parties, which is from thence communicated to their followers, to defend and support their respective peculiarities to the last; and, as a natural consequence, to shut their ears against all the pleas and remonstrances by which they are assailed. Even the wisest and best of men are seldom aware how much they are susceptible of this sort of influence; and while the offer of a world would be insufficient to engage them to recant a known truth, or to subscribe an acknowledged error, they are often retained in a willing captivity to prejudices and opinions which have no other support, and which, if they could lose sight of party feelings, they would almost instantly abandon.—REV. ROBERT HALL.

FASHION.—While the world lasts, fashion will continue to lead it by the nose. And, after all, what can fashion do for its most obsequious followers? It can ring the changes upon the same things, and it can do no more. Whether our hats be white or black, our caps high or low, whether we wear two watches or one, is of little consequence. There is indeed an appearance of variety; but the folly and vanity that dictate and adopt the change are invariably the same. When the fashions of a particular period appear more reasonable than those of the preceding, it is not because the world has grown more reasonable than it was; but because, in a course of perpetual changes, some of them must sometimes happen to be for the better. Neither do I suppose the preposterous customs that prevail at present a proof of its greater folly. In a few years, perhaps next year, the fine gentleman will shut up his umbrella, and give it to his sister, filling his hand with a crab-tree cudgel instead of it: and when he has done so will he be wiser than now? By no means. The love of change will have betrayed him into a propriety which, in reality, he has no taste; for all his merit on the occasion

amounting to no more than this—that, being weary of one plaything, he has taken up another.—COWPER.

GENIUS.—I never knew a poet, except myself, who was punctual in anything, or to be depended on for the due discharge of any duty, except what he thought he owed to the Muses. The moment a man takes it into his foolish head that he has what the world calls genius, he gives himself a discharge from the servile drudgery of all friendly offices, and becomes good for nothing, except in the pursuit of his favourite employment.—COWPER.

NASEBY FIELD.—The old hamlet of Naseby stands yet on its old hill-top, very much as it did in Saxon days, on the north-western border of Northamptonshire, some seven or eight miles from Market-Harborough in Leicestershire, nearly on a line, and nearly midway, between that town and Daventry. A peaceable old hamlet, of perhaps five hundred souls; clay cottages for labourers, but neatly thatched and swept; smith's shop, saddler's shop, beer shop, all in order; forming a kind of square, which leads off, north and south, into two long streets: the old church, with its graves, stands in the centre, the truncated spire finishing itself with a strange old ball, held up by rods; a "hollow copper ball, which came from Boulogne in Henry the Eighth's time,"—which has, like Hudibras' breeches, "been at the siege of Bullen." The ground is upland, moorland, though now growing corn; was not enclosed till the last generation, and is still somewhat bare of wood. It stands nearly in the heart of England. Gentle dullness, taking a turn at etymology, sometimes derives it from *Navel*; "Navesby, quasi *Navels*by, from being," &c. Avon Well, the distinct source of Shakspeare's Avon, is on the western slope of the high grounds; Nen and Welland, streams leading towards Cromwell's Fen-Country, begin to gather themselves from boggy places on the eastern side. The grounds, as we say, lie high; and are still, in their new subdivisions, known by the name of "Hills," "Rutput Hill," "Mill Hill," "Dust Hill," and the like, precisely as in Rushworth's time; but they are not properly hills at all; they are broad, blunt, clayey masses, swell-

ing towards and from each other, like indolent waves of a sea, sometimes of miles in extent.

It was on this high moor-ground, in the centre of England, that King Charles, on the 14th of June 1645 fought his last battle; dashed fiercely against the New-Model army, which he had despised till then, and saw himself shivered utterly to ruin thereby. "Prince Rupert, on the king's right wing, charged *up* the hill, and carried all before him;" but Lieutenant-General Cromwell charged down-hill on the other wing, likewise carrying all before him,—and did *not* gallop off the field to plunder, he. Cromwell, ordered thither by the Parliament, had arrived from the association two days before, "amid shouts from the whole army:" he had the ordering of the horse this morning. Prince Rupert, on returning from his plunder, finds the king's infantry a ruin, prepares to charge again with the rallied cavalry; but the cavalry too, when it came to the point, "broke all asunder,"—never to re-assemble more. The chase went through Harborough, where the king had already been that morning, when in an evil hour he turned back to revenge some "surprise of an outpost at Naseby the night before," and gave the Roundheads battle. . . .

The parliamentary army stood ranged on the height still partly called "Mill Hill," as in Rushworth's time, a mile and a half from Naseby; the king's army on a parallel "Hill," its back to Harborough, with the wide table of upland now named *Broad Moor* between them, where indeed the main brunt of the action still clearly enough shows itself to have been. There are hollow spots, of a rank vegetation, scattered over that Broad Moor, which are understood to have once been burial *mounds*, some of which have been (with more or less of sacrilege) verified as such. A friend of mine has in his cabinet two ancient grinder-teeth, dug lately from that ground, and waits for an opportunity to bury them there. Sound effectual grinders, one of them very large, which ate their breakfast on the 14th of June two hundred years ago; and, except to be clenched once in grim battle, had never work to do more in this world!—THOMAS CARLYLE.

THE RABBLE, AND THE PEOPLE.—In the summer of 1754, Henry Fielding, the great author of “Tom Jones,” left England, never to return, having been ordered by physicians to Lisbon for recovery of his broken health. He has written a most graphic journal of this voyage, full of striking pictures of our social condition ninety years ago. We select the account of his embarkation at Rotherhithe :—

“To go on board the ship it was necessary first to go into a boat,—a matter of no small difficulty, as I had no use of my limbs, and was to be carried by men who, though sufficiently strong for their burden, were, like Archimedes, puzzled to find a steady footing. Of this, as few of my readers have not gone into wherries on the Thames, they will easily be able to form to themselves an idea. However, by the assistance of my friend Mr Welsh, whom I never think or speak of but with love and esteem, I conquered this difficulty, as I did afterwards that of ascending the ship, into which I was hoisted with more ease by a chair lifted with pulleys. I was soon seated in a great chair in the cabin, to refresh myself after a fatigue which had been more intolerable, in a quarter of a mile’s passage from my coach to the ship, than I had before undergone in a land-journey of twelve miles, which I had travelled with the utmost expedition.

“This latter fatigue was, perhaps, somewhat heightened by an indignation which I could not prevent arising in my mind. I think, upon my entrance into the boat, I presented a spectacle of the highest horror. The total loss of limbs was apparent to all who saw me, and my face contained marks of a diseased state, if not of death itself. In this condition I ran the gauntlet (so I think I may justly call it) through rows of sailors and watermen, few of whom failed of *paying their compliments to me by all manner of insults and jests on my misery*. No man who knew me will think I conceived any personal resentment at this behaviour; but it was a lively picture of that cruelty and inhumanity in the nature of men which I have often contemplated with concern, and which leads the mind into a train of very uncomfortable and melancholy thoughts. It may be said that this barbarous custom is peculiar

to the English, and of them only to the lowest degree ; that it is an excrescence of an uncontrolled licentiousness mistaken for liberty, and never shows itself in men who are polished and refined in such a manner as human nature requires to produce that perfection of which it is susceptible ; and to purge away that malevolence of disposition, of which, at our birth, we partake in common with the savage creation."

172.—*Luxury of the Roman Nobles.*

AMMIANUS MARCELLINUS.

[AMMIANUS MARCELLINUS lived in the fourth century, and wrote a history of the emperors, from the accession of Nerva to the death of Valens, A. D. 378. The earlier part of the history is lost. Gibbon, in the 31st chapter of his "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," has translated with some freedom the passage which we now extract. He says, "Ammianus Marcellinus, who prudently chose the capital of the empire as the residence best adapted to the historian of his own times, has mixed with the narrative of public events a lively representation of the scenes with which he was familiarly conversant."]

The greatness of Rome was founded on the rare and almost incredible alliance of virtue and of fortune. The long period of her infancy was employed in a laborious struggle against the tribes of Italy, the neighbours and enemies of the rising city. In the strength and ardour of youth she sustained the storms of war, carried her victorious arms beyond the seas and mountains, and brought home triumphant laurels from every country of the globe. At length, verging towards old age, and sometimes conquering by the terror only of her name, she sought the blessings of ease and tranquillity. The venerable city, which had trampled on the necks of the fiercest nations, and established a system of laws, the perpetual guardians of justice and freedom, was content, like a wise and wealthy parent, to devolve on the Cæsars, her favourite sons, the care of governing her ample patrimony. A secure and pro-

found peace, such as had been once enjoyed in the reign of Numa, succeeded to the tumults of a republic ; while Rome was still adored as the queen of the earth ; and the subject nations still revered the name of the people and the majesty of the senate. But this native splendour, (continues Ammianus,) is degraded and sullied by the conduct of some nobles, who, unmindful of their own dignity and of that of their country, assume an unbounded licence of vice and folly. They contend with each other in the empty vanity of titles and surnames ; and curiously select or invent the most lofty and sonorous appellations, Reburus or Fabunius, Pagonius or Tarrasius, which may impress the ears of the vulgar with astonishment and respect. From a vain ambition of perpetuating their memory, they affect to multiply their likeness in statues of bronze and marble ; nor are they satisfied unless those statues are covered with plates of gold ; an honourable distinction first granted to Acilius the consul, after he had subdued, by his arms and counsels, the power of King Antiochus. The ostentation of displaying, of magnifying perhaps, the rent-roll of the estates which they possess in all the provinces, from the rising to the setting sun, provokes the just resentment of every man, who recollects, that their poor and invincible ancestors were not distinguished from the meanest of the soldiers, by the delicacy of their food or the splendour of their apparel. But the modern nobles measure their rank and consequence according to the loftiness of their chariots and the weighty magnificence of their dress. Their long robes of silk and purple float in the wind ; and as they are agitated, by art or accident, they occasionally discover the under garments, the rich tunics, embroidered with the figures of various animals. Followed by a train of fifty servants, and tearing up the pavement, they move along the streets with the same impetuous speed as if they travelled with post-horses ; and the example of the senators is boldly imitated by the matrons and ladies, whose covered carriages are continually driving round the immense space of the city and suburbs. Whenever these persons of high distinction condescend to visit the public baths, they assume, on their entrance, a tone of loud and insolent command, and appro-

priate to their own use the conveniences which were designed for the Roman people. If, in these places of mixed and general resort, they meet any of the infamous ministers of their pleasures, they express their affection by a tender embrace; while they proudly decline the salutations of their fellow-citizens, who are not permitted to aspire above the honour of kissing their hands or their knees. As soon as they have indulged themselves in the refreshment of the bath, they resume their rings,* and the other ensigns of their dignity; select from their private wardrobe of the finest linen, such as might suffice for a dozen persons, the garments the most agreeable to their fancy, and maintain till their departure the same haughty demeanour, which perhaps might have been excused in the great Marcellus, after the conquest of Syracuse. Sometimes, indeed, these heroes undertake more arduous achievements; they visit their estates in Italy, and procure themselves, by the toil of servile hands, the amusements of the chase. If at any time, but more especially on a hot day, they have courage to sail, in their painted galleys, from the Lucrine lake to their elegant villas on the sea-cost of Puteoli and Cayeta, they compare their own expeditions to the marches of Cæsar and Alexander. Yet, should a fly presume to settle on the silken folds of their gilded umbrellas, should a sunbeam penetrate through some unguarded and imperceptible chink, they deplore their intolerable hardships, and lament, in affected language, that they were not born in the land of the Cimmerians, the regions of eternal darkness. In these journeys into the country the whole body of the household march with their master. In the same manner as the cavalry and infantry, the heavy and light-armed troops, the advanced guard and the rear, are marshalled by the skill of their military leaders; so the domestic officers, who bear a rod as an ensign of authority, distribute and arrange the numerous train of slaves and attendants. The baggage and wardrobe move in the front, and are immediately followed by a multitude of cooks and inferior ministers, employed in the service of the kitchens and of the table. The main body is composed of a promiscuous crowd of slaves, increased by the accidental con-

course of idle or dependent plebeians. The rear is closed by the favourite band of eunuchs, distributed from age to youth, according to the order of seniority. Their numbers and their deformity excite the horror of the indignant spectators. In the exercise of domestic jurisdiction, the nobles of Rome express an exquisite sensibility for any personal injury, and a contemptuous indifference to the rest of the human species. When they have called for warm water, if a slave has been tardy in his obedience, he is instantly chastised with three hundred lashes: but, should the same slave commit a wilful murder, the master will mildly observe that he is a worthless fellow; but that, if he repeats the offence, he shall not escape punishment. Hospitality was formerly the virtue of the Romans, and every stranger, who could plead either merit or misfortune, was relieved or rewarded by their generosity. At present, if a foreigner, perhaps of no contemptible rank, is introduced to one of the proud and wealthy senators, he is welcomed indeed in the first audience, with such warm professions, and such kind inquiries, that he retires enchanted with the affability of his illustrious friend, and full of regret that he had so long delayed his journey to Rome, the native seat of manners as well as of empire. Secure of a favourable reception, he repeats his visit the ensuing day, and is mortified by the discovery, that his person, his name, and his country are already forgotten. If he still has resolution to persevere, he is gradually numbered in the train of dependents, and obtains the permission to pay his assiduous and unprofitable court to a haughty patron, incapable of gratitude or friendship, who scarcely deigns to remark his presence, his departure, or his return. Whenever the rich prepare a solemn and popular entertainment; whenever they celebrate, with profuse and pernicious luxury, their private banquets; the choice of the guests is the subject of anxious deliberation. The modest, the sober, and the learned are seldom preferred; and the recommendators, who are commonly swayed by interested motives, have the address to insert, in the list of invitations, the obscure names of the most worthless of mankind. But the frequent and familiar companions of the

great are those parasites who practise the most useful of all arts, the art of flattery ; who eagerly applaud each word and every action of their immortal patron ; gaze with rapture on his marble columns and variegated pavements ; and strenuously praise the pomp and elegance, which he is taught to consider as a part of his personal merit. At the Roman tables, the birds, the squirrels, or the fish, which appear of an uncommon size, are contemplated with curious attention ; a pair of scales is accurately applied to ascertain their real weight ; and, while the more rational guests are disgusted by the vain and tedious repetition, notaries are summoned to attest, by an authentic record, the truth of such a marvellous event. Another method of introduction into the houses and society of the great is derived from the profession of gaming, or, as it is more politely styled, of play. The confederates are united by a strict and indissoluble bond of friendship, or rather of conspiracy ; a superior degree of skill in the Tesserarian art (which may be interpreted the game of dice and tables) is a sure road to wealth and reputation. A master of that sublime science, who in a supper, or assembly, is placed below a magistrate, displays in his countenance the surprise and indignation which Cato might be supposed to feel when he was refused the prætorship by the votes of a capricious people. The acquisition of knowledge seldom engages the curiosity of the nobles, who abhor the fatigue and disdain the advantages of study ; and the only books which they peruse are the Satires of Juvenal and the verbose and fabulous histories of Marius Maximus. The libraries which they have inherited from their fathers are secluded, like dreary sepulchres, from the light of day. But the costly instruments of the theatre, flutes, and enormous lyres, and hydraulic organs, are constructed for their use ; and the harmony of vocal and instrumental music is incessantly repeated in the palaces of Rome. In those palaces, sound is preferred to sense, and the care of the body to that of the mind. It is allowed, as a salutary maxim, that the light and frivolous suspicion of a contagious malady is of sufficient weight to excuse the visits of the most intimate friends ; and even the ser-

vants, who are despatched to make the decent inquiries, are not suffered to return home till they have undergone the ceremony of a previous ablution. Yet this selfish and unmanly delicacy occasionally yields to the more imperious passion of avarice. The prospect of gain will urge a rich and gouty senator as far as Spoleto; every sentiment of arrogance and dignity is subdued by the hopes of an inheritance, or even of a legacy; and a wealthy childless citizen is the most powerful of the Romans. The art of obtaining the signature of a favourable testament, and sometimes of hastening the moment of its execution, is perfectly understood; and it has happened that, in the same house, though in different apartments, a husband and a wife, with the laudable design of overreaching each other, have summoned their respective lawyers, to declare, at the same time, their mutual but contradictory intentions. The distress which follows, and chastises extravagant luxury, often reduces the great to the use of the most humiliating expedients, when they desire to borrow, they employ the base and supplicating style of the slave in the comedy; but, when they are called upon to pay, they assume the royal and tragic declamation of the grandsons of Hercules. If the demand is repeated, they readily procure some trusty sycophant, instructed to maintain a charge of poison, or magic, against the insolent creditor, who is seldom released from prison till he has signed a discharge of the whole debt. These vices, which degrade the moral character of the Romans, are mixed with a puerile superstition that disgraces their understanding. They listen with confidence to the predictions of haruspices, who pretend to read, in the entrails of victims, the signs of future greatness and prosperity; and there are many who do not presume either to bathe, or to dine, or to appear in public, till they have diligently consulted, according to the rules of astrology, the situation of Mercury and the aspect of the moon. It is singular enough, that this vain credulity may often be discovered among the profane sceptics, who impiously doubt or deny the existence of a celestial power.

173.—The Pains of Opium.

THOMAS DE QUINCEY.

[THE little work, from which the following is an extract, published in 1822, is entitled, "The Confessions of an English Opium-eater." The singularity of the subject, the extraordinary revelations of the habits of an individual, and the vividness of the writing, at once drew the public attention to the author and his work. From that time Mr De Quincey became a large contributor to periodical works, especially to Blackwood's and Tait's Magazines. The unfortunate habit which forms the subject of the following passages perhaps prevented Mr De Quincey from producing any great continuous book worthy of his surpassing powers. He died in 1859, aged seventy-five. The Editor of "Half-Hours," who had the happiness many years ago of intimate companionship with Mr De Quincey, cannot look back without the most unqualified admiration to the prodigious range of his acquirements, the logical depth of his understanding, and the simplicity and benevolence of his character.]

I have thus described and illustrated my intellectual torpor, in terms that apply, more or less, to every part of the four years during which I was under the Circean spell of opium. But for misery and suffering, I might, indeed, be said to have existed in a dormant state. I seldom could prevail on myself to write a letter; an answer of a few words, to any that I received, was the utmost that I could accomplish; and often *that* not until the letter had lain weeks, or even months, on my writing table. Without the aid of M—— all records of bills paid, or *to be* paid, must have perished; and my whole domestic economy, whatever became of political economy, must have gone into irretrievable confusion. I shall not afterwards allude to this part of the case! it is one, however, which the opium-eater will find, in the end, as oppressive and tormenting as any other, from the sense of incapacity and feebleness, from the direct embarrassments incident to the neglect or procrastination of each day's appropriate duties, and from the remorse which must often exasperate the stings of these evils to a reflective and conscientious mind. The opium-eater loses none of his moral sensibilities or aspirations: he wishes and longs, as earnestly as ever, to realise what he believes possible, and feels to be exacted by duty; but his intellectual apprehension of what is possible infinitely outruns his power, not of

execution only, but even of power to attempt. He lies under the weight of incubus and nightmare: he lies in sight of all that he would fain perform, just as a man forcibly confined to his bed by the mortal languor of a relaxing disease, who is compelled to witness injury or outrage offered to some object of his tenderest love: he curses the spells which chain him down from motion: he would lay down his life if he might get up and walk, but he is powerless as an infant, and cannot even attempt to rise.

I now pass to what is the main subject of these latter confessions, to the history and journal of what took place in my dreams: for these were the immediate and proximate cause of my acutest suffering.

The first notice I had of any important change going on in this part of my physical economy was from the re-awakening of a state of eye generally incident to childhood, or exalted states of irritability. I know not whether my reader is aware that many children, perhaps most, have a power of painting, as it were, upon the darkness, all sorts of phantoms; in some, that power is simply a mechanic affection of the eye; others have a voluntary or a semi-voluntary power to dismiss or to summon them; or, as a child once said to me when I questioned him on this matter, "I can tell them to go and they go; but sometimes they come when I don't tell them to come." Whereupon I told him that he had almost as unlimited a command over apparitions as a Roman centurion over his soldiers. In the middle of 1817, I think it was, that this faculty became positively distressing to me: at night, when I lay in bed, vast processions passed along in mournful pomp; friezes of never-ending stories, that to my feelings were as sad and solemn as if they were stories drawn from times before *Œdipus* or *Priam*—before *Tyre*—before *Memphis*. And, at the same time, a corresponding change took place in my dreams; a theatre seemed suddenly opened and lighted up within my brain, which presented mighty spectacles of more than earthly splendour. And the four following facts may be mentioned, as noticeable at this time:—

1. That, as the creative state of the eye increased, a sympathy

seemed to arise between the waking and the dreaming states of the brain in one point—that whatsoever I happened to call up and to trace by a voluntary act upon the darkness was very apt to transfer itself to my dreams, so that I feared to exercise this faculty ; for, as Midas turned all things to gold, that yet baffled his hopes and defrauded his human desires, so whatsoever things capable of being visually represented I did but think of in the darkness, immediately shaped themselves into phantoms of the eye ; and, by a process apparently no less inevitable, when thus once traced in faint and visionary colours, like writings in sympathetic ink, they were drawn out by the fierce chemistry of my dreams into insufferable splendour that fretted my heart.

2. For this and all other changes in my dreams were accompanied by deep-seated anxiety and gloomy melancholy, such as are wholly incommunicable by words. I seemed every night to descend, not metaphorically but literally to descend, into chasms and sunless abysses, depths below depths, from which it seemed hopeless that I could ever re-ascend. Nor did I, by waking, feel that I *had* re-ascended. This I do not dwell upon, because the state of gloom which attended these gorgeous spectacles, amounting at least to utter darkness, as of some suicidal despondency, cannot be approached by words.

3. The sense of space, and in the end the sense of time, were both powerfully affected. Buildings, landscapes, &c., were exhibited in proportions so vast as the bodily eye is not fitted to receive. Space swelled, and was amplified to an extent of unutterable infinity. This, however, did not disturb me so much as the vast expansion of time ; I sometimes seemed to have lived for 70 or 100 years in one night, nay, sometimes had feelings representative of a millennium passed in that time, or, however, of a duration far beyond the limits of any human experience.

4. The minutest incidents of childhood, or forgotten scenes of later years, were often revived ; I could not be said to recollect them ; for, if I had been told of them when waking, I should not have been able to acknowledge them as parts of my past experience. But, placed as they were before me, in dreams like

intuitions, and clothed in all their evanescent circumstances, and accompanying feelings, I *recognised* them instantaneously. I was once told by a near relative of mine, that having in her childhood fallen into a river, and being on the very verge of death but for the critical assistance which reached her, she saw in a moment her whole life, in its minutest incidents, arrayed before her simultaneously as in a mirror ; and she had a faculty developed as suddenly for comprehending the whole and every part. This, from some opium experiences of mine, I can believe. I have, indeed, seen the same thing asserted twice in modern books, and accompanied by a remark which I am convinced is true, viz., that the dread book of account which the Scriptures speak of, is, in fact, the mind itself of each individual. Of this, at least, I feel assured, that there is no such thing as *forgetting* possible to the mind. A thousand accidents may, and will interpose a veil between our present consciousness and the secret inscriptions on the mind ; accidents of the same sort will also rend away this veil ; but alike, whether veiled or unveiled, the inscription remains for ever, just as the stars seem to withdraw before the common light of day, whereas, in fact, we all know that it is the light which is drawn over them as a veil—and that they are waiting to be revealed, when the obscuring daylight shall have withdrawn.

Having noticed these four facts as memorably distinguishing my dreams from those of health, I shall now cite a case illustrative of the first fact, and shall then cite any others that I remember, either in their chronological order, or any other that may give them more effect as pictures to the reader.

I had been in youth, and even since, for occasional amusement, a great reader of Livy, whom I confess that I prefer, both for style and matter, to any other of the Roman historians ; and I had often felt as most solemn and appalling sounds, and most emphatically representative of the majesty of the Roman people, the two words so often occurring in Livy—*Consul Romanus* ; especially when the consul is introduced in his military character. I mean to say that the words king—sultan—regent, &c., or any other titles of those who embody in their own persons the col-

lective majesty of a great people, had less power over my reverential feelings. I had also, though no great reader of history, made myself minutely and critically familiar with one period of English history, viz., the period of the parliamentary war, having been attracted by the moral grandeur of some who figured in that day, and by the many interesting memoirs which survived those unquiet times. Both these parts of my lighter reading, having furnished me often with matter of reflection, now furnished me with matter for my dreams. Often I used to see, after painting upon the blank darkness, a sort of rehearsal whilst waking, a crowd of ladies, and perhaps a festival, and dances. And I heard it said, or I said to myself, "These are English ladies from the unhappy times of Charles I. These are the wives and the daughters of those who met in peace, and sat at the same tables, and were allied by marriage or by blood; and yet, after a certain day in August 1642, never smiled upon each other again, nor met but in the field of battle; and at Marston Moor, at Newbury, or at Naseby, cut asunder all ties of love by the cruel sabre, and washed away in blood the memory of ancient friendship." The ladies danced and looked as lovely as the court of George IV. Yet I knew, even in my dream, that they had been in the grave for nearly two centuries. This pageant would suddenly dissolve; and, at a clapping of hands, would be heard the heart-quaking sound of *Consul Romanus*; and immediately came "sweeping-by," in gorgeous paludaments, Paulus or Marius, girt round by a company of centurions, with the crimson tunic hoisted on a spear, and followed by the *Alalagmos* of the Roman legions.

Many years ago, when I was looking over Piranesi's Antiquities of Rome, Mr Coleridge, who was standing by, described to me a set of plates by that artist, called his *Dreams*, and which record the scenery of his own visions during the delirium of a fever. Some of them (I describe only from memory of Mr Coleridge's account) represented vast Gothic halls, on the floor of which stood all sorts of engines and machinery, wheels, cables, pulleys, levers, catapults, &c., &c., expressive of enormous power put forth, and resistance overcome. Creeping along the sides of

the walls, you perceived a staircase ; and upon it, groping his way upwards, was Piranesi himself : follow the stairs a little further, and you perceive it came to a sudden abrupt termination, without any balustrade, and allowing no step onwards to him who had reached the extremity, except into the depths below. Whatever is to become of poor Piranesi, you suppose, at least, that his labours must in some way terminate here. But raise your eyes, and behold a second flight of stairs still higher, on which again Piranesi is perceived, by this time standing on the very brink of the abyss. Again elevate your eye, and a still more ærial flight of stairs is beheld ; and again is poor Piranesi busy on his aspiring labours ; and so on, until the unfinished stairs and Piranesi both are lost in the upper gloom of the hall. With the same power of endless growth and self-reproduction did my architecture proceed in dreams. In the early stage of my malady, the splendours of my dreams were indeed chiefly architectural ; and I beheld such pomp of cities and palaces as was never yet beheld by the waking eye, unless in the clouds. From a great modern poet I cite part of a passage which describes, as an appearance actually beheld in the clouds, what in many of its circumstances I saw frequently in sleep :—

“ The appearance, instantaneously dis-	Uplifted ; here, serene pavilions bright
closed,	In avenues disposed, there towns begirt
Was of a mighty city—boldly say	With battlements that on their restless
A wilderness of building, sinking far	fronts
And self-withdrawn into a wondrous	Bore stars—illumination of all gems !
depth,	By earthly nature had the effect been
Far sinking into splendour—without	wrought
end !	Upon the dark materials of the storm
Fabric it seem’d of diamond and of	Now pacified : on them and on the cones,
gold,	And mountain-steeps and summits
With alabaster domes, and silver	whereunto
spires,	The vapours had receded,—taking there
And blazing terrace upon terrace,	Their station under a cerulean sky,”
high	&c., &c.

The sublime circumstances—“ battlements that on their *restless* fronts bore stars ”—might have been copied from my architectural dreams, for it often occurred. We hear it reported of Dryden,

and of Fuseli in modern times, that they thought proper to eat raw meat for the sake of obtaining splendid dreams. how much better for such a purpose to have eaten opium, which yet I do not remember that any poet is recorded to have done, except the dramatist Shadwell: and in ancient days, Homer is, I think, rightly reputed to have known the virtues of opium.

To my architecture succeeded dreams of lakes—and silvery expanses of water: these haunted me so much, that I feared (though possibly it will appear ludicrous to a medical man) that some dropsical state or tendency of the brain might thus be making itself (to use a metaphysical word) *objective*; and the sentient organ *project* itself as its own object. For two months I suffered greatly in my head—a part of my bodily structure which had hitherto been so clear from all touch or taint of weakness, (physically I mean,) that I used to say of it, as the last Lord Oxford said of his stomach, that it seemed likely to survive the rest of my person. Till now I had never felt a headache even, or any the slightest pain, except rheumatic pains caused by my own folly. However, I got over this attack, though it must have been verging on something very dangerous.

The waters now changed their character,—from translucent lakes, shining like mirrors, they now became seas and oceans. And now came a tremendous change, which, unfolding itself slowly like a scroll, through many months, promised an abiding torment; and, in fact, it never left me until the winding-up of my case. Hitherto the human face had mixed often in my dreams, but not despotically, nor with any special power of tormenting. But now that which I have called the tyranny of the human face began to unfold itself. Perhaps some part of my London life might be answerable for this. Be that as it may, now it was that upon the rocking waters of the ocean the human face began to appear: the sea appeared paved with innumerable faces, upturned to the heavens—faces, imploring, wrathful, despairing, surged upwards by thousands, by myriads, by generations, by centuries. My agitation was infinite—my mind tossed—and surged with the ocean.

May 18.

The Malay has been a fearful enemy for months.* I have been every night, through his means, transported into Asiatic scenes. I know not whether others share in my feelings on this point; but I have often thought that if I were compelled to forego England, and to live in China and among Chinese manners and modes of life and scenery, I should go mad. The causes of my horror lie deep; and some of them must be common to others. Southern Asia, in general, is the seat of awful images and associations. As the cradle of the human race, it would alone have a dim and reverential feeling connected with it. But there are other reasons.

* In an earlier part of his book the Opium-eater thus describes a singular interview with a Malay:—"One day a Malay knocked at my door. What business a Malay could have to transact amongst English mountains, I cannot conjecture; but possibly he was on his way to a sea-port, about forty miles distant. The servant who opened the door to him was a young girl, born and bred amongst the mountains, who had never seen an Asiatic dress of any sort: his turban, therefore, confounded her not a little; and, as it turned out that his attainments in English were exactly of the same extent as hers in the Malay, there seemed to be an impassable gulf fixed between all communication of ideas, if either party had happened to possess any. In this dilemma, the girl, recollecting the reputed learning of her master, (and, doubtless, giving me credit for a knowledge of all the languages of the earth, besides, perhaps, a few of the lunar ones,) came and gave me to understand that there was a sort of demon below, whom she clearly imagined that my art could exorcise from the house. I did not immediately go down; but when I did, the group which presented itself, arranged as it was by accident, though not very elaborate, took hold of my fancy and my eye in a way that none of the statuesque attitudes exhibited in the ballets at the opera-house, though so ostentatiously complex, had ever done. In a cottage kitchen, but pannelled on the wall with dark wood, that from age and rubbing resembled oak, and looking more like a rustic hall of entrance than a kitchen, stood the Malay—his turban and loose trousers of dingy white relieved upon the dark panneling: he had placed himself nearer to the girl than she seemed to relish: though her native spirit of mountain intrepidity contended with the feelings of simple awe which her countenance expressed as she gazed upon the tiger-cat before her. And a more striking picture there could not be imagined than the beautiful English face of the girl, and its exquisite fairness, together with her erect and independent attitude, contrasted with the sallow and bilious skin of the Malay, enamelled, or veneered with mahogany, by marine air, his small, fierce, restless eyes, thin lips, slavish gestures and adorations. Half-hidden by the ferocious-looking Malay was a little child from a neighbouring cottage, who had crept in after

No man can pretend that the wild, barbarous, and capricious superstitions of Africa, or of savage tribes elsewhere, affect him in the way that he is affected by the ancient, monumental, cruel, and elaborate religions of Indostan, &c. The mere antiquity of Asiatic things, of their institutions, histories, modes of faith, &c., is so impressive, that to me the vast age of the race and name overpowers the sense of youth in the individual. A young Chinese seems to me an antediluvian man renewed. Even Englishmen, though not bred in any knowledge of such institutions, cannot but shudder at the mystic sublimity of *castes* that have flowed apart, and refused to mix, through such immemorial tracts of

him, and was now in the act of reverting its head, and gazing upwards at the turban and the fiery eyes beneath it, whilst with one hand he caught at the dress of the young woman for protection. My knowledge of the Oriental tongues is not remarkably extensive, being indeed confined to two words—the Arabic word for barley, and the Turkish for opium, (madjoon,) which I have learnt from Anastasius. And as I had neither a Malay dictionary, nor even Adelung's *Mithridates*, which might have helped me to a few words, I addressed him in some lines from the *Iliad*, considering that, of such languages as I possessed, Greek, in point of longitude, came geographically nearest to an Oriental one. He worshipped me in a most devout manner, and replied in what I suppose was Malay. In this way I saved my reputation with my neighbours: for the Malay had no means of betraying the secret. He lay down upon the floor for about an hour, and then pursued his journey. On his departure, I presented him with a piece of opium. To him, as an Orientalist, I concluded that opium must be familiar; and the expression of his face convinced me that it was. Nevertheless, I was struck with some little consternation when I saw him suddenly raise his hand to his mouth, and (in the school-boy phrase) bolt the whole, divided into three pieces, at one mouthful. The quantity was enough to kill three dragoons and their horses; and I felt some alarm for the poor creature: but what could be done? I had given him the opium in compassion for his solitary life, on recollecting that, if he had travelled on foot from London, it must be nearly three weeks since he could have exchanged a thought with any human being. I could not think of violating the laws of hospitality, by having him surged and drenched with an emetic, and thus frightening him into a notion that we were going to sacrifice him to some English idol. No, there was clearly no help for it: he took his leave; and for some days I felt anxious: but, as I never heard of any Malay being found dead, I became convinced that he was used to opium, and that I must have done him the service I designed, by giving him one night of respite from the pains of wandering.

time ; nor can any man fail to be awed by the names of the Ganges or the Euphrates. It contributes much to these feelings, that Southern Asia is, and has been for thousands of years, the part of the earth most swarming with human life—the great *officina gentium*. Man is a weed in those regions. The vast empires also, into which the enormous population of Asia has always been cast, give a further sublimity to the feelings associated with all Oriental names or images. In China, over and above what it has in common with the rest of Southern Asia, I am terrified by the modes of life, by the manners, and the barrier of utter abhorrence, and want of sympathy, placed between us by feelings deeper than I can analyse. I could sooner live with lunatics, or brute animals. All this, and much more than I can say, or have time to say, the reader must enter into before he can comprehend the unimaginable horror which these dreams of Oriental imagery, and mythological tortures, impressed upon me. Under the connecting feeling of tropical heat and vertical sunlights, I brought together all creatures, birds, beasts, reptiles, all trees and plants, usages and appearances, that are found in all tropical regions, and assembled them together in China or Indostan. From kindred feelings, I soon brought Egypt and all her gods under the same law. I was stared at, hooted at, grinned at, chattered at, by monkeys, by parroquets, by cockatoos. I ran into pagodas : and was fixed, for centuries, at the summit, or in secret rooms ; I was the idol ; I was the priest ; I was worshipped ; I was sacrificed. I fled from the wrath of Brama through all the forests of Asia ; Vishnu hated me ; Seeva laid wait for me. I came suddenly upon Isis and Osiris ; I had done a deed, they said, which the ibis and the crocodile trembled at. I was buried, for a thousand years, in stone coffins, with mummies and sphinxes, in narrow chambers at the heart of eternal pyramids. I was kissed, with cancerous kisses, by crocodiles, and laid, confounded with all unutterable slimy things, amongst reeds and Nilotic mud.

I thus give the reader some slight abstraction of my Oriental dreams, which always filled me with such amazement at the mon-

strous scenery, that horror seemed absorbed for a while in sheer astonishment. Sooner or later came a reflux of feeling that swallowed up the astonishment, and left me, not so much in terror, as in hatred and abomination at what I saw. Over every form, and threat, and punishment, and dim sightless incarceration, brooded a sense of eternity and infinity that drove me into an oppression as of madness. Into these dreams only, it was, with one or two slight exceptions, that any circumstances of physical horror entered. All before had been moral and spiritual terrors. But here the main agents were ugly birds, or snakes, or crocodiles; especially the last. The cursed crocodile became to me the object of more horror than almost all the rest. I was compelled to live with him, and (as was always the case almost in my dreams) for centuries. I escaped sometimes, and found myself in Chinese houses, with cane tables, &c. All the feet of the tables, sofas, &c., soon became instinct with life: the abominable head of the crocodile, and his leering eyes, looked out at me, multiplied into a thousand repetitions: and I stood loathing and fascinated. And so often did this hideous reptile haunt my dreams, that many times the very same dream was broken up in the very same way: I heard gentle voices speaking to me, (I hear everything when I am sleeping;) and instantly I awoke: it was broad noon; and my children were standing, hand in hand, at my bedside, come to show me their coloured shoes, or new frocks, or to let me see them dressed for going out. I protest, that so awful was the transition from the damned crocodile, and the other unutterable monsters and abortions of my dreams to the sight of innocent *human* natures, and of infancy, that, in the mighty and sudden revulsion of mind, I wept, and could not forbear it, as I kissed their faces.

As a final specimen, I cite a dream of a different character, from 1820:—

The dream commenced with a music which now I often heard in dreams—a music of preparation and of awakening suspense—a music like the opening of the Coronation Anthem, and which,

like *that*, gave the feeling of a vast march, of infinite cavalcades filing off, and the tread of innumerable armies. The morning was come of a mighty day—a day of crises and of final hope for human nature, then suffering some mysterious eclipse, and labouring in some dread extremity. Somewhere, I knew not where—somehow, I knew not how—by some beings, I knew not whom—a battle, a strife, an agony, was conducting,—was evolving like a great drama, or piece of music, with which my sympathy was the more insupportable from my confusion as to its place, its cause, its nature, and its possible issue. I, as is usual in dreams, (where, of necessity, we make ourselves central to every movement,) had the power, and yet had not the power, to decide it. I had the power, if I could raise myself, to will it; and, yet again had not the power, for the weight of twenty Atlantics was upon me, or the oppression of inexpressible guilt. “Deeper than ever plummet sounded,” I lay inactive. Then, like a chorus, the passion deepened. Some greater interest was at stake; some mightier cause than ever yet the sword had pleaded or trumpet had proclaimed. Then came the sudden alarms; hurrys to and fro; trepidations of innumerable fugitives, I knew not whether from the good cause or the bad; darkness and lights; tempests and human faces; and at last, with the sense that all was lost, female forms, and the features that were worth all the world to me, and but a moment allowed—and clasped hands, and heart-breaking partings, and then—everlasting farewells! and with a sigh, such as the caves of hell sighed when the incestuous mother uttered the abhorred name of death, the sound was reverberated—everlasting farewells; and again, and yet again reverberated—everlasting farewells!

And I awoke in struggles, and cried aloud—“I will sleep no more!”

174.—*Health and Long Life.*

SIR W. TEMPLE.

[SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE, an eminent statesman, was born in 1628. He was employed during the reign of Charles II. in several important missions, and by

his energy and judgment concluded the famous Triple Alliance of 1668 between England, Holland, and Sweden. His politics were too liberal, and his disposition too honest, for those days. He gradually retired into private life ; and at his house in Sheen devoted himself to literature and gardening. He died in 1699.]

For the honour of our climate, it has been observed by ancient authors, that the Britons were longer-lived than any other nation to them known. And in modern times there have been more and greater examples of this kind than in any other countries of Europe. The story of old Parr is too late to be forgotten by many now alive, who was brought out of Derbyshire to the court in King Charles the First's time, and lived to a hundred and fifty-three years old ; and might have, as was thought, gone further, if the change of country air and diet for that of the town had not carried him off untimely at that very age. The late Robert, Earl of Leicester, who was a person of great learning and observation, as well as of truth, told me several stories very extraordinary upon this subject ; one of a Countess of Desmond, married out of England in Edward the Fourth's time, and who lived far in King James's reign, and was counted to have died some years above a hundred and forty ; at which age she came from Bristol to London to beg some relief at court, having long been very poor by the ruin of that Irish family into which she was married.

Another he told me was of a beggar at a bookseller's shop, where he was some weeks after the death of Prince Henry ; and, observing those that passed by, he was saying to his company, that never such a mourning had been seen in England : this beggar said, " No, never since the death of Prince Arthur." My Lord Leicester, surprised, asked what she meant, and whether she remembered it ; she said, " Very well ;" and upon his more curious inquiry told him that her name was Rainsford, of a good family in Oxfordshire ; that when she was about twenty years old, upon the falseness of a lover, she fell distracted ; how long she had been so, nor what passed in that time, she knew not ; that when she was thought well enough to go abroad, she was fain to beg

for her living ; that she was some time at this trade before she recovered any memory of what she had been, or where bred ; that when this memory returned, she went down into her country, but hardly found the memory of any of her friends she had left there ; and so returned to a parish in Southwark, where she had some small allowance among other poor, and had been for many years ; and once a week walked into the city, and took what alms were given her. My Lord Leicester told me he sent to inquire at the parish, and found their account agree with the woman's : upon which he ordered her to call at his house once a week, which she did for some time ; after which he heard no more of her. This story raised some discourse upon a remark of some in the company, that mad people are apt to live long. They alleged examples of their own knowledge ; but the result was that if it were true, it must proceed from the natural vigour of their tempers, which disposed them to passions so violent as end in frenzies ; and from the great abstinence and hardships of diet they are forced upon by the methods of their cure, and severity of those who had them in care ; no other drink but water being allowed them, and very little meat.

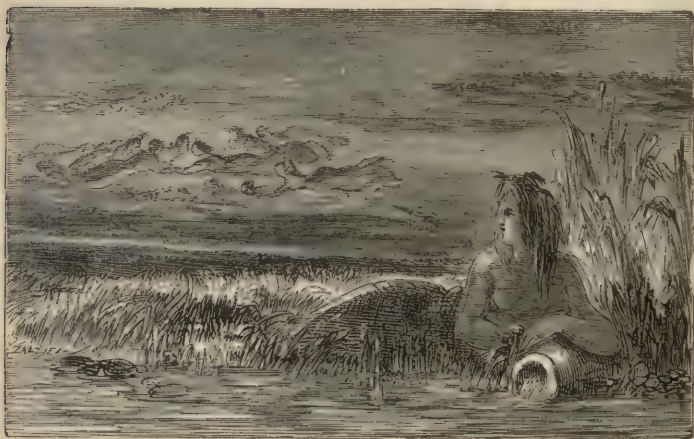
The last story I shall mention from that noble person, upon this subject, was of a morris-dance in Herefordshire ; whereof he said he had a pamphlet still in his library, written by a very ingenious gentleman of that county ; and which gave an account how, such a year of King James's reign, there went about the country a set of morris-dancers composed of ten men who danced a Maid Marian, and a tabor and pipe ; and how these twelve one with another made up twelve hundred years. 'Tis not so much that so many in one small county should live to that age, as that they should be in vigour and in humour to travel and to dance.

I have in my life met with two of above a hundred and twelve ; whereof the woman had passed her life in service, and the man in common labour till he grew old and fell upon the parish. But I met with one who had gone a much greater length, which made me more curious in my inquiries. 'Twas an old man who begged usually at a lonely inn upon the road in Staffordshire, who told

me he was a hundred and twenty-four years old ; that he had been a soldier in the Cales voyage under the Earl of Essex, of which he gave me a sensible account. That after his return he fell to labour in his own parish, which was about a mile from the place where I met him. That he continued to work till a hundred and twelve, when he broke one of his ribs by a fall from a cart, and being thereby disabled he fell to beg. This agreeing with what the master of the house told me was reported and believed by all his neighbours, I asked him what his usual food was ; he said, milk, bread, and cheese, and flesh when it was given him. I asked what he used to drink ; he said, " Oh, sir, we have the best water in our parish that is in all the neighbourhood. Whether he never drank anything else ? He said, yes, if anybody gave it him, but not otherwise ; and the host told me he had got many a pound in his house, but never spent one penny. I asked if he had any neighbours as old as he, and he told me but one, who had been his fellow-soldier at Cales, and was three years older ; but he had been most of his time in a good service, and had something to live on now he was old.

I have heard, and very credibly, of many in my life above a hundred years old, brought as witnesses upon trials of titles, and bounds of land ; but have observed most of them to have been of Derbyshire, Staffordshire, or Yorkshire, and none above the rank of common farmers. The oldest I ever knew any persons of quality, or indeed any gentleman, either at home or abroad, was fourscore and twelve. This, added to all the former recites or observations, either of long-lived races or persons in any age or country, makes it easy to conclude that health and long life are usually blessings of the poor, not of the rich ; and the fruits of temperance, rather than of luxury and excess. And indeed if a rich man does not in many things live like a poor, he will certainly be the worse for his riches. If he does not use exercise, which is but voluntary labour ; if he does not restrain appetite by choice as the other does by necessity ; if he does not practise sometimes, even abstinence and fasting, which is the last extreme of want and poverty ; if his cares and his troubles increase with

his riches, or his passions with his pleasures ; he will certainly impair in health, whilst he improves his fortunes, and lose more than he gains by the bargain ; since health is the best of all human possessions, and without which the rest are not relished or not kindly enjoyed.



175.—Evening.

VARIOUS.

EVENING has formed the subject of one of Collins's most finished poems :—

If aught of oaten stop or pastoral song
May hope, O pensive Eve, to soothe thine ear,
Like thy own modest springs,
Thy springs, and dying gales ;

O nymph reserved, while now the bright-hair'd sun
Sits in yon western tent, whose cloudy skirts,
With brede ethereal wove,
O'erhang his wavy bed .

Now air is hush'd, save where the weak-eyed bat,
With short shrill shriek flits by on leathern wing.

Or where the beetle winds
His small but sullen horn,

As oft he rises 'midst the twilight path,
Against the pilgrim borne in heedless hum :
Now teach me, maid composed,
To breathe some soften'd strain,

Whose numbers stealing through the darkening vale
May not unseemly with its stillness suit ;
As musing slow I hail
Thy genial love return !

For, when thy folding star arising shows
His paly circlet, at his warning lamp
The fragrant hours and elves
Who slept in buds the day,

And many a nymph who wreathes her brows with sedge,
And sheds the fresh'ning dew, and, lovelier still,
The pensive pleasures sweet,
Prepare thy shadowy car.

Then let me rove some wild and heathy scene,
Or find some ruin 'midst its dreary dells,
Whose walls more awful nod
By thy religious beams.

Or if chill blustering winds, or driving rain,
Prevent my willing feet, be mine the hut
That from the mountain's side
Views wilds and swelling floods,

And hamlets brown, and dim discover'd spires,
And hears thy simple bell, and marks o'er all
Thy dewy fingers draw
The gradual dusky veil.

While spring shall pour his showers, as oft he wont,
And bathe thy breathing tresses, meekest Eve !

While summer loves to sport
Beneath thy lingering light ;

While sallow autumn fills thy lap with leaves ;
Or winter, yelling through the troublous air,
Affrights thy shrinking train,
And rudely rends thy robes ;

So long, regardful of thy quiet rule,
Shall Fancy, Friendship, Science, smiling Peace,
Thy gentlest influence own,
And love thy favourite name.

COLLINS.

Thomas Warton's poems are less known than those of Collins. The following lines from his "Ode on the Approach of Summer" will show that he possessed one of the characteristics of a real poet ; that power of observation which is necessary to produce *particular* images, instead of vague descriptions :—

Oft when thy season, sweetest queen,
Has drest the groves in livery green ;
When in each fair and fertile field
Beauty begins her bower to build ;
While evening, veil'd in shadows
brown,
Puts her matron mantle on,
And mists in spreading streams convey
More fresh the fumes of new-shorn hay ;
Then, goddess, guide my pilgrim feet
Contemplation hoar to meet,
As slow he winds in museful mood,
Near the 'rush'd marge of Cherwell's
flood,
Or o'er old Avon's magic edge,
Whence Shakspeare cull'd the spiky
sedge ;
All playful yet, in years unripe,
To frame a shrill and simple pipe.
There, through the dusk but dimly
seen,
Sweet evening objects intervene :
His wattled cotes the shepherd plants,
Beneath her elm the milk-maid chants.

The woodman, speeding home, a while
Rests him at a shady stile.
Nor wants there fragrance to dispense
Refreshment o'er my soothèd sense ;
Nor tangled woodbine's balmy bloom,
Nor grass besprent to breathe perfume,
Nor lurking wild thyme's spicy sweet
To bathe in dew my roving feet :
Nor wants there note of Philomel,
Nor sound of distant tinkling bell ;
Nor lowings faint of herds remote,
Nor mastiff's bark from bosom'd cot ;
Rustle the breezes lightly borne
O'er deep embattled ears of corn :
Round ancient elm, with humming
noise,
Full loud the chaffer swarms rejoice.
Meantime a thousand dyes invest
The ruby chambers of the west !
That all aslant the village tower
A mild reflected radiance pour,
While, with the level-streaming rays
Far seen its archèd windows blaze,

And the tall grove's green top is dight	And fainter shapes of pensive joy,
In russet tints, and gleams of light :	As twilight dawns, my mind employ,
So that the gay scene by degrees	Till from the path I fondly stray
Bathes my blithe heart in ecstasies ;	In musing lapt, nor heed the way ;
And Fancy to my ravish'd sight	Wandering through the landscape still,
Portrays her kindred visions bright.	Till melancholy has her fill ;
At length the parting light subdues	And on each moss-wove border damp
My soften'd soul to calmer views,	The glow-worm hangs his fairy lamp.

WARTON.

Byron sings the evening of Italian skies :—

The moon is up, and yet it is not night—
 Sunset divides the sky with her—a sea
 Of glory streams along the Alpine height
 Of blue Friuli's mountains ; heaven is free
 From clouds, but of all colours seems to be,
 Melted to one vast iris of the west,
 Where the day joins the past eternity ;
 While, on the other hand, meek Dian's crest
 Floats through the azure air—an island of the blest !

A single star is at her side, and reigns
 With her o'er half the lovely heaven ; but still
 Yon sunny sea heaves brightly, and remains
 Roll'd o'er the peak of the far Rhætian hill,
 As day and night contending were, until
 Nature reclaim'd her order :—gently flows
 The deep-dyed Brenta, where their hues instil
 The odorous purple of a new-born rose,
 Which streams upon her stream, and glass'd within it glows,

Fill'd with the face of heaven, which from afar
 Comes down upon the waters ; all its hues,
 From the rich sunset to the rising star,
 Their magical variety diffuse :
 And now they change : a paler shadow strews
 Its mantle o'er the mountains ; parting day
 Dies like the dolphin, whom each pang imbues

With a new colour as it gasps away,
The last still loveliest, till—'tis gone—and all is gray. BYRON.

Brilliant as these stanzas are, the older poets have a more natural charm, to our tastes:—

Look, the world's comforter, with weary gait,
His day's hot task has ended in the west :
The owl, night's herald, shrieks,—'tis very late ;
The sheep are gone to fold, birds to their nest ;
And coal-black clouds that shadow heaven's light
Do summon us to part, and bid good night. SHAKSPERE.

Shepherds all, and maidens fair,
Fold your flocks up, for the air
'Gins to thicken, and the sun
Already his great course hath run.
See the dew-drops, how they kiss
Every little flower that is ;
Hanging on their velvet heads,
Like a rope of crystal beads.
See the heavy clouds low falling,
And bright Hesperus down calling
The dead Night from under ground ;
At whose rising mists unsound,
Damps and vapours fly apace,
Hov'ring o'er the wanton face
Of these pastures, where they come,
Striking dead both bud and bloom ;
Therefore, from such danger, lock
Every one his lovèd flock ;

And let your dogs lie loose without,
Lest the wolf come as a scout
From the mountain, and, ere day,
Bear a lamb or kid away ;
Or the crafty, thievish fox
Break upon your simple flocks,
To secure yourselves from these
Be not too secure in ease ;
Let one eye his watches keep,
While the other eye doth sleep ;
So you shall good shepherds prove,
And for ever hold the love
Of our great God. Sweetest slum-
bers,
And soft silence, fall in numbers
On your eye-lids ! So, farewell !
Thus I end my evening's knell.

FLETCHER.

Look how the flower, which ling'ringly doth fade,
The morning's darling late, the summer's queen,
Spoil'd of that juice which kept it fresh and green,
As high as it did raise, bows low the head :
Right so the pleasures of my life being dead,
Or in their contraries but only seen,
With swifter speed declines than erst it spread,
And (blasted) scarce now shows what it hath been.
Therefore, as doth the pilgrim, whom the night

Hastes darkly to imprison on his way,
 Think on thy home, (my soul,) and think aright
 Of what's yet left thee of life's wasting day :
 Thy sun posts westward, passèd is thy morn,
 And twice it is not given thee to be born. DRUMMOND.

176.—The Coming of Our Saviour.

THOMAS BURNET.

[THOMAS BURNET, Master of the Charterhouse, was born in 1635. He was educated at the Free School of North Allerton, and at Cambridge. The "Sacred Theory of the Earth" was no doubt regarded by its author as a contribution to that science which we now call Geology; but at that time the facts upon which the science rests were so imperfectly known, that the book has now no scientific value. But Burnet brought to his task the imagination of a poet; and some of his descriptions have been rarely surpassed in real sublimity. The extract which we give is from the last chapter of the Third Book of the "Sacred Theory." Dr Burnet died in 1715.]

Certainly there is nothing in the whole course of nature, or of human affairs, so great and so extraordinary as the two last scenes of them, the Coming of our Saviour, and the Burning of the World. If we could draw in our minds the pictures of these in true and lively colours, we should scarce be able to attend to anything else, or ever divert our imagination from these two objects: for what can more affect us than the greatest glory that ever was visible upon earth, and at the same time the greatest terror;—a God descending at the head of an array of angels, and a burning world under His feet?

As to the face of nature, just before the coming of our Saviour, that may be best collected from the signs of His coming mentioned in the precedent chapter. Those, all meeting together, help to prepare and make ready a theatre fit for an angry God to come down upon. The countenance of the heavens will be dark and gloomy; and a veil drawn over the face of the sun. The earth in a disposition everywhere to break into open flames.

The tops of the mountains smoking ; the rivers dry ; earthquakes in several places ; the sea sunk and retired into its deepest channel, and roaring as against some mighty storm. These things will make the day dead and melancholy ; but the night scenes will have more of horror in them, when the blazing stars appear like so many furies with their lighted torches, threatening to set all on fire. For I do not doubt but the comets will bear a part in this tragedy, and have something extraordinary in them at that time, either as to number, or bigness, or nearness to the earth. Besides, the air will be full of flaming meteors, of unusual forms and magnitudes ; balls of fire rolling in the sky, and pointed lightnings darted against the earth, mixed with claps of thunder and unusual noises from the clouds. The moon and the stars will be confused and irregular both in their light and motions ; as if the whole frame of the heavens was out of order, and all the laws of nature were broken or expired.

When all things are in this languishing or dying posture, and the inhabitants of the earth under the fears of their last end, the heavens will open on a sudden, and the glory of God will appear. A glory surpassing the sun in its greatest radiancy which, though we cannot describe, we may suppose it will bear some resemblance or proportion with those representations that are made in Scripture of God upon His throne. This wonder in the heavens, whatsoever its form may be, will presently attract the eyes of all the Christian world. Nothing can more affect than an object so unusual and so illustrious, and probably brings along with it their last destiny, and will put a period to all human affairs. . . .

As it is not possible for us to express or conceive the dread and majesty of His appearance, so neither can we, on the other hand, express the passions and consternations of the people that behold it. These things exceed the measures of human affairs, and of human thoughts ; we have neither words nor comparisons to make them known by. The greatest pomp and magnificence of the Emperors of the East, in their armies, in their triumphs, in their inaugurations, is but the sport and entertainment of children, if compared with this solemnity. When God conde-

scends to an external glory, with a visible train and equipage ; when, from all the provinces of His vast and boundless empire, He summons His nobles, as I may so say—the several orders of angels or archangels—to attend His person, though we cannot tell the form or manner of His appearance, we know there is nothing in our experience, or in the whole history of this world, that can be a just representation of the least part of it. No armies so numerous as the host of heaven ; and, instead of the wild noises of the rabble, which makes a great part of our worldly state, this blessed company will breathe their hallelujahs into the open air, and repeated acclamations of salvation to God, which sits upon the throne, and to the Lamb. . . .

Imagine all nature now standing in a silent expectation to receive its last doom ! the tutelary and destroying angels to have their instructions ; everything to be ready for the fatal hour ; and then, after a little silence, all the host of heaven to raise their voice, and sing aloud : “ Let God arise ; let his enemies be scattered ; as smoke is driven away, so drive them away ; as wax melteth before the fire, so let the wicked perish at the presence of God.” And upon this, as upon a signal given, all the sublunary world breaks into flames, and all the treasures of fire, are opened in heaven and in earth.

Thus the conflagration begins. If one should now go about to represent the world on fire, with all the confusions that necessarily must be in nature and in mankind upon that occasion, it would seem to most men a romantic scene. Yet we are sure there must be such a scene. The heavens will pass away with a noise, and the elements will melt with fervent heat, and all the works of the earth will be burnt up ; and these things cannot come to pass without the greatest disorders imaginable, both in the minds of men and in external nature, and the saddest spectacles that eye can behold. We think it a great matter to see a single person burnt alive ; here are millions shrieking in the flames at once. It is frightful to us to look upon a great city in flames, and to see the distractions and misery of the people ; here is a universal fire through all the cities of the earth, and a uni-

versal massacre of their inhabitants. Whatsoever the prophets foretold of the desolations of Judæa, Jerusalem, or Babylon, in the highest strains, is more than literally accomplished in this last and general calamity; and those only that are spectators of it can make its history.

The disorders in nature and the inanimate world will be no less, nor less strange and unaccountable, than those in mankind. Every element, and every region, so far as the bounds of this fire extend, will be in a tumult and a fury, and the whole habitable world running into confusion. A world is sooner destroyed than made; and nature lapses hastily into that chaos state out of which she came by slow and leisurely motions: as an army advances into the field by just and regular marches; but, when it is broken and routed, it flies with precipitation, and one cannot describe its posture. Fire is a barbarous enemy; it gives no mercy; there is nothing but fury, and rage, and ruin, and destruction wheresoever it prevails, as storm, or hurricane, though it be but the force of air, makes a strange havoc where it comes; but devouring flames, or exhalations set on fire, have still a far greater violence, and carry more terror along with them. Thunder and earthquakes are the sons of fire; and we know nothing in nature more impetuous or more irresistibly destructive than these two. And, accordingly, in this last war of the elements, we may be sure they will bear their parts, and do great execution in the several regions of the world. Earthquakes and subterraneous eruptions will tear the body and bowels of the earth; and thunders and convulsive motions of the air rend the skies. The waters of the sea will boil and struggle with streams of sulphur that run into them; which will make them fume, and smoke, and roar, beyond all storms and tempests; and these noises of the sea will be answered again from the land by falling rocks and mountains. This is a small part of the disorders of that day. . . .

But if we suppose the storm over, and that the fire hath got an entire victory over all other bodies, and hath subdued everything to itself, the conflagration will end in a deluge of fire, or in a sea of fire, covering the whole globe of the earth; for when the ex-

terior region of the earth is melted into a fluor, like molten glass or running metal ; it will, according to the nature of other fluids, fill all vacuities and depressions, and fall into a regular surface, at an equal distance everywhere from its centre. This sea of fire, like the first abyss, will cover the face of the whole earth, make a kind of second chaos, and leave a capacity for another world to rise from it. But that is not our present business. Let us only, if you please to take leave of this subject, reflect upon this occasion, on the vanity and transient glory of all this habitable world ; how, by the force of one element breaking loose upon the rest, all the varieties of nature, all the works of art, all the labours of men, are reduced to nothing ; all that we admired and adored before as great and magnificent is obliterated or banished ; and another form and face of things, plain, simple, and everywhere the same, overspreads the whole earth. Where are now the great empires of the world, and their great imperial cities ? Their pillars, trophies, and monuments of glory ? Show me where they stood ; read the inscription ; tell me the victor's name ! What remains, what impressions, what difference or distinction do you see in this mass of fire ? Rome itself, eternal Rome, the great city, the empress of the world, whose domination and superstition, ancient and modern, make a great part of the history of this earth, what is become of her now ? She laid her foundations deep, and her palaces were strong and sumptuous ; she glorified herself and lived deliciously, and said in her heart, I sit a queen and shall see no sorrow. But her hour is come, she is wiped away from the face of the earth, and buried in perpetual oblivion. But it is not cities only, and works of men's hands, but the everlasting hills and mountains and rocks of the earth are melted as wax before the sun ; and their place is nowhere found. Here stood the Alps, a prodigious range of stones, the load of the earth, that covered many countries, and reached their arms from the ocean to the Black Sea ; this huge mass of stones is softened and dissolved, as a tender cloud into rain. Here stood the African mountains, and Atlas with his top above the clouds. There was frozen Caucasus, and Taurus, and Imaus, and the mountains of

Asia. And yonder, towards the north, stood the Riphæan Hills, clothed in ice and snow. All these are vanished, dropped away as the snow upon their heads, and swallowed up in a red sea of fire. Great and marvellous are thy works, Lord God Almighty ! just and true are thy ways, thou King of saints ! Hallelujah.

177.—*Labour in Utopia.*

SIR T. MORE.

[SIR THOMAS MORE is one of those few statesmen who have won the affection of the readers of history. In him we see no intrigue and double-dealing, the orator is yet "friend to truth." Erasmus has described the beautiful domestic life of this lord chancellor : "With him you might imagine yourself in the academy of Plato. But I should do injustice to his house by comparing it to the academy of Plato, where numbers and geometrical figures, and sometimes moral virtues, were the subjects of discussion : it would be more just to call it a school and an exercise of the Christian religion. All its inhabitants, male and female, applied their leisure to liberal studies and profitable reading, although piety was their first care. No wrangling, no angry word, was heard in it ; no one was idle ; every one did his duty with alacrity, and not without a temperate cheerfulness."]

Thomas More, the son of Sir John More, one of the justices of the Court of King's Bench, was born in 1480 ; was first taught at St Anthony's School in Threadneedle Street ; and finished his education at Oxford. He attained to the highest reputation at the bar ; was employed by Henry VIII. in various public affairs ; and was made chancellor in 1529, on the downfall of Wolsey. More's conscientious scruples as to the divorce of Henry, and as to his ecclesiastical supremacy, brought him to the block on the absurd charge of high treason. He was beheaded on the 6th of July 1535. His "*Utopia*," written in Latin, was published in 1516. The extract which we give is from the old translation by Robinson, published in 1551. This philosophical romance contains many just maxims on morals and government, mixed with some theories which More's judgment must have shown him to be impracticable.]

Husbandry is a science common to them all in general, both men and women, wherein they be all expert and cunning. In this they be all instructed even from their youth : partly in their schools with traditions and precepts, and partly in the country nigh the city, brought up as it were in playing, not only beholding

the use of it, but by occasion of exercising their bodies, practising it also. Besides husbandry, which (as I said) is common to them all, every one of them learneth one or other several and particular science, as his own proper craft. That is, most commonly, either cloth-working in wool or flax, or masonry, or the smith's craft, or the carpenter's science: for there is none other occupation that any number, to speak of, doth use there.

For their *garments*, these throughout all the island be of one fashion, (saving that there is a difference between the man's garment and the woman's, between the married and the unmarried;) and this one continueth for evermore unchanged, seemly and comely to the eye, no let to the moving and welding of the body, also fit both for winter and summer; as for these garments, (I say,) every family maketh their own. But of the other aforesaid crafts, every man learneth one; and not only the men but also the women. But the women, as the weaker sort, be put to the easier crafts, as to work wool and flax. The more laborious sciences be committed to the men. For the most part every man is brought up in his father's craft: for most commonly they be naturally thereto bent and inclined. But if a man's mind stand to any other, he is by adoption put into a family of that occupation which he doth most fancy. Whom not only his father, but also the magistrate, do diligently look to, that he be put to a discreet and an honest householder. Yea, and if any person, when he hath learned one craft, be desirous to learn also another, he is likewise suffered and permitted. When he hath learned both, he occupieth whether he will, unless the city hath more need of the one than the other. The chief and almost the only office of the *Siphogrants* is, to see and take heed that no man sit idle, but that every one apply his own craft with earnest diligence. And yet for all that, not to be wearied from early in the morning to late in the evening with continual work, like labouring and toiling beasts. For this is worse than the miserable and wretched condition of bondmen.

Which, nevertheless, is almost everywhere the life of workmen and artificers, saving in *Utopia*. For they, dividing the day and the night into twenty-four just hours, appoint and assign only six

of those hours to work ; three of those hours before noon, upon the which they go straight to dinner ; and after dinner, when they have rested two hours, then they work three hours, and upon that they go to supper. About eight of the clock in the evening (counting one of the clock the first hour after noon) they go to bed : eight hours they give to sleep. All the void time that is between the hours of work, sleep, and meat, that they be suffered to bestow every man as he liketh best himself. Not to the intent that they should misspend this time in riot or slothfulness ; but being then licensed from the labour of their own occupations, to bestow the time well and thriftily upon some other science, as shall please them ; for it is a solemn custom there to have lectures daily, early in the morning, whereto they only be constrained to be present that be chosen and appointed to learning. Howbeit, a great multitude of every sort of people, both men and women, go to hear lectures, some one and some another, as every man's nature is inclined. Yet, this notwithstanding, if any man had rather bestow this time upon his own occupation, as it chanceth in many, (whose minds rise not in the contemplation of any liberal science,) he is not letted or prohibited, but is also praised and commended, as profitable to the commonwealth. After supper they bestow one hour in play ; in summer in their gardens, in winter in their common halls, where they dine and sup. There they exercise themselves in music, or else in honest and wholesome communication. Dice-play, and such other foolish and pernicious games, they know not ; but they use two games, not much unlike the chess.

The one is the battle of numbers, wherein one number stealeth away another. The other is where vices fight with virtues, as it were in battle array on a set field. In the which game is very properly showed, both the strife and discord that the vices have among themselves, and again, their unity and concord against virtues. And also, what vices be repugnant to what virtues : with what power and strength they assail them openly : by what wiles and subtilty they assault them secretly : with what help and aid the virtues resist and overcome the puissance of the vices : by

what craft they frustrate their purposes: and finally by what sleight or means the one getteth the victory. But here, lest you be deceived, one thing you must look more narrowly upon. For seeing they bestow but six hours in work, perchance you may think that the lack of some necessary things thereof may ensue. But this is nothing so; for that small time is not only enough, but also too much for the store and abundance of all things that be requisite, either for the necessity or commodity of life. The which thing you also shall perceive, if you weigh and consider with yourselves how great a part of the people in other countries liveth idle. First, almost all women, which be the half of the whole number: or else, if the women be somewhere occupied, there most commonly in their stead the men be idle. Besides this, how great and how idle a company is there of priests and religious men, as they call them; put thereto all rich men, specially all landed men, which commonly be called gentlemen and noblemen—take into this number also their servants: I mean all that flock of stout bragging rushbucklers. Join to them also sturdy and valiant beggars, cloaking their idle life under the colour of some disease or sickness.

And truly you shall find them much fewer than you thought, by whose labour all these things are wrought, that in men's affairs are now daily used and frequented. Now, consider within yourself of these few that do work, how few be occupied in necessary work. For where money beareth all the swing, there many vain and superfluous occupations must needs be used to serve only for riotous superfluity, and dishonest pleasure: for the same multitude that now is occupied in work, if they were divided into so few occupations, as the necessary use of nature requireth, in so great plenty of things as then of necessity would ensue, doubtless the prices would be too little for the artificers to maintain their livings.

But if all these, that be now busied about unprofitable occupations, with all the whole flock of them that live idly and slothfully, which consume and waste every one of them more of these things that come by other men's labour, than two of the workmen

themselves do : if all these (I say) were set to profitable occupations, you easily perceive how little time would be enough, yea, and too much, to store us with all things that may be requisite either for necessity or commodity, yea, or for pleasure, so that the same pleasure be true and natural. And this in *Utopia* the thing itself maketh manifest and plain. For there, in all the city, with the whole country or shire adjoining to it, scarcely five hundred persons of all the whole number of men and women, that be neither too old nor too weak to work, be licensed and discharged from labour. Among them be the *Siphogrants*, (who, though they be by the laws exempt and privileged from labour,) yet they exempt not themselves; to the intent they may the rather by their example provoke others to work.

The same vacation from labour do they also enjoy, to whom the people, persuaded by the commendation of the priests, and secret election of the *Siphogrants*, have given a perpetual licence from labour to learning. But if any one of them prove not according to the expectation and hope of him conceived, he is forthwith plucked back to the company of artificers, and contrariwise. And often it chanceth that a handy-craftsman doth so earnestly bestow his vacant and spare hours in learning, and through diligence so profiteth therein, that he is taken from his handy occupation and promoted to the company of the learned. Out of this order of the learned be chosen ambassadors, priests, Tranibores, and finally the prince himself. Whom they in their old tongue call *Barzanes*, and by a newer name *Adamus*.

The residue of the people being neither idle, nor yet occupied about unprofitable exercises, it may be easily judged in how few hours how much good work by them may be done and despatched, towards those things that I have spoken of. This commodity they have also above other, that in the most part of necessary occupations they need not so much work as other nations do. For first of all the building or repairing of houses asketh everywhere so many men's continual labour, because that the unthrifty heir suffereth the houses that his father builded, in continuance of time, to fall in decay. So that which he might

have upholden with little cost, his successor is constrained to build it again anew to his great charge. Yea, many times also, the house that stood one man in much money—another is of so nice and so delicate a mind, that he setteth nothing by it! and it being neglected, and therefore shortly falleth into ruin, he buildeth up another in another place with no less cost and charge.

But among the *Utopians*, where all things be set in good order, and the commonwealth in a good stay, it seldom chanceth that they choose a new plot to build an house upon. And they do not only find speedy and quick remedies for present faults, but also prevent them that be like to fall. And by this means, their houses continue and last very long with little labour and small reparations; insomuch, that these kind of workmen sometimes have almost nothing to do. But then they be commanded to hew timber at home, and to square and trim up stones, to the intent that, if any work chance, it may the speedilier rise.

Now, sir, in their apparel, mark (I pray you) how few workmen they need. First of all, whilst they be at work, they be covered homely with leather, or skins, that will last seven years. When they go forth abroad, they cast upon them a cloak which hideth the other homely apparel. These cloaks throughout the whole island be all of one colour, and that is the natural colour of the wool. They, therefore, do not only spend much less on woollen cloth than is spent in other countries, but also the same standeth them in much less cost. But linen cloth is made with much less labour, and is therefore had more in use. But in linen cloth, only whiteness, in woollen, only cleanliness, is regarded. As for the smallness or fineness of the thread, that is nothing passed for. And this is the cause wherefore, in other places, four or five cloth gowns of divers colours, and as many silk coats, be not enough for one man. Yea, and if he be of the delicate and nice sort, ten be too few: whereas there one garment will serve a man most commonly two years; for why should he desire more? seeing if he had them he should not be the better hapt or covered from cold, neither in his apparel any whit the comelier! Wherefore, seeing they be all exercised in profitable occupations, and

that few artificers in the same craft be sufficient, this is the cause that plenty of all things be among them. They do sometimes bring forth an innumerable company of people to amend the highways, if any be broken. Many times also, when they have no such work to be occupied about, an open proclamation is made that they shall bestow fewer hours in work ; for the magistrates do not exercise their citizens against their wills in unneedful labours. For why, in the institution of the weal-public, this end is only and chiefly pretended and minded—that what time may possibly be spared from the necessary occupations and affairs of the commonwealth, all *that* the citizens should withdraw from the bodily service to the free liberty of the mind, and garnishing of the same. For therein they suppose the felicity of this life to consist.



178.—The Schoolmistress.

SHENSTONE.

[THE poems of William Shenstone are well-nigh forgotten. His *Damons* and *Delias*, his *Corydons* and *Phyllises*, belong to another age. This wholesale neglect is not just. Shenstone was a country gentleman of elegant taste,

who ruined himself in making his patrimony of the Leasowes, near Hales Owen, the most beautiful of landscape gardens. Here he built and planted, and wrote songs and pastoral ballads. His obelisks and urns have gone to ruin ; and when a recent tourist inquired at a bookseller's shop at Hales Owen for a copy of Shenstone's Poems, the worthy lady of the shop said she had never heard of Shenstone, but recommended the works of " Samuel Salt, the Hales Owen teetotal poet." Such is fame. Shenstone was born at the Leasowes, in 1714, and there died in 1763. If he had written nothing but the following charming " Imitation of Spencer," his name ought to be remembered.]

Ah me ! full sorely is my heart forlorn,
To think how modest worth neglected lies ;
While partial Fame doth with her blasts adorn
Such deeds alone as pride and pomp disguise ;
Deeds of ill sort and mischievous emprise :
Lend me thy clarion, goddess ! let me try
To sound the praise of merit, ere it dies ;
Such as I oft have chanced to espy,
Lost in the dreary shades of dull obscurity.

In every village mark'd with little spire,
Embower'd in trees, and hardly known to fame,
There dwells, in lowly shed, and mean attire,
A matron old, whom we schoolmistress name ;
Who boasts unruly brats with birch to tame ;
They griev'd sore, in piteous durance pent,
Awed by the power of this relentless dame ;
And oft-times, on vagaries idly bent,
For unkempt hair, or task unconn'd, are sorely shent.

And all in sight doth rise a birchen-tree,
Which learning near her little dome did stow ;
Whilom a twig of small regard to see,
Though now so wide its waving branches flow ;
And work the simple vassals mickle woe ;
For not a wind might curl the leaves that blew,
But their limbs shudder'd and their pulse beat low ;

And as they look'd, they found their horror grew,
And shaped it into rods, and tingled at the view.

So have I seen, (who has not, may conceive,)
A lifeless phantom near a garden placed ;
So doth it wanton birds of peace bereave,
Of sport, of song, of pleasure, of repast ;
They start, they stare, they wheel, they look aghast ;
Sad servitude ! such comfortless annoy
May no bold Briton's riper age e'er taste !
Ne superstition clog his dance of joy,
Ne vision empty, vain, his native bliss destroy.

Near to this dome is found a patch so green,
On which the tribe their gambols do display ;
And at the door impris'ning board is seen,
Lest weakly wights of smaller size should stray ;
Eager, perdie, to bask in sunny day !
The noises intermix'd, which thence resound,
Do learning's little tenement betray :
Where sits the dame, disguised in look profound,
And eyes her fairy throng, and turns her wheel around.

Her cap, far whiter than the driven snow,
Emblem right meet of decency does yield ;
Her apron dyed in grain, as blue, I trow,
As is the harebell that adorns the field :
And in her hand, for sceptre, she does wield
Tway birchen sprays ; with anxious fear entwined,
With dark distrust, and sad repentance fill'd ;
And steadfast hate, and sharp affliction join'd,
And fury uncontroll'd, and chastisement unkind.

Few but have kenn'd, in semblance meet portray'd,
The childish faces of old Eol's train ;
Libs, Notus, Auster : these in frowns array'd,
How then would fare or earth, or sky, or main,
Were the stern god to give his slaves the rein ?

And were not she rebellious breasts to quell,
And were not she her statutes to maintain,
The cot no more, I ween, were deem'd the cell,
Where comely peace of mind, and decent order dwell.

A russet stole was o'er her shoulders thrown ;
A russet kirtle fenced the nipping air ;
'Twas simple russet, but it was her own ;
'Twas her own country bred the flock so fair ;
'Twas her own labour did the fleece prepare ;
And, sooth to say, her pupils, ranged around,
Through pious awe, did term it passing rare ;
For they in gaping wonderment abound,
And think, no doubt, she been the greatest wight on ground.

Albeit ne flattery did corrupt her truth,
Ne pompous title did debauch her ear ;
Goody, good woman, gossip, n' aunt, forsooth,
Or dame, the sole additions she did hear ;
Yet these she challenged, these she held right dear :
Ne would esteem him act as mought behove,
Who should not honour'd eld with these revere :
For never title yet so mean could prove,
But there was eke a mind which did that title love.

One ancient hen she took delight to feed,
The plodding pattern of the busy dame ;
Which, ever and anon, impell'd by need,
Into her school, begirt with chickens, came ;
Such favour did her past deportment claim :
And, if neglect had lavish'd on the ground
Fragment of bread, she would collect the same ;
For well she knew, and quaintly could expound,
What sin it were to waste the smallest crumb she found.

Herbs too she knew, and well of each could speak
That in her garden sipp'd the silvery dew ;

Where no vain flower disclosed a gaudy streak ;
But herbꝝ for use, and physic, not a few,
Of gray renown, within those borders grew :
The tufted basil, pun-provoking thyme,
Fresh balm, and marigold of cheerful hue ;
The lowly gill, that never dares to climb ;
And more I fain would sing, disdaining here to rhyme.

Yet euphrasy may not be left unsung,
That gives dim eyes to wander leagues around ;
And pungent radish, biting infant's tongue ;
And plantain ribb'd, that heals the reaper's wound ;
And marj'ram sweet, in shepherd's posie found ;
And lavender, whose spikes of azure bloom
Shall be erewhile in arid bundles bound,
To lurk amidst the labours of her loom,
And crown her kerchiefs clean, with mickle rare perfume.

And here trim rosemarine, that whilom crown'd
The daintiest garden of the proudest peer ;
Ere, driven from its envied site, it found
A sacred shelter for its branches here ;
Where edged with gold its glittering skirts appear.
Oh, wassel days ! Oh, customs meet and well !
Ere this was banish'd from its lofty sphere :
Simplicity then sought this humble cell,
Nor ever would she more withthane and lordling dwell.

Here oft the dame, on Sabbath's decent eve,
Hymn'd such psalms as Sternhold forth did mete ;
If winter 'twere, she to her hearth did cleave,
But in her garden found a summer-seat :
Sweet melody ! to hear her then repeat
How Israel's sons, beneath a foreign king,
While taunting foemen did a song entreat,
All, for the nonce, untuning every string,
Uphung their useless lyres—small heart had they to sing.

For she was just, and friend to virtuous lore,
And pass'd much time in truly virtuous deed ;
And, in those elfins' ears, would oft deplore
The times, when truth by Popish rage did bleed ;
And tortuous death was true devotion's meed :
And simple faith in iron chains did mourn,
That n'ould on wooden image place her creed ;
And lawny saints in smouldering flames did burn :
Ah ! dearest Lord, forefend thilk days should e'er return.

In elbow-chair, like that of Scottish stem,
By the sharp tooth of cank'ring eld defaced,
In which, when he receives his diadem,
Our sov'reign prince and liefest liege is placed,
The matron sate ; and some with rank she graced,
(The source of children's and of courtier's pride !)
Redress'd affronts, for vile affronts there pass'd ;
And warn'd them not the fretful to deride,
But love each other dear, whatever them betide.

Right well she knew each temper to descry ;
To thwart the proud, and the submiss to raise ;
Some with vile copper-prize exalt on high,
And some entice with pittance small of praise ;
And other some with baleful sprig she 'frays :
Even absent, she the reins of power doth hold,
While with quaint arts the giddy crowds she sways ;
Forewarn'd, if little bird their pranks behold,
'Twill whisper in her ear, and all the scene unfold.

Lo, now with state she utters the command !
Eftsoons the urchins to their tasks repair ;
Their books of stature small they take in hand,
Which with pellucid horn securèd are ;
To save from fingers wet the letters fair :
The work so gay, that on their back is seen,
St George's high achievements does declare ;

On which thilk wight that has y-gazing been,
Kens the forthcoming rod, displeasing sight, I ween !

Ah, luckless he, and born beneath the beam
Of evil star ! it irks me whilst I write !
As erst the bard by Mulla's silver stream,
Oft, as he told of deadly dolorous plight,
Sigh'd as he sung, and did in tears indite.
For brandishing the rod, she doth begin
To loose the brogues, the stripling's late delight !
And down they drop ; appears his dainty skin,
Fair as the furry coat of whitest ermin.

Oh, ruthful scene ! when from a nook obscure
His little sister doth his peril see,
All playful as she sate, she grows demure ;
She finds full soon her wonted spirits flee ;
She meditates a prayer to set him free :
Nor gentle pardon could this dame deny
(If gentle pardon could with dames agree)
To her sad grief that swells in either eye,
And wrings her so that all for pity she could die.

No longer can she now her shrieks command ;
And hardly she forbears, through awful fear
To rushen forth, and, with presumptuous hand,
To stay harsh justice in its mid career.
On thee she calls, on thee her parent dear !
(Ah ! too remote to ward the shameful blow !)
She sees no kind domestic visage near,
And soon a flood of tears begins to flow ;
And gives a loose at last to unavailing woe.

But ah ! what pen his piteous plight may trace ?
Or what device his loud laments explain ?
The form uncouth of his disguised face ?
The pallid hue that dyes his looks amain ?

The plenteous shower that does his cheek distain?
When he, in abject-wise, implores the dame,
Ne hopeth ought of sweet reprieve to gain;
Or when from high she levels well her aim,
And, through the thatch, his cries each falling stroke proclaim.

The other tribe aghast, with sore dismay,
Attend and con their tasks with mickle care:
By turns, astonied, every twig survey,
And, from their fellow's hateful wounds, beware;
Knowing, I wist, how each the same may share;
Till fear has taught them a performance meet,
And to the well-known chest the dame repair;
Whence oft with sugar'd cates she doth 'em greet,
And gingerbread y-rare; now, certes doubly sweet!

See to their seats they hie with merry glee,
And in beseemly order sitten there;
All but the wight of bum y-gallèd, he
Abhorreth bench, and stool, and form, and chair;
(This hand in mouth y-fix'd, that rends his hair;)
And eke with snubs profound, and heaving breast,
Convulsions intermitting! does declare
His grievous wrongs; his dame's unjust behest,
And scorns her offer'd love, and shuns to be caress'd.

His eye besprent with liquid crystal shines,
His blooming face that seems a purple flower
Which low to earth its drooping head declines,
All smear'd and sullied by a vernal shower.
Oh, the hard bosoms of despotic power!
All, all, but she, the author of his shame,
All, all, but she, regret this mournful hour:
Yet hence the youth, and hence the flower, shall claim,
If so I deem aright, transcending worth and fame.

Behind some door, in melancholy thought,
Mindless of food, he, dreary caitiff! pines;

Ne for his fellows' joyaunce careth aught,
But to the wind all merriment resigns ;
And deems it shame, if he to peace inclines ;
And many a sullen look askance is sent,
Which for his dame's annoyance he designs ;
And still the more to pleasure him she's bent,
The more doth he, perverse, her haviour past resent.

Ah, me ! how much I fear lest pride it be !
But if that pride it be, which thus inspires,
Beware, ye dames ! with nice discernment see
Ye quench not too the sparks of nobler fires :
Ah ! better far than all the muse's lyres,
All coward arts, is valour's gen'rous heat ;
The firm fixt breast which fit and right requires,
Like Vernon's patriot soul ; more justly great
Than craft that pimps for ill, or flowery false deceit.

Yet, nursed with skill, what dazzling fruits appear !
Even now sagacious foresight points to show
A little bench of heedless bishops here,
And there a chancellor in embryo,
Or bard sublime, if bard may e'er be so,
As Milton, Shakspeare, names that ne'er shall die !
Though now he crawl along the ground so low,
Nor weeting how the muse should soar on high,
Wisheth, poor starveling elf ! his paper kite may fly.

And this perhaps, who, censuring the design,
Low lays the house which that of cards doth build,
Shall Dennis be ! if rigid fate incline,
And many an epic to his rage shall yield ;
And many a poet quit th' Aonian field ;
And soar'd by age, profound he shall appear,
As he who now with 'sdainful fury thrill'd,
Surveys mine work ; and levels many a sneer,
And furls his wrinkly front, and cries, " What stuff is here?"

But now Dan Phœbus gains the middle sky,
And liberty unbars her prison-door ;
And like a rushing torrent out they fly,
And now the grassy cirque han cover'd o'er
With boist'rous revel-rout and wild uproar ;
A thousand ways in wanton rings they run,
Heaven shield their short-lived pastimes, I implore !
For well may freedom, erst so dearly won,
Appear to British elf more gladsome than the sun.

Enjoy, poor imps ! enjoy your sportive trade,
And chase gay flies, and cull the fairest flowers ;
For when my bones in grass-green sods are laid ;
For never may ye taste more careless hours
In knightly castles, or in ladies' bowers.
Oh, vain to seek delight in earthly thing !
But most in courts where proud ambition towers ;
Deluded wight ! who weens fair peace can spring
Beneath the pompous dome of kesar or of king.

See in each spright some various bent appear !
These rudely carol most incondite lay ;
Those, saunt'ring on the green, with jocund leer
Salute the stranger passing on his way !
Some builden fragile tenements of clay ;
Some to the standing lake their courses bend,
With pebbles smooth at duck and drake to play ;
Thilk to the huckster's sav'ry cottage tend,
In pastry kings and queens the allotted mite to spend.

Here, as each season yields a different store,
Each season's stores in order rangèd been ;
Apples with cabbage-net y-cover'd o'er,
Galling full sore th' unmoney'd wight, are seen ;
And goose-b'rie clad in silvery red or green ;
And here of lovely dye, the cath'rine pear,
Fine pear ! as lovely for thy juice, I ween.

Oh, may no wight e'er penniless come there,
Lest smit with ardent love he pine with hopeless care!

See! cherries here, ere cherries yet abound,
With thread so white in tempting posies tied,
Scatt'ring like blooming maid their glances round,
With pamper'd look draw little eyes aside;
And must be bought, though penury betide.
The plum all azure, and the nut all brown,
And here each season, do those cakes abide,
Whose honour'd names th' inventive city own,
Rend'ring through Britain's isle Salopia's praises known.

Admired Salopia! that with venial pride
Eyes her bright form in Severn's ambient wave,
Famed for her loyal cares in perils tried,
Her daughters lovely, and her striplings brave:
Ah! midst the rest, may flowers adorn his grave,
Whose art did first these dulcet cates display!
A motive fair to learning's imps he gave,
Who cheerless o'er her darkling region stray;
Till reason's morn arise, and light them on their way.

179.—*The Academy of Lagado.*

SWIFT.

I HAD hitherto seen only one side of the academy, the other being appropriated to the advancers of speculative learning, of whom I shall say something, when I have mentioned one illustrious person more, who is called among them "the universal artist." He told us "he had been thirty years employing his thoughts for the improvement of human life." He had two large rooms full of wonderful curiosities, and fifty men at work. Some were condensing air into a dry tangible substance, by extracting the nitre, and letting the aqueous or fluid particles percolate; others soft-

ening marble for pillows and pincushions ; others petrifying the hoofs of a living horse to preserve them from foundering. The artist himself was at that time busy upon two great designs ; the first to sow land with chaff, wherein he affirmed the true seminal virtue to be contained, as he demonstrated by several experiments, which I was not skilful enough to comprehend. The other was, by a certain composition of gums, minerals, and vegetables, outwardly applied, to prevent the growth of wool upon two young lambs ; and he hoped in a reasonable time to propagate the breed of naked sheep all over the kingdom.

We crossed a walk to the other part of the academy, where, as I have already said, the projectors in speculative learning resided.

The first professor I saw was in a very large room, with forty pupils about him. After salutation, observing me to look earnestly upon a frame, which took up the greatest part of both the length and breadth of the room, he said, " Perhaps I might wonder to see him employed in a project for improving speculative knowledge by practical mechanical operations. But the world would soon be sensible of its usefulness ; and he flattered himself, that a more noble exalted thought never sprang in any other man's head. Every one knew how laborious the usual method is of attaining to arts and sciences ; whereas, by his contrivance, the most ignorant person, at a reasonable charge, and with little bodily labour, might write books on philosophy, poetry, politics, laws, mathematics, and theology, without the least assistance from genius or study." He then led me to the frame, about the sides whereof all his pupils stood in ranks. It was twenty feet square, placed in the middle of the room. The superficies was composed of several bits of wood, about the bigness of a die, but some larger than others. They were all linked together by slender wires. These bits of wood were covered on every square, with paper pasted on them ; and on these papers were written all the words of their language, in their several moods, tenses, and declensions, but without any order. The professor then desired me " to observe, for he was going to set his engine at work." The pupils at his command took each of them hold of an iron

handle, whereof there were forty, fixed round the edges of the frame, and giving them a sudden turn, the whole disposition of the words was entirely changed. He then commanded six-and-thirty of the lads to read the several lines softly, as they appeared upon the frame ; and where they found three or four words together that might make part of a sentence, they dictated to the four remaining boys, who were scribes. This work was repeated three or four times, and at every turn the engine was so contrived that the words shifted into new places, as the square bits of wood moved upside down.

Six hours a day the young students were employed in this labour ; and the professor showed me several volumes in large folio, already collected, of broken sentences, which he intended to piece together, and out of those rich materials to give the world a complete body of all arts and sciences ; which, however, might be still improved, and much expedited, if the public would raise a fund for making and employing five hundred such frames in Lagado, and oblige the managers to contribute in common their several collections.

He assured me, “ that this invention had employed all his thoughts from his youth ; that he had entered the whole vocabulary into his frame, and made the strictest computation of the general proportion there is in books between the number of particles, nouns, and verbs, and other parts of speech.”

I made my humblest acknowledgment to this illustrious person for his great communicativeness, and promised, “ if ever I had the good fortune to return to my native country, that I would do him justice, as the sole inventor of this wonderful machine ;” the form and contrivance of which I desired leave to delineate on paper. I told him, “ although it were the custom of our learned in Europe to steal inventions from each other, who had thereby at least this advantage, that it became a controversy which was the right owner ; yet I would take such caution that he should have the honour entire, without a rival.”

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In the school of political projectors I was but ill entertained ;

the professors appearing, in my judgment, wholly out of their senses, which is a scene that never fails to make me melancholy. These unhappy people were proposing schemes for persuading monarchs to choose favourites upon the score of their wisdom, capacity, and virtue ; of teaching ministers to consult the public good ; of rewarding merit, great abilities, and eminent services ; of instructing princes to know their true interest, by placing it on the same foundation with that of their people ; of choosing for employments persons qualified to exercise them ; with many other wild, impossible chimeras, that never entered before into the heart of man to conceive ; and confirmed in me the old observation, “ There is nothing so extravagant and irrational, which some philosophers have not maintained for truth.”

But, however, I shall so far do justice to this part of the academy, as to acknowledge that all of them were not so visionary. There was a most ingenious doctor, who seemed to be perfectly versed in the whole nature and system of government. This illustrious person had very usefully employed his studies in finding out effectual remedies for all diseases and corruptions to which the several kinds of public administration are subject, by the vices or infirmities of those who govern, as well as by the licentiousness of those who are to obey. For instance, whereas, all writers and reasoners have agreed that there is a strict universal resemblance between the natural and the political body ; can there be anything more evident than that the health of both must be preserved, and the diseases cured by the same prescriptions ? It is allowed, that senates and great councils are often troubled with redundant, ebullient, and other peccant humours ; with many diseases of the head, and more of the heart ; with strong convulsions, with grievous contractions of the nerves and sinews in both hands, but especially the right ; with spleen, flatus, vertigoes, and deliriums ; with scrofulous tumours, full of foetid purulent matter, with sour frothy ructations ; with canine appetites, and crudeness of digestion, besides many others needless to mention. This doctor, therefore, proposed, “ That upon the meeting of the senate certain physicians should attend at the

three first days of their sitting, and at the close of each day's debate feel the pulses of every senator ; after which, having maturely considered and consulted upon the nature of the several maladies, and the methods of cure, they should, on the fourth day, return to the senate-house, attended by their apothecaries stored with proper medicines, and before the members sat administer to each of them lenitives, aperitives, abstersives, corrosives, restringents, palliatives, laxatives, cephalalgics, icterics, apophlegmatics, acoustics, as their several cases required ; and, according as these medicines should operate, repeat, alter, or omit them at the next meeting."

This project could not be of any great expense to the public, and might, in my poor opinion, be of much use for the despatch of business in those countries where senates have any share in the legislative power ; beget unanimity, shorten debates, open a few mouths which are now closed, and close many more which are now open ; curb the petulancy of the young, and correct the positiveness of the old ; rouse the stupid, and damp the pert.

Again, because it is a general complaint that the favourites of princes are troubled with short and weak memories, the same doctor proposed, "That whoever attended a first minister, after having told his business with the utmost brevity, and in the plainest words, should, at his departure, give the said minister a tweak by the nose, or a kick in the belly, or tread on his corns, or lug him thrice by both ears, or run a pin into his breech, or pinch his arm black and blue, to prevent forgetfulness ; and at every levee-day repeat the same operation, till the business were done or absolutely refused."

He likewise directed, "That every senator in the great council of a nation, after he had delivered his opinion, and argued in the defence of it, should be obliged to give his vote directly contrary ; because, if that were done, the result would infallibly terminate in the good of the public."

When parties in a state are violent, he offered a wonderful contrivance to reconcile them. The method is this: you take a hundred leaders of each party ; you dispose them into couples

of such whose heads are nearest of a size, then let two nice operators saw off the occiput of each couple at the same time, in such a manner that the brain may be equally divided. Let the occiputs thus cut off be interchanged, applying each to the head of his opposite party-man. It seems indeed to be a work that requires some exactness, but the professor assured us, "that if it were dexterously performed, the cure would be infallible." For he argued thus: "That the two half-brains, being left to debate the matter between themselves within the space of one skull, would soon come to a good understanding, and produce that moderation, as well as regularity of thinking, so much to be wished for in the heads of those who imagine they come into the world only to watch and govern its motion; and as to the difference of brains, in quantity or quality, among those who are directors in faction," the doctor assured us, from his own knowledge, "that it was a perfect trifle."

I heard a very warm debate between two professors, about the most commodious and effectual ways and means of raising money without grieving the subject. The first affirmed, "The justest method would be to lay a certain tax upon vices and folly; and the sum fixed upon every man to be rated, after the fairest manner, by a jury of his neighbours." The second was of an opinion directly contrary: "To tax those qualities of body and mind for which men chiefly value themselves; the rate to be more or less according to the degrees of excelling, the decision whereof should be left entirely to their own breast." The highest tax was upon men who are the greatest favourites of the other sex. Wit, valour, and politeness were likewise proposed to be largely taxed, and collected in the same manner, by every person's giving his own word for the quantum of what he possessed. But as to honour, justice, wisdom, and learning, they should not be taxed at all, because they are qualifications of so singular a kind, that no man will either allow them in his neighbour, or value them in himself.

The women were proposed to be taxed according to their beauty and skill in dressing, wherein they had the same privilege

with the men, to be determined by their own judgment. But constancy, chastity, good sense, and good-nature, were not rated, because they would not bear the charge of collecting.

To keep senators in the interest of the crown, it was proposed that the members should raffle for employments ; every man first taking an oath, and giving security, that he would vote for the court, whether he won or not ; after which the losers had, in their turn, the liberty of raffling upon the next vacancy. Thus, hope and expectation would be kept alive ; none would complain of broken promises, but impute their disappointments wholly to Fortune, whose shoulders are broader and stronger than those of a ministry.

180.—Sir William Grant.

LORD BROUGHAM.

[THE “*Historical Sketches of Statesmen who Flourished in the Time of George III.*” is amongst the most popular works of our time. Lord Brougham had an intimate acquaintance with many of the persons whose characters he has drawn, and his opinions are especially valuable when he treats of their oratorical qualifications.]

We have now named in some respects the most extraordinary individual of his time—one certainly than whom none ever better sustained the judicial office, though its functions were administered by him upon a somewhat contracted scale—one than whom none ever descended from the forum into the senate with more extraordinary powers of argumentation, or flourished there with greater renown. It happened to this great judge to have been for many years at the bar with a very moderate share of practice ; and, although his parliamentary exertions never tore him away from his profession, yet his public character rested entirely upon their success until he was raised to the bench.

The genius of the man then shone forth with extraordinary lustre. His knowledge of law, which had hitherto been scanty, and never enlarged by practice, was now expanded to whatever

dimensions might seem required for performing his high office ; nor was he ever remarked as at all deficient even in the branch most difficult to master without forensic habits, the accomplishments of a case-lawyer : while his familiarity with the principles of jurisprudence and his knowledge of their foundations were ample, as his application of them was easy and masterly. The Rolls Court, however, in those days, was one of comparatively contracted business ; and, although he gave the most entire satisfaction there, and in presiding at the Privy Council in Prize and Plantation Appeals, a doubt was always raised by the admirers of Lord Eldon, whether Sir William Grant could have as well answered the larger demands upon his judicial resources, had he presided in the Court of Chancery. That doubt appears altogether unfounded. He possessed the first great quality for despatching business (the “*real*” and not “*affected despatch*” of Lord Bacon,) a power of steadily fixing his attention upon the matter before him, and keeping it invariably directed towards the successive arguments addressed to him. The certainty that not a word was lost deprived the advocate of all excuse for repetition ; while the respect which his judge inspired checked needless prolixity, and deterred him from raising desperate points merely to have them frowned down by a tribunal as severe as it was patient. He had not indeed to apprehend any interruption ; that was a course never practised in those days at the Rolls or the Cockpit ; but while the judges sat passive and unmoved it was plain that, though his powers of endurance had no limits, his powers of discriminating were ever active, as his attention was ever awake ; and as it required an eminent hardihood to place base coin before so scrutinizing an eye, or tender light money to be weighed in such accurate scales as Sir William Grant’s, so few men ventured to exercise a patience which yet all knew to be unbounded. It may, indeed, be fairly doubted whether the main force of muscular exertion, so much more clumsily applied by Sir John Leach in the same court to effect the great object of his efforts—the close compression of the debate—ever succeeded so well, or reduced the mass to as small a

bulk, as the delicate hydraulic press of his illustrious predecessor did, without giving the least pain to the advocate, or in any one instance obstructing the course of calm, deliberate, and unwearied justice.

The court in those days presented a spectacle which afforded true delight to every person of sound judgment and pure taste. After a long and silent hearing—a hearing of all that could be urged by the counsel of every party—unbroken by a single word, and when the spectator of Sir William Grant (for he was not heard) might suppose that his mind had been absent from a scene in which he took no apparent share, the debate was closed—the advocate's hour was passed—the parties were in silent expectation of the event—the hall no longer resounded with any voice—it seemed as if the affair of the day, for the present, was over, and the court was to adjourn, or to call for another cause. No! The judge's time had now arrived, and another artist was to fill the scene. The great magistrate began to pronounce his judgment, and every eye and every ear were at length fixed upon the bench. Forth came a strain of clear unbroken fluency, disposing alike, in most luminous order, of all the facts and of all the arguments in the cause; reducing into clear and simple arrangement the most entangled masses of broken and conflicting statement; weighing each matter, and disposing of each in succession; settling one doubt by a parenthetical remark; passing over another difficulty by a reason only more decisive than it was condensed; and giving out the whole impression of the case, in every material view, upon the judge's mind, with argument enough to show why he so thought, and to prove him right, and without so much reasoning as to make you forget that it was a judgment you were hearing, by overstepping the bounds which distinguish a judgment from a speech. This is the perfection of judicial eloquence; not avoiding argument, but confining it to such reasoning as seems him who has rather to explain the grounds of his own conviction, than to labour at convincing others; not rejecting reference to authority, but never betokening a disposition to seek shelter behind other men's names, for what he might fear to pro-

nounce in his own person ; not disdaining even ornaments, but those of the more chastened graces that accord with the severe standard of a judge's oratory. This perfection of judicial eloquence Sir William Grant attained, and its effect upon all listeners was as certain and as powerful as its merits were incontestable and exalted.

In parliament he is unquestionably to be classed with speakers of the first order. His style was peculiar ; it was that of the closest and severest reasoning ever heard in any popular assembly ; reasoning which would have been reckoned close in the argumentation of the bar or the dialectics of the schools. It was, from the first to the last, throughout, pure reason, and the triumph of pure reason. All was sterling, all perfectly plain ; there was no point in the diction, no illustration in the topics, no ornament of fancy in the accompaniments. The language was choice—perfectly clear, abundantly correct, quite concise, admirably suited to the matter which the words clothed and conveyed. In so far it was felicitous, no farther ; nor did it ever leave behind it any impression of the diction, but only of the things said ; the words were forgotten, for they had never drawn off the attention for a moment from the things ; those things were alone remembered. No speaker was more easily listened to ; none so difficult to answer. Once Mr Fox, when he was hearing him with a view to making that attempt, was irritated in a way very unwonted to his sweet temper by the conversation of some near him, even to the show of some crossness, and (after an exclamation) sharply said, “Do you think it so very pleasant a thing to have to answer a speech like *that* ?” The two memorable occasions on which this great reasoner was observed to be most injured by a reply, were in that of Mr Wilberforce quoting Clarendon's remarks on the conduct of the judges in the Ship Money case, when Sir William Grant had undertaken to defend his friend Lord Melville ; and in that of Lord Lansdowne, (then Lord Henry Petty,) three years later, when the legality of the famous Orders in Council was debated. Here, however, the speech was made on the one day, and the answer, able and triumphant as it was, followed on the next.

It may safely be said that a long time will elapse before there shall arise such a light to illuminate either the senate or the bench, as the eminent person whose rare excellence we have just been pausing to contemplate. That excellence was no doubt limited in its sphere; there was no imagination, no vehemence, no declamation, no wit; but the sphere was the highest, and in that highest sphere its place was lofty. The understanding alone was addressed by the understanding; the faculties that distinguish our nature were those over which the oratory of Sir William Grant asserted its control. His sway over the rational and intellectual portion of mankind was that of a more powerful reason, a more vigorous intellect than theirs; a sway which no man had cause for being ashamed of admitting, because the victory was won by superior force of argument; a sway which the most dignified and exalted genius might hold without stooping from its highest pinnacle, and which some who might not deign to use inferior arts of persuasion could find no objection whatever to exercise.

Yet in this purely intellectual picture there remains to be noted a discrepancy, a want of keeping, something more than a shade. The commanding intellect, the close reasoner, who could overpower other men's understanding by the superior force of his own, was the slave of his own prejudices to such an extent, that he could see only the perils of revolution in any reformation of our institutions, and never conceived it possible that the monarchy could be safe, or that anarchy could be warded off, unless all things were maintained upon the same footing on which they stood in early, unenlightened, and inexperienced ages of the world. The signal blunder, which Bacon long ago exposed, of confounding the youth with the age of the species, was never committed by any one more glaringly than by this great reasoner. He it was who first employed the well-known phrase of "the wisdom of our ancestors;" and the menaced innovation, to stop which he applied it, was the proposal of Sir Samuel Romilly to take the step of reform, almost imperceptibly small, of subjecting men's real property to the payment of all their debts.

181.—What is a Poet?

WORDSWORTH.

TAKING up the subject upon general grounds, I ask what is meant by the word Poet? What is a Poet? To whom does he address himself? And what language is to be expected from him? He is a man speaking to men: a man, it is true, endued with more lively sensibility, more enthusiasm and tenderness, who has a greater knowledge of human nature, and a more comprehensive soul, than are supposed to be common among mankind; a man pleased with his own passions and volitions, and who rejoices more than other men in the spirit of life that is in him; delighting to contemplate similar volitions and passions as manifested in the goings on of the universe, and habitually impelled to create them where he does not find them. To these qualities he has added a disposition to be affected more than other men by absent things as if they were present; an ability of conjuring up in himself passions, which are indeed far from being the same as those produced by real events, yet (especially in those parts of the general sympathy which are pleasing and delightful) do more nearly resemble the passions produced by real events, than anything which, from the motions of their own minds merely, other men are accustomed to feel in themselves; whence, and from practice, he has acquired a greater readiness and power in expressing what he thinks and feels, and especially those thoughts and feelings which, by his own choice, or from the structure of his own mind, arise in him without immediate external excitement.

But, whatever portion of this faculty we may suppose even the greatest poet to possess, there cannot be a doubt but that the language which it will suggest to him must, in liveliness and truth, fall far short of that which is uttered by men in real life, under the actual pressure of those passions, certain shadows of which the poet thus produces, or feels to be produced, in himself.

However exalted a notion we would wish to cherish of the

character of a poet, it is obvious that, while he describes and imitates passions, his situation is altogether slavish and mechanical, compared with the freedom and power of real and substantial action and suffering. So that it will be the wish of the poet to bring his feelings near to those of the persons whose feelings he describes, nay, for short spaces of time, perhaps, to let himself slip into an entire delusion, and even confound and identify his own feelings with theirs ; modifying only the language which is thus suggested to him by a consideration that he describes for a particular purpose, that of giving pleasure. Here, then, he will apply the principle on which I have so much insisted, namely, that of selection ; on this he will depend for removing what would otherwise be painful or disgusting in the passion ; he will feel that there is no necessity to trick out or elevate nature ; and, the more industriously he applies this principle, the deeper will be his faith that no words, which *his* fancy or imagination can suggest, will bear to be compared with those which are the emanations of reality and truth.

But it may be said by those who do not object to the general spirit of these remarks, that, as it is impossible for the poet to produce upon all occasions language as exquisitely fitted for the passion as that which the real passion itself suggests, it is proper that he should consider himself as in the situation of a translator, who deems himself justified when he substitutes excellences of another kind for those which are unattainable by him ; and endeavours occasionally to surpass his original, in order to make some amends for the general inferiority to which he feels that he must submit. But this would be to encourage idleness and unmanly despair. Further, it is the language of men who speak of what they do not understand ; who talk of poetry as of a matter of amusement and idle pleasure ; who will converse with us as gravely about a *taste* for poetry, as they express it, as if it were a thing as indifferent as a taste for rope-dancing, or Frontignac, or Sherry. Aristotle, I have been told, hath said, that poetry is the most philosophic of all writing : it is so : its object is truth, not individual and local, but general and operative ; not

standing upon external testimony, but carried alive into the heart by passion ; truth which is its own testimony, which gives strength and divinity to the tribunal to which it appeals, and receives them from the same tribunal. Poetry is the image of man and nature. The obstacles which stand in the way of the fidelity of the biographer and historian, and of their consequent utility, are incalculably greater than those which are to be encountered by the poet who has an adequate notion of the dignity of his art. The poet writes under one restriction only, namely, that of the necessity of giving immediate pleasure to a human being possessed of that information which may be expected from him, not as a lawyer, a physician, a mariner, an astronomer, or a natural philosopher, but as a man. Except this one restriction, there is no object standing between the poet and the image of things ; between this and the biographer and the historian there are a thousand.

Nor let this necessity of producing immediate pleasure be considered as a degradation of the poet's art. It is far otherwise. It is an acknowledgment of the beauty of the universe, an acknowledgment the more sincere because it is not formal, but indirect ; it is a task light and easy to him who looks at the world in the spirit of love : further, it is a homage paid to the native and naked dignity of man, to the grand elementary principle of pleasure, by which he knows, and feels, and lives, and moves. We have no sympathy but what is propagated by pleasure. I would not be misunderstood, but wherever we sympathise with pain, it will be found that the sympathy is produced and carried on by subtle combinations with pleasure. We have no knowledge, that is, no general principles drawn from the contemplation of particular facts, but what has been built up by pleasure, and exists in us by pleasure alone. The man of science, the chemist, and mathematician, whatever difficulties and disgusts they may have had to struggle with, know and feel this. However painful may be the objects with which the anatomist's knowledge is connected, he feels that his knowledge is pleasure ; and where he has no pleasure, he has no knowledge. What then

does the poet? He considers man and the objects that surround him as acting and re-acting upon each other, so as to produce an infinite complexity of pain and pleasure; he considers man in his own nature and in his ordinary life as contemplating this with a certain quantity of immediate knowledge, with certain convictions, intuitions, and deductions, which by habit become of the nature of intuitions; he considers him as looking upon this complex scene of ideas and sensations, and finding everywhere objects that immediately excite in him sympathies which, from the necessities of his nature, are accompanied by an overbalance of enjoyment.

To this knowledge which all men carry about with them, and to these sympathies in which, without any other discipline than that of our daily life, we are fitted to take delight, the poet principally directs his attention. He considers man and nature as essentially adapted to each other, and the mind of man as naturally the mirror of the fairest and most interesting qualities of nature. And thus the poet, prompted by this feeling of pleasure which accompanies him through the whole course of his studies, converses with general nature with affections akin to those which, through labour and length of time, the man of science has raised up in himself, by conversing with those parts of nature which are the objects of his studies. The knowledge both of the poet and the man of science is pleasure; but the knowledge of the one cleaves to us as a necessary part of our existence, our natural and unalienable inheritance; the other is a personal and individual acquisition, slow to come to us, and by no habitual and direct sympathy connecting us with our fellow-beings. The man of science seeks truth as a remote and unknown benefactor; he cherishes and loves it in his solitude: the poet, singing a song in which all human beings join with him, rejoices in the presence of truth as our visible friend and hourly companion. Poetry is the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge; it is the impassioned expression which is in the countenance of all science. Emphatically may be said of the poet, as Shakspeare hath said of man, "that he looks before and after." He is the rock of defence of

human nature, an upholder and preserver, carrying everywhere with him relationship and love. In spite of difference of soil and climate, of language and manners, of laws and customs, in spite of things silently gone out of mind, and things violently destroyed, the poet binds together by passion and knowledge the vast empire of human society, as it is spread over the whole earth, and over all time. The objects of the poet's thoughts are everywhere ; though the eyes and senses of man are, it is true, his favourite guides, yet he will follow wheresoever he can find an atmosphere of sensation in which to move his wings. Poetry is the first and last of all knowledge—it is as immortal as the heart of man. If the labours of men of science should ever create any material revolution, direct or indirect, in our condition, and in the impressions which we habitually receive, the poet will sleep then no more than at present, but he will be ready to follow the steps of the man of science, not only in those general indirect effects, but he will be at his side, carrying sensation into the midst of objects of the science itself. The remotest discoveries of the chemist, the botanist, or mineralogist, will be as proper objects of the poet's art as any upon which it can be employed, if the time should ever come when these things shall be familiar to us, and the relations under which they are contemplated by the followers of these respective sciences shall be manifestly and palpably material to us as enjoying and suffering beings. If the time should ever come when what is now called science, thus familiarised to men, shall be ready to put on, as it were, a form of flesh and blood, the poet will lend his divine spirit to aid the transfiguration, and will welcome the being thus produced as a dear and a genuine inmate of the household of man. It is not, then, to be supposed that any one, who holds that sublime notion of poetry which I have attempted to convey, will break in upon the sanctity and truth of his pictures by transitory and accidental ornaments, and endeavour to excite admiration of himself by arts, the necessity of which must manifestly depend upon the assumed meanness of his subject.

182.—Deafness.

DR J. KITTO.

[ONE of the most interesting autobiographical books, perhaps, that ever was published, whether considered in a physiological or moral point of view, appeared in the series of Knight's Weekly Volumes. It is entitled "The Lost Senses—Deafness," and was written by Dr Kitto, the editor of the "Pictorial Bible." The introductory chapter of this little book, part of which we subjoin, is most curious in itself, and renders any further explanation unnecessary.]

Any one who has spent a considerable time under peculiar, or at least undescribed circumstances, must have been very unobtrusive if he has nothing to relate in which the public would be interested. It may be, indeed, that such person lies under the same obligation to the public of describing his own condition, as a traveller is under to render his report respecting the unexplored countries which he has traversed in his pilgrimage. It is under this impression that I now write. I am unwilling to quit this world without leaving behind me some record of a condition of which no sufferer has yet rendered an account.

I became deaf on my father's birthday, early in the year 1817, when I had lately completed the twelfth year of my age. The commencement of this condition is too clearly connected with my circumstances in life to allow me to abstain from troubling the reader with some particulars which I should have been otherwise willing to withhold.

My father, at the expiration of his apprenticeship, was enabled, by the support of his elder brother, an engineer, well known in the West of England, to commence life as a master-builder, with advantageous connexions and the most favourable prospects. But both the brothers seem to have belonged to that class of men whom prosperity ruins; for after some years they became neglectful of their business, and were eventually reduced to great distress. At the time I have specified, my father had become a jobbing mason, of precarious employment, and in such circumstances

that it had for some time been necessary that I should lend my small assistance to his labours. This early demand upon my services, joined to much previous inability or reluctance to stand the cost of my schooling, and to frequent headache, which kept me much from school even when in nominal attendance, made my education very backward. I could read well, but was an indifferent writer and worse cipherer, when the day arrived which was to alter so materially my condition and hopes in life.

The circumstances of that day—the last of twelve years of hearing, and the first of twenty-eight years of deafness—have left a more distinct impression upon my mind than those of any previous, or almost any subsequent, day of my life. It was a day to be remembered. The last day on which any customary labour ceases—the last day on which any customary privilege is enjoyed—the last day on which we do the things we have done daily, are always marked days in the calendar of life ; how much, therefore, must the mind not linger in the memories of a day which was the last of many blessed things, and in which one stroke of action and suffering, one moment of time, wrought a greater change of condition, than any sudden loss of wealth or honours ever made in the state of man !

On the day in question my father and another man, attended by myself, were engaged in new slating the roof of a house, the ladder ascending to which was fixed in a small court paved with flag-stones. The access to this court from the street was by a paved passage, through which ran a gutter, whereby waste water was conducted from the yard into the street.

Three things occupied my mind that day. One was that the town-crier, who occupied part of the house in which we lived, had been the previous evening prevailed upon to intrust me with a book, for which I had long been worrying him, and with the contents of which I was most eager to become acquainted. I think it was “Kirby’s Wonderful Magazine ;” and I now dwell the rather upon this circumstance, as, with other facts of the same kind, it helps to satisfy me that I was already a most voracious reader, and that the calamity which befell me did not create in

me the literary appetite, but only threw me more entirely upon the resources which it offered.

The other circumstance was, that my grandmother had finished, all but the buttons, a new smock-frock, which I had hoped to have assumed that very day, but which was faithfully promised for the morrow. As this was the first time that I should have worn that article of attire, the event was contemplated with something of that interest and solicitude with which the assumption of the *toga virilis* may be supposed to have been contemplated by the Roman youth.

The last circumstance, and the one perhaps which had some effect upon what ensued, was this. In one of the apartments of the house in which we were at work, a young sailor, of whom I had some knowledge, had died after a lingering illness, which had been attended with circumstances which the doctors could not well understand. It was, therefore, concluded that the body should be opened to ascertain the cause of death. I knew this was to be done, but not the time appointed for the operation. But in passing from the street into the yard, with a load of slates which I was to take to the house-top, my attention was drawn to a stream of blood, or rather, I suppose, bloody water, flowing through the gutter by which the passage was traversed. The idea that this was the blood of the dead youth, whom I had so lately seen alive, and that the doctors were then at work cutting him up and groping at his inside, made me shudder, and gave what I should now call a shock to my nerves, although I was very innocent of all knowledge about nerves at that time. I cannot but think it was owing to this that I lost much of the presence of mind and collectedness so important to me at that moment; for when I had ascended to the top of the ladder, and was in the critical act of stepping from it on to the roof, I lost my footing, and fell backward, from a height of about thirty-five feet, into the paved court below.

Of what followed I know nothing; and as this is the record of my own sensations, I can here report nothing but that which I myself know. For one moment, indeed, I awoke from that death-

like state, and then found that my father, attended by a crowd of people, was bearing me homeward in his arms ; but I had then no recollection of what had happened, and at once relapsed into a state of unconsciousness.

In this state I remained for a fortnight, as I afterwards learned. These days were a blank in my life ; I could never bring any recollections to bear upon them ; and when I awoke one morning to consciousness, it was as from a night of sleep. I saw that it was at least two hours later than my usual time of rising, and marvelled that I had been suffered to sleep so late. I attempted to spring up in bed, and was astonished to find that I could not even move. The utter prostration of my strength subdued all curiosity within me. I experienced no pain, but I felt that I was weak ; I saw that I was treated as an invalid, and acquiesced in my condition, though some time passed—more time than the reader would imagine, before I could piece together my broken recollections so as to comprehend it.

I was very slow in learning that my hearing was entirely gone. The unusual stillness of all things was grateful to me in my utter exhaustion ; and if, in this half-awakened state, a thought of the matter entered my mind, I ascribed it to the unusual care and success of my friends in preserving silence around me. I saw them talking indeed to one another, and thought that, out of regard to my feeble condition, they spoke in whispers, because I heard them not. The truth was revealed to me in consequence of my solicitude about the book which had so much interested me in the day of my fall. It had, it seems, been reclaimed by the good old man who had sent it to me, and who doubtless concluded that I should have no more need of books in this life. He was wrong ; for there has been nothing in this life which I have needed more. I asked for this book with much earnestness, and was answered by signs which I could not comprehend.

“Why do you not speak ?” I cried. “Pray let me have the book.”

This seemed to create some confusion ; and at length some one, more clever than the rest, hit upon the happy expedient of writ

ing upon a slate, that the book had been reclaimed by the owner, and that I could not in my weak state be allowed to read.

“But,” I said in great astonishment, “why do you write to me? why not speak? Speak, speak.”

Those who stood around the bed exchanged significant looks of concern, and the writer soon displayed upon his slate the awful words—“YOU ARE DEAF.”

It was some time before I could leave my bed, and much longer before I could quit my chamber. During this time I had no resource but reading; and the long uninterrupted spell at it which I had now, went far to fix the habit of my future life. The book to which I have repeatedly referred was re-borrowed for me, and was read without restraint. I wish this book had been the “Paradise Lost,” or some other great work: the reader would be better pleased, and the dignity of this record would have been much enhanced. But I still think it was “Kirby’s Wonderful Magazine;” and, on second thoughts, I do not know but that this was a very proper book for the time and the circumstances. The strange facts which it recorded were well calculated to draw my attention to books as a source of interest and a means of information; and this was precisely the sort of feeling proper for drawing me into the habits which have enabled me, under all my privations, to be of some use in my day and generation.

At the period to which my present recollections refer, the art of reading was by no means diffused among the class in which I then moved, in the same degree as at present. Many could read; but the acquirement was not in the same degree as now applied to practical purposes. It was regarded more in the light of an occult art—a particular and by no means necessary attainment, specially destined for and appropriate to religious uses and Sunday occupations. Besides, books were then extravagantly dear, and those which were sold in numbers, to enable the poor to purchase them by instalments, were dearest of all. Hence men could not afford to procure any merely current or temporary

literature, but desired to have something of substantial and of permanent worth for their money, something which might form a body of edifying Sunday reading to themselves and to their children. The range of books embraced by these considerations was very narrow : a folio Family Bible ; Fox's Book of Martyrs ; Life of Christ ; Josephus's Antiquities of the Jews ; Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress ; Hervey's Meditations ; Drelincourt on Death (with Defoe's Preface, containing the Ghost Story of Mrs Veal) ; Baxter's Saints' Rest ; Watt's World to Come ; Gesner's Death of Abel ; Sturm's Reflections, &c. Those who launched forth beyond this range into profane literature were for the most part content with Robinson Crusoe, Pamela, the Arabian Nights' Entertainments, and Henry Earl of Moreland. This was a selection of books not to be despised. They were all good, and some of them immortal works. But the thing was that you could see no other books than these. The selection from these books varied, and it was rare to see the whole or a great part of them together ; but whenever a book was to be seen, it was sure to be some one of these. Periodical literature had not reached even the class of tradesmen in any other shape than that of religion. The only periodicals within their reach were of a religious kind, being the magazines of their respective denominations, which were sold at sixpence each. Tradesmen doubtless read the newspapers, but the use of them (except in public-houses) had not descended below their class ; and I can declare that I never saw a newspaper, to read, till I was nearly twenty years of age, and after I had been, in fact, removed out of the position to which these first experiences apply.

From this account it will appear that my studies, founded upon the books to be found under these circumstances, could not but be of an essentially religious tone. At a later period I fell in with books of a different description in the same class, and was enabled to satiate myself with controversies on the five points, and to treasure up the out-of-the-way knowledge to be found in such books as Dupin's Ecclesiastical History. The day came when I plunged into the sea of general literature, and, being able

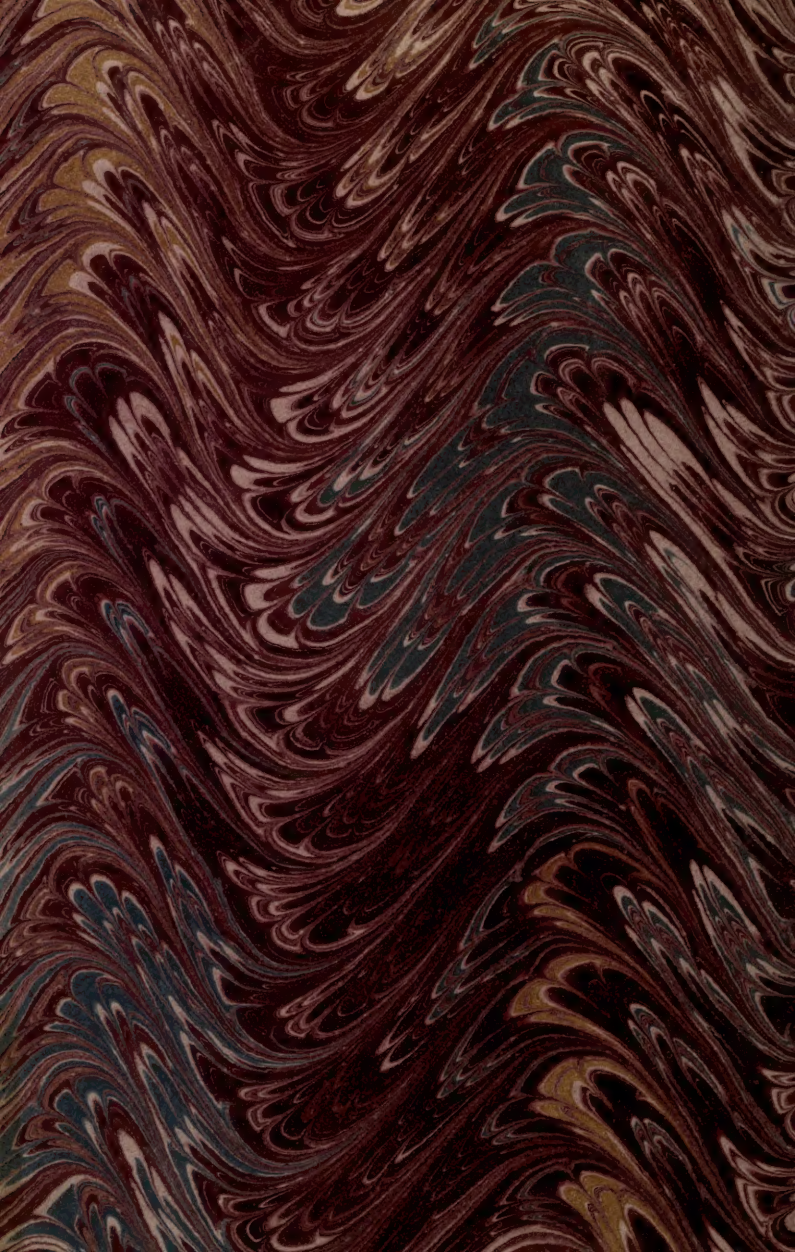
to get nothing more to my mind, read poems, novels, histories, and magazines without end. A day came in which any remarkable fact that I met with was treasured up, in my tenacious mind, as a miser treasures gold ; and when the great thoughts which I sometimes found filled my soul with raptures too mighty for utterance. Another day came, in which I was enabled to gratify a strange predilection for metaphysical books ; and, with all the novelists, poets, and historians within the reach of my arm, gave my days to Locke, Hartley, Tucker, Reid, Stewart, and Brown. I think little of these things now, and my taste for them has gone by ; but, although I now think that my time might have been more advantageously employed, my mind was doubtless thus carried through a very useful discipline, of which I have since reaped the benefit. But amid all this, the theological bias, given by my earlier reading and associations, remained ; and the time eventually came when I was enabled to return to it, and indulge it with redoubled ardour : and after that another time arrived, when I could turn to rich account whatever useful thing I had learned and whatever talent I had cultivated, however remote such acquirement or cultivation might have at first seemed removed from any definite pursuits. This point is one of some importance ; and as I am anxious to inculcate upon my younger readers the instruction it involves, it may be mentioned, as an instance, that an acquaintance with the Hebrew language, which has eventually proved one of the most useful acquirements I ever made, was originally formed with no higher view than that of qualifying myself to teach that language to the sons of a friend whose tuition I had undertaken.

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